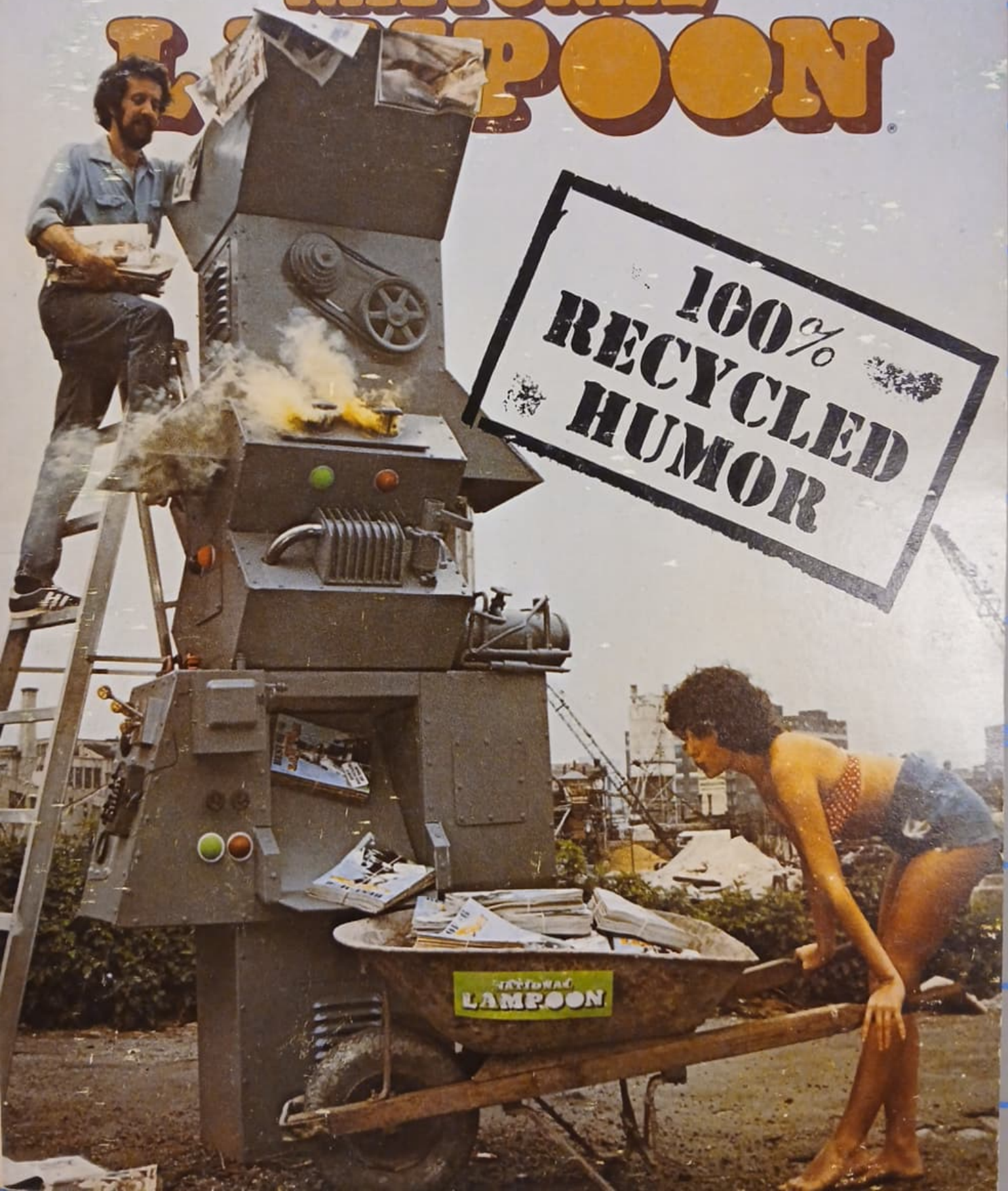
Crown

$2.50

# Best of #6 NATIONAL LAMPOON



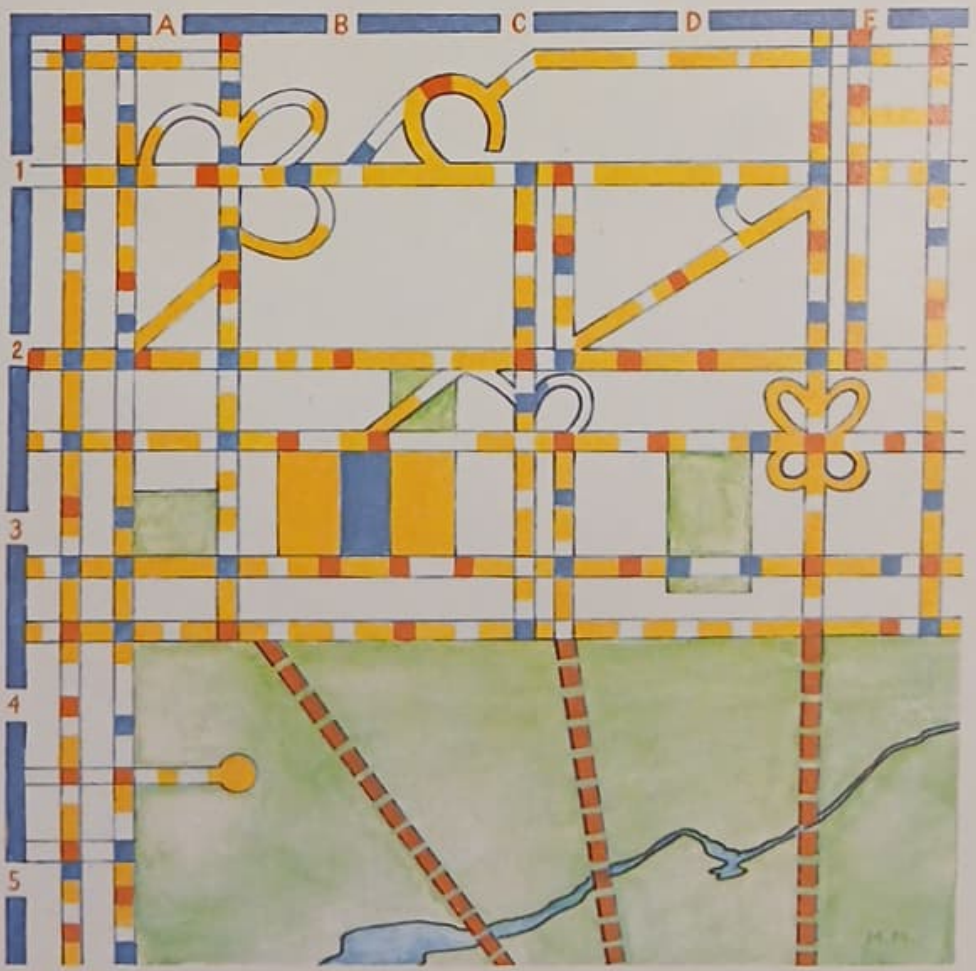
Scanned By DenDanson

# THE NELSON ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER COLLECTION

Still Life with Wallet, Condom, and Money. (The Governor's Table). Georges Braque.

Bust of a Man. Alberto Giacometti.

Vertical Integration #1. Mobile . Alexander Calder.




*above* Thirty-nine (Attica). Jackson Pollock.

*below* Highway Boondoggle. Piet Mondrian.

*overleaf* I and Henry. Marc Chagall. (On temporary loan to the U.S. Department of State, Washington, D.C.)

McAfee

Bread reach eggs from CARE cartons / New makeup ideas for deep-set eyes

Comparison starving / Impromptu entertaining ideas when unexpected guests drop dead

Bite the hand that feeds you / Should you toilet train a starving child?

Mud pies fit for a millionaire / Famine hygiene sprays: An in-depth survey

Three stunning loincloths from the same loincloth

JULY 1974 / PRICE / MAKE US AN OFFER

# Famine Circle

Nothin' says nothin' like nothin' from nothin'–and Nillsbury says it best!
Hot Nillsbury Bran Nuffins that you'll never bake.
The Nillsbury No-boy says:
Put a little spice in your death!
Add an extra touch to breakfast if you make it to the weekend with Nillsbury Bran Nuffins. They'd be almost as much fun to eat as they would be to make and your family would love 'em and you for makin' 'em if there was anything to make, but there isn't.

cover photograph by Jerry Friedman./Veronica Reilly, Stylist/handicrafts by Oceanic Primitive Arts, 88 East 10th St.,N.Y.

photo by Dick Frank

# Creative Woman's Third World

**SHE FEEDS A FAMILY OF SEVENTEEN BY TALKING ABOUT FOOD.** Mkawa Mkamba of Oum Chatouba, Chad, is a resourceful mother of seventeen who keeps her famine-ridden family alive by talking up a storm about all phases of food and food management.

"My three oldest children and I like to talk about planning menus for the week, usually based on what would be on sale if we had supermarkets, and what foods would be in season if we had food," said Ms. Mkamba. "We discuss what foods we would buy in bulk and keep in storage, so we can always talk about cooking them when we're tongue-tied and caught short. With meat prices so high these days, we like to restrict most of our protein talk to fish and chicken, and of course, to the basic grains, dairy products, and soy beans. Breakfast is our biggest talk because it has to give us the energy we need to work and go to school, if we had jobs or schools. Lunch usually means talking up a hearty soup and a nutritious sandwich. At dinner time, we prefer to talk about a simply prepared fish or chicken dish, accompanied by a green vegetable or salad. Dessert talk is fresh fruit, ice cream, or one of the great pies or cakes we talked about baking that are now stored in our imaginary freezer, just waiting to be warmed in our nonexistent oven. We talk about eating out at least once a month. We save our most expensive talks for dinner parties with friends or relatives.

When you spend the day talking about shopping, cooking, preserving, and growing your food, you're much too busy to notice that you haven't eaten a thing. In fact, we're always quite full after every talk. My problem is to make sure our little ones don't get tummy aches from overtalking or talking about too many junk foods and snacks! Best of all, I can manage to talk about feeding my family for as little as four zimba a week.

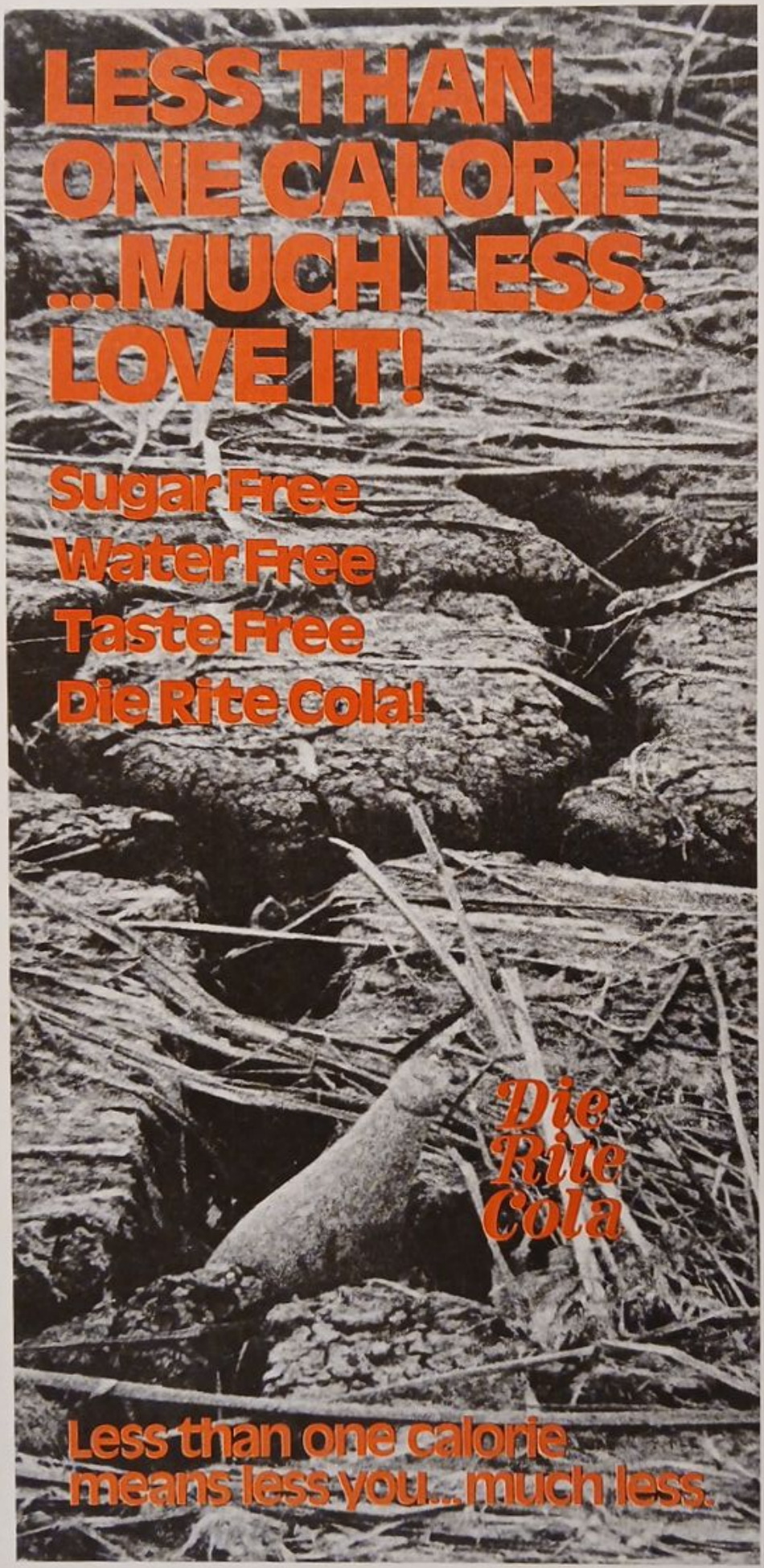
**BUDGET BURIALS.** Lots of thrifty African housewives are organizing burial cooperatives, a time, money, and space-saving idea. Instead of each family burying their dead, they can now join a co-op that offers fast, streamlined service at far less cost and labor (and who has the strength to work these days?). Everyone volunteers a few hours a day for digging. Graves are only one foot deep instead of a cumbersome, time-consuming six feet. Bodies are buried in large groups with one common prayer read over them. All bulky organs and limbs are removed before burial so smaller units are put into the ground. Twelve people can now be buried in the same area that used to accommodate one! For more information on how you can organize your own practical but meaningful burial co-op, walk to Lakai Nagumi, Moussoro, Chad. If she's dead by the time you get there, try Ms. Koudugu Wasabi.

**DYING: EFFECTIVE NEW WAY TO CLEAR YOUR DEBTS.** Puki and Cheg Ndouli were a typical young couple in Dekoa, Central African Republic. They married three years ago and rented a small hovel in a development built on a mosquito-infested swamp in suburban Dekoa, a relatively expensive neighborhood for young marrieds. Cheg had no immediate or long-term job prospects; Puki was pregnant.

When Puki gave birth to twins they had to borrow heavily for their mud, dirt, rocks, and dead people. Last year, when the government stores gave out credit cards encouraging everyone to buy a few grains of rice, the Ndoulis went on a spree and bought an entire cupful. At Christmastime they used their credit cards to buy expensive toys for their children, pieces of broken glass and wood. Then Puki became pregnant again. On top of all this, the bill collectors were demanding payment at exorbitant interest rates. They sought out the advice of Mobunjo Mabai, the financial counselor of the Dekoa Beneficial Finance and Trust Association. After a session that lasted well over a minute, Mabai knew every detail of their financial situation and advised the young couple to kill themselves. By dying, they would be legally absolved of all their debts and would start with a clean slate. The Ndoulis readily agreed to the plan and swallowed poison, a free gift from Dekoa Beneficial. Today the Ndouli children are wandering about Dekoa debt-free, starving happily with other children their own age, thanks to this great new idea in money management.

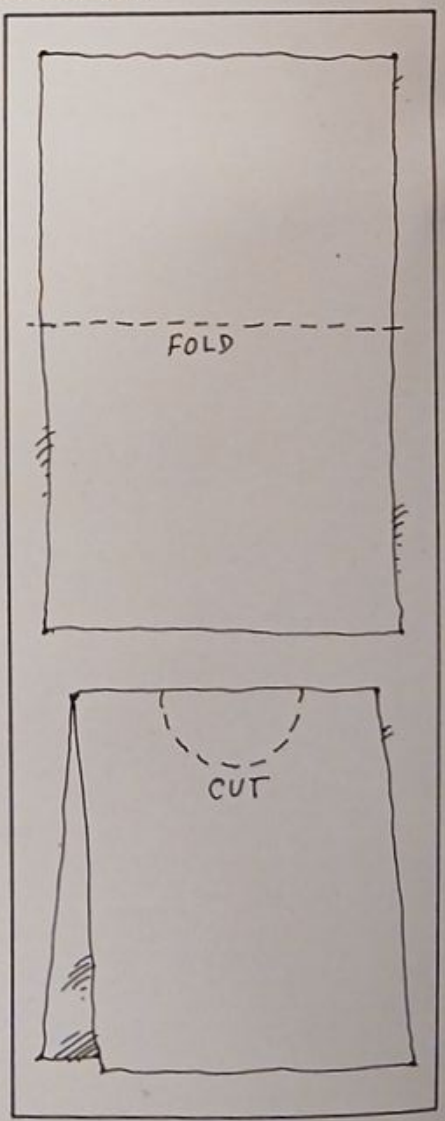
**NIGER ON NOTHING A DAY.** More and more fun-loving African families are discovering thrifty vacations in such famine spots as Niger, Chad, Sudan, and Upper Volta. The way to save money on these vacations is to walk. Just pack whatever meager belongings you have on your head and shoulders (the perfect carryall) and off you go! Most countries do not charge for walking and each spot on your route is included free as one of your stopover cities.

If you're walking from the Sudan to Niger, you can stretch out your starving budget by staying at one of the Ramadan Inns, a chain of over 550 fast food establishments. Each Ramadan Inn features a cheerful atmosphere, generous fasting nooks, and half-size fasting areas for the children.



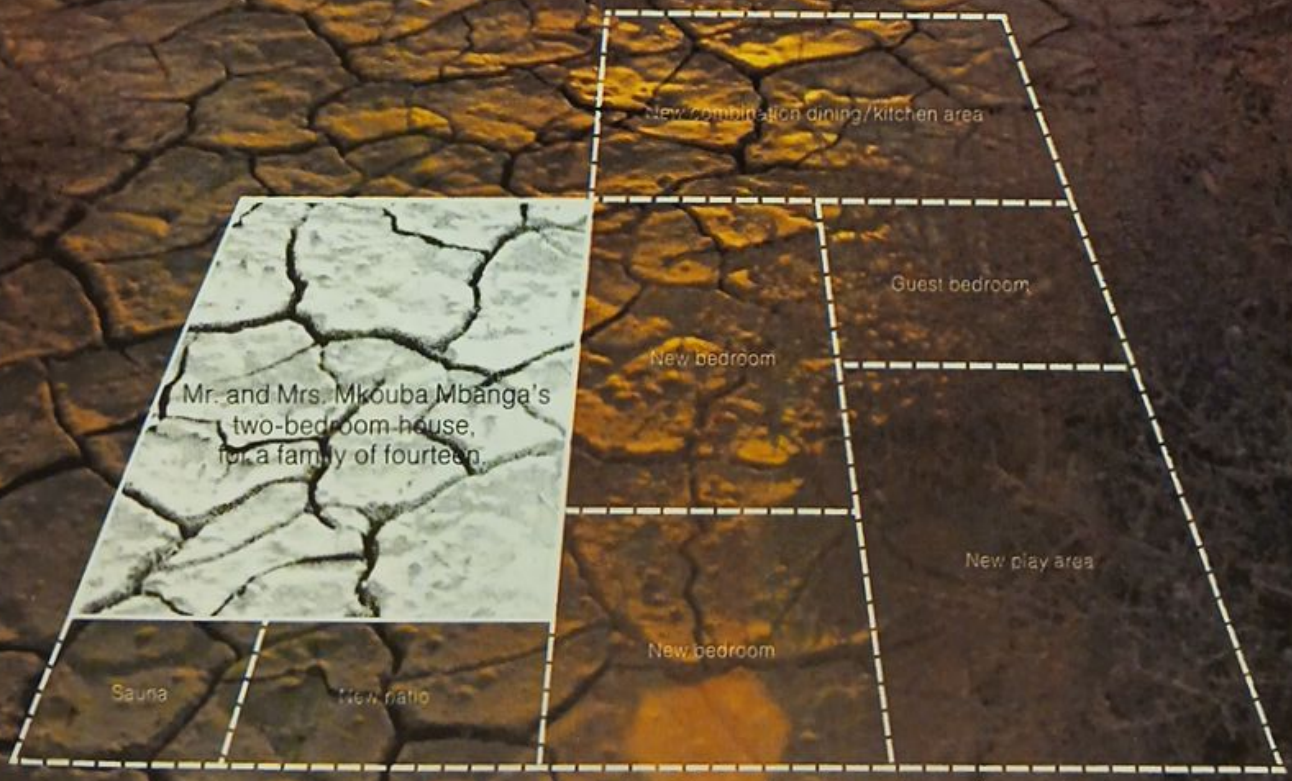

# Breezy Summer Styles

Beg, steal, or borrow a large piece of cardboard from a dead person or a dead person's house. Fold it in two down the center. With a sharp rock cut a semi-circle from the middle of the folded side. If you can stand up, place the cardboard over your head, and there you have it—a nifty little number for those hot summer days. Incidentally, the semi-circle of cardboard you have left over makes a cute bonnet—or, if you have the string to sew up the sides, a smart evening purse.



# Transform Your Cramped Quarters into a Center of Spacious and Sunny Outdoor Living

If you've got a family that's just dying to spread out, you can add extra rooms and wings to your house with nary a dent in your wallet, if you had a wallet. No need to hire an architect or a builder—no heavy labor involved, either. All you need is a little extra time and energy to get up and walk around and take up more space. Here's a typical Chad couple with a large family who solved their space problems:




Here's how they enlarged their house for practically nothing.

# Let's Eat to Live

*by Edele Davis*

*America's foremost nutrition authority, author of the best-selling* Let's Cook It Before It Spoils *and* Let's Go to My Place, *gives you her frank opinions on Central Africa's growing nutrition problems.*

I have just concluded an extensive lecture tour through Central Africa and I must report a shocking fact—the people are suffering from the most appalling nutritional deficiencies I have ever seen. Their diets are hopelessly inadequate. Wherever I traveled, from Ethiopia to Mali, I saw people of all ages suffering from excessive fatigue, poor posture, tooth decay, faulty bone structure, subnormal mental qualities, and a variety of horrible diseases that stem directly from this lack of basic vitamins and minerals.

### No Breakfast, No Energy

By now everyone should know that breakfast is the most important meal of the day, the "breaking of the fast" of your previous night's sleep. What you eat for breakfast determines how efficiently your body can maintain its blood sugar at normal levels, which, in turn, maintains your energy levels through the day. Eat a skimpy breakfast and your blood sugar plummets below normal, causing fatigue, headaches, nausea—a completely rundown feeling. You're dead before you start. Yet throughout my travels in Africa I did not see a single person eating breakfast!

Every morning my hosts (who were high government officials) would serve me a big, well-balanced breakfast of fruit juice, whole grain cereal, eggs, sausage or ham, a pitcher of milk, toast, muffins, and jams. To this I would add my vitamin-mineral cocktail supplement and my slices of raw liver sprinkled with brewers' yeast and lecithin, which I always take as an extra pep-up on arduous lecture tours. After breakfast I felt wonderful. My blood sugar was at a high level, giving me tons of energy, sharp mental qualities, and a cheerful disposition. What a contrast I was to the people in the streets! They all seemed to be irritable, moody, and depressed. All they wanted to do was lie about and stare into space. Many of them were in a deep sleep, even though it was midmorning.

Through an interpreter, I asked one of the young men if he had had a decent breakfast. He got angry and tried to spit at me. Not only did he have no saliva, but the effort of trying to spit exhausted him and he fainted into a deep sleep like the others. I examined his tongue, and just as I suspected, it was dark green with black spots, indicating a deficiency of vitamins A, B, C, D, E, and all the minerals, especially magnesium and zinc.

### Too Much of Too Little

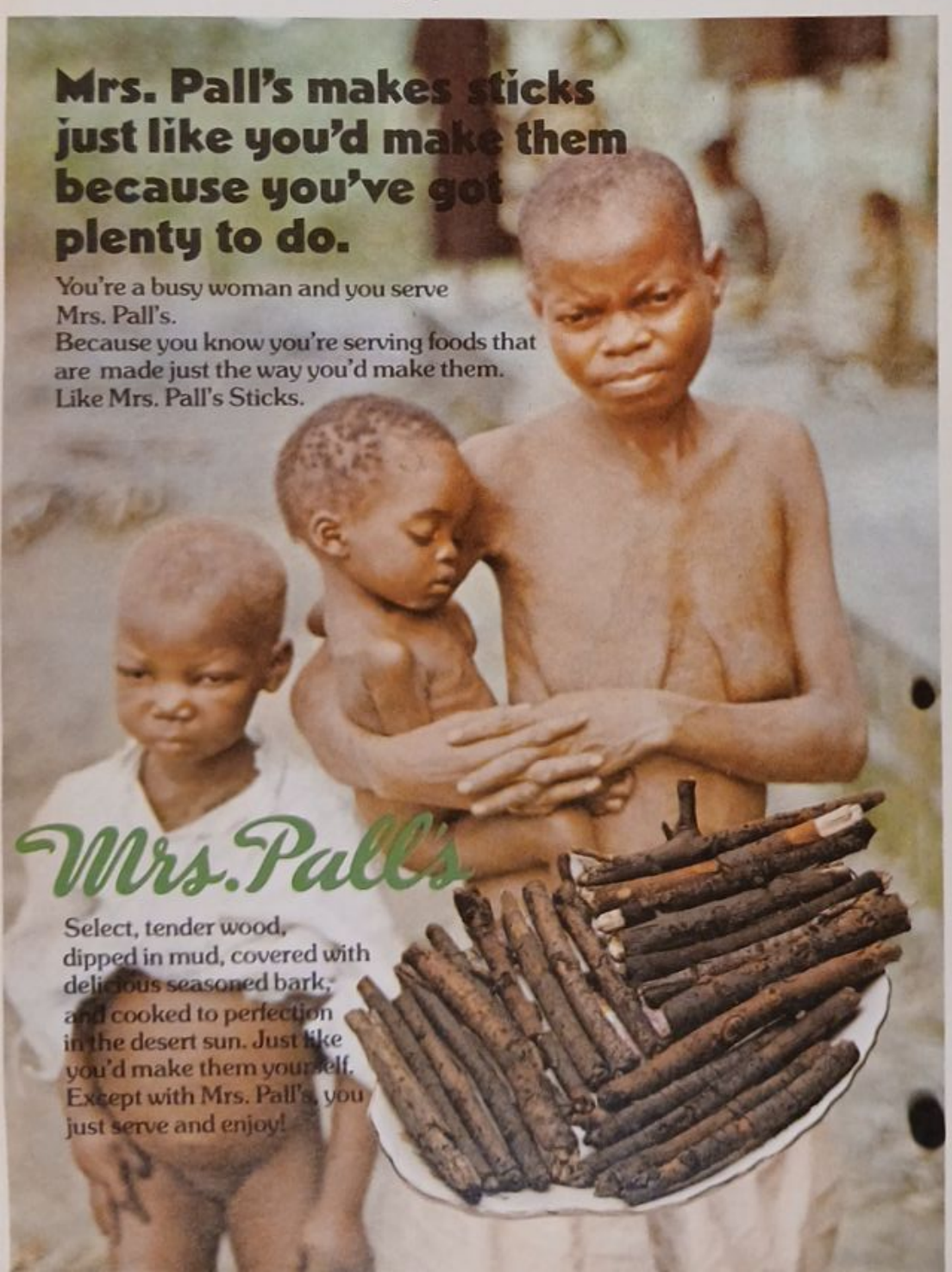
As in most semiprimitive countries, the nations of Central Africa depend almost entirely on one or two staple foods to the exclusion of everything else. Niger, Chad, Ethiopia, Upper Volta, the Central African Republic, and the Sudan seemed to rely on mud and rock as their main foods, when they ate at all. *

Fresh raw mud and natural unbroken rock do provide a certain amount of chromium and other trace minerals that are essential to good health, but the emphasis must be on *fresh* mud and *unbroken* rock. Most Africans preferred to cook their mud for hours in the hot sun, thus drying it out and robbing it of all its precious nutrients! And by the time they ate their rock, it too had been pulverized and processed to death and was virtually devoid of minerals.

Is it any wonder then, that people who eat only badly cooked mud and processed rock suffer from both major and minor deficiencies in every form of protein, carbohydrate, and starch? Search as I did among their hovels, I could not find a trace of liver, yogurt, wheat germ, brewers' yeast, green leafy vegetables, fresh fruit, whole grain cereals, fresh fish, fertile eggs, organically raised beef or fowl, raw milk dairy products, and the hundreds of other foods needed to maintain a balanced diet.

Nor did anyone know that you must maintain a delicate balance of all the nutrients in your body. *To page 96*

*I did not notice any significant increase in food intake at lunch or dinner among the natives. It seems as if skipping breakfast sets the tone for the rest of the day.

# The 28-Day Budget Beauty Plan that Turns You into a Jet Setter

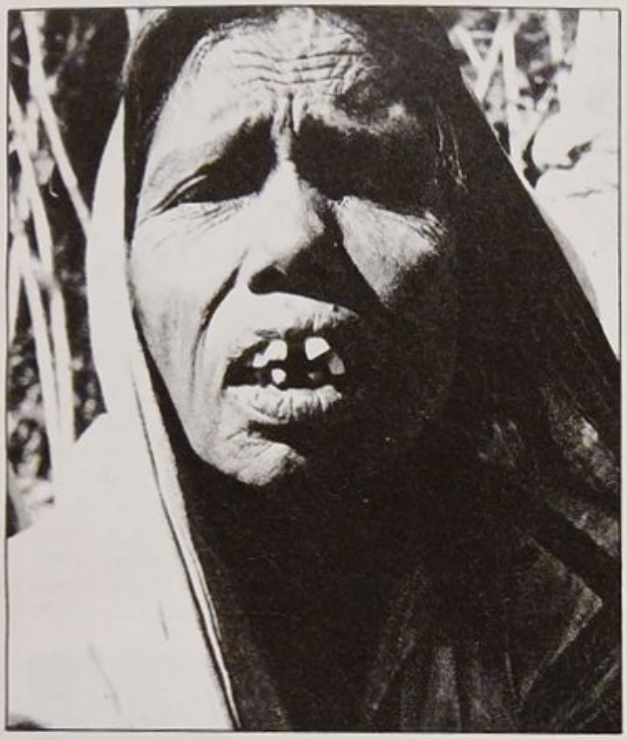


photo by Vince Aiosa

Does it really take so much to be *chic, alluring,* and *fun, fun, fun?* Not these days! You too can be like those gay, glittering people who fly around over your head all day and occasionally crash in your jungle. All it takes is some perseverance, whatever is left of your face, and surprisingly little money. To prove our point, we took lucky Maria Ixahuatl from the *(frankly hideous!)* barrios of Bogotá and turned her into a jet setter in just 28 short days. And *you* can achieve the same fantastic results!

**April 21–April 30** Maria is taken by ambulance to Bogotá International Airport, where we all fly (charter's cheaper!) to Geneva, Switzerland, arriving just in time for a light supper. *Very Important Point*—no heavy Continental meals after years of malnutrition. . . . It can cause tricky spare tire problems later on. Next day Maria begins an 8-day course at the famous Niehans rejuvenation clinic, for sheep gland injections and ancillary hormone treatments. She undergoes the outpatient program (far less expensive than the inpatient version), being driven the considerable distance back and forth each day in an incredibly economic rented Fiat 600. Her rickets and malaria disappear, stretch marks smooth out, skin tightens, and unsightly stoop, bumps, and bones melt away.

**April 30–May 12** Maria flies to London for consultation and surgery with cosmetic wizard Dr. Alexander Worthypenny of Harley Street. He employs plastic surgery, deep massage, and orthodontics to complete her transformation, concentrating not just on face-lift, bridgework, nose job, and wrinkles, but also on firming up and filling out breasts, tummy, and thighs, and pulling in all that sag in the rear end. Manicure, pedicure, and hairstyling are a must at Sassoon.

**May 12–May 20** On to Paris for the icing on the cake. Maria, now a svelte 34–23–35, with the face (still healing) of a Mayan goddess, enrolls in Charles Revson's exclusive course in all-round beauty maintenance. Expensive but well worth the investment in years to come (no costly salons, no blindfold choices in the cosmetics department). A visit to Yves St. Laurent low-priced boutique introduces her—with a little help from *Famine Circle*!—to Contessa Esmeralda y Ruiz de la Corte de Taragona, a deeply committed left-wing exile from Spain and one of Paris' best-known socialites. A week with the Contessa works wonders with Maria's Spanish and gives her a thorough grasp of today's burning political issues.

**May 20–May 22** Maria returns to Geneva, and catches the charter back to Bogota, where, just after just 28 days, she returns to the barrio a sophisticated, well-dressed, and traveled beauty, capable of climbing on a plane with Charlotte Ford at the drop of a stock. Incredible? Yes, but true—and all for only $14,474.50, much less than the cost of a boring old combine harvester! So stop dreaming and *start living!*

(28-day round-trip low-season charter Bogotá–Geneva–Bogotá $483.50; Pension Royale (cheaper if you prepay!) $126.00; Niehans outpatient course $7,000; off-season rental of Fiat (inc. free gas) $67.00; coach air fare Geneva–London $42.00; consultation Dr. Worthypenny $2,500; 10 days semi-private room at Worthypenny Rest-Cure Sanatorium and Health Spa $1,000; Vidal Sassoon $50.00; coach fare London–Paris $27.00; Revson Cours de Beauté $1,500; Yves St. Laurent $650; Pension Montmartre (prepay! prepay!) $64.00; coach fare Paris–Geneva $15.00. Miscellaneous: food, wine, gift for the Contessa, a saucy two pound bet at Churchill's(!)$950.

## Make beer out of urine.

Just add our secret formula "beer starter" to urine and fermentation will be complete within an hour. In another hour your beer will be aged and ready to drink. Add a few drops of our "head starter," shake beer, and a head will form. Foolproof method. Strong, real beer taste. Developed by famous German brewmaster now living in South Africa. 50 douri for 6 starter packets.

**Homo-Brew, Box G, Am Timan, Chad 89443**

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says D. L., Gouso, Chad

Don't let small dugs ruin your figure and hamper your social life. Now you can develop a long, shapely dugline you won't be ashamed to show off while sunning yourself on the sands or posing for the *National Geographic*.

The **Mbwark Idin Dug Developer** is a unique system that you use in the privacy of your own hovel for just ten minutes a day. Guaranteed safe for average, nonallergic dugs. Includes patented nipple guards and a free tape measure!

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Everywoman's

# SHOPPING CIRCLE

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**WHAT HAPPENED THE DAY YOU DIED.** Front page copy of the Johannesburg Star shows your family what happened the day you died. Pick the date you think you're going to expire. Nice gift for funerals, wakes, birthdays, etc. 10 dgoubi. Morbid Novelties, Dept. 3, Al Muglad, Sudan 89009

**FOOD PICTURES.** Beautiful 8x10 glossy photos of real food—beef, lamb, chicken, rice, pork, bananas, much more. Satisfy your appetites or eat the pictures. Only 10 budi each. G Foodfoto, Box 2, Mampong, Ghana 45654

**SHUT OUT EMPTY STOMACH NOISES.** Plug-Os help you "turn a deaf ear" to embarrassing, distracting rumbles and gurgles of an empty stomach. Shuts off sounds of your family's cryings and moanings as well. Only 20 doubi. Plug-O, Dept. E, Abeche, Chad 10988

**SIGNS OF DESPERATION.** Proclaim your desperate starving condition with this boldly lettered desk or wall plaque. Gallows humor gives you the capacity to laugh at your problems, make others laugh too. 50 zimba each. Niger Novelties, Box 4, Dosso, Niger 11909

**FOR HARD-TO-FIT GALS ONLY.** We specialize in form-fitting fashions for the thin-limbed, large-bellied woman. Teen, subteen, and tot sizes too. FREE 2-pg. catalog. House of Grotesques, Box 7, Buram, Sudan 76008

# Note Passed in Class

Work of an anonymous monastic student, Benedictine Abbey, Isle of Wight, circa 1400.

Visit the terrifying (and fun!) House of Horrors on the windswept moors of Bronte-Land. Shutters bang, ghostly laughter rings out, and then you find yourself sliding down the famous Heath Cliff.
Get a peek at the royal knickers when Princess Anne tries her abortive jump across the River Ouse. Her Highness becomes Her Lowness promptly every day at noon.
At Coventry, you can experience all the frantic fun of fabulous Blitzland, where the Luftwaffe brings huge buildings down around your ears, sirens wail, and air raid wardens calmly make pots of "char." Afterwards, dine at the exclusive Epstein Room of the Coventry Cathedral Inn. Guaranteed kosher.
The Upstairs Downstairs Roller Coaster is just one of the many exciting features of Olde London Towne. You can also debate the great in the fabled House of Commons, eat beef at Old Bailey's, take your little princess to the Tower and shake hands with St. Thomas More. Don't lose your head, now!
'Neath canvas spires forty funny Dons cavort, squirting sherry at one another in one tiny common room. See A.J.P. Taylor and his incredible trained PhDs.
The Dover-Dunkirk Boatride. This splendid simulation of the darkest days of World War II may be the finest hour of your life. You'll be strafed by realistic Stukas and guided by your own personal Winniematon. Fight them on the beaches and win a cigar.
The Stonehenge Ride—if it feels right, Druid!
Play bowls with Drake as amazingly lifelike Spanish galleons sail up the Channel through the miracle of Armadarama.
Fall under the spell of Arthur's Magic Kingdom—where kids thrill to the merry-go-Round Table—and test your strength on the Sword in the Stone. You may be Pendragon! Dancing knightly in the enchanting Avalon Ballroom.
Dip with duchesses and bathe with barons in the Olympic-size Bath Bath with its special Beau Brummell Jacuzzi and Jane Austen Social Whirlpool.
Bardland, way down upon the swanny Avon, boasts the Royal Shakespearean Panto Company's current hit production, *Mac and the Beanstalk*, with Graham Chapman as Lady Mac.
Oop North you can ride the Mersey Fairy or visit Wigan Pier, where little George can mine real coal with his very own pony!
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LANCASHIRE
PRINCESS ANN JUMP
COVENTRY
UPSTAIRS
DOWNSTAIRS
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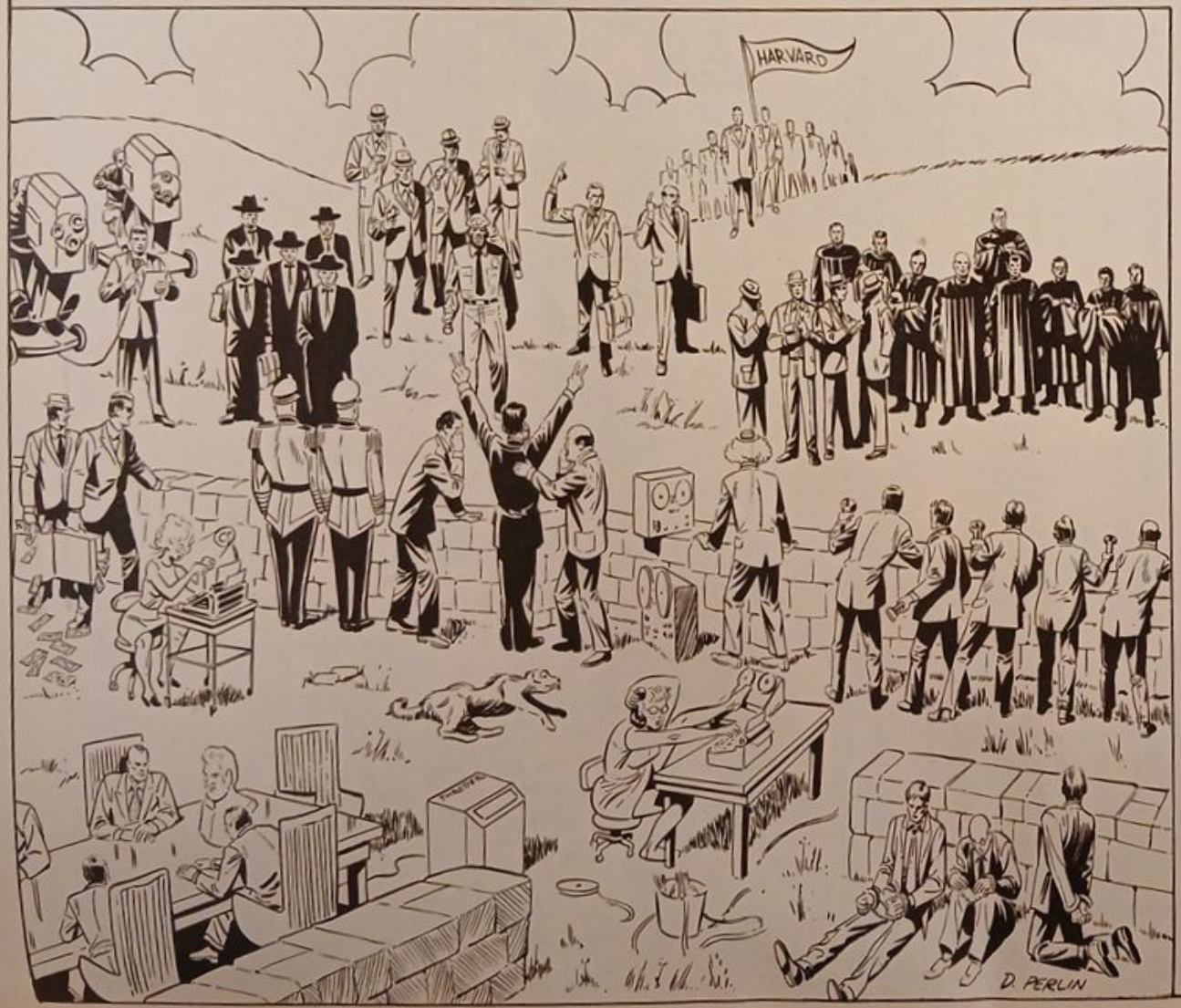
CHOCOLATE VANILLA STRAWBERRY
...AND TEN WITH CHEESE. NO, ACTUALLY YOU'D BETTER MAKE THAT ELEVEN AND TEN FRIES—NO, A DOZEN FRIES AND EIGHT ROOT BEERS AND...
BEEP BEEP
IN THIS ISSUE:
AND ALONG COMES MARY!
WRITTEN BY DOUG KENNEY
DRAWN BY JOE ORLANDO

# 349 PC. WATERGATE KEY FIGURES set

EVERY PIECE IS PURE PLASTIC—EACH ONE HAS ITS OWN POLITICAL BASE—YOU GET BOTH SIDES OF THIS HISTORIC CONSTITUTIONAL CONFRONTATION—THE PRESIDENT'S MEN AND THE FORCES OUT TO GET HIM—RELIVE THE BREAK-IN, THE MASSIVE COVER-UP, THE COURT FIGHTS, THE DELAYING TACTICS, THE LEGAL BATTLE OVER THE TAPES, THE MEMO BARRAGES, THE SATURDAY NIGHT MASSACRE, THE FIRESTORM, OPERATION CANDOR, THE ATTACKS ON THE PRESS! CONSTRUCT YOUR OWN GAME PLAN! ATTACK YOUR OPPONENTS' CREDIBILITY! MOUNT YOUR OWN PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFENSIVES! HOURS OF DIRECT INVOLVEMENT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!




## HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

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1 Convicted & Disbarred Former Vice-President
3 Indicted Former Cabinet Officers
1 Convicted Former Cabinet Officer
4 Indicted Former Presidential Aides
5 Convicted Former Presidential Aides
1 Converted Former White House Hatchet Man
1 Indicted Finest Public Servant
1 Convicted Finest Public Servant
2 Indicted Former Members of C.R.P.
2 Convicted Former Members of C.R.P.
1 Compromised Former F.B.I. Director
1 Compromised Deputy Attorney General
2 Staff Men Who Had Access to the President
6 Convicted Plumbers
1 Convicted Dirty Trickster
1 Convicted Lt. Governor
10 White House Palace Guards
1 Secret Service Landscaper
1 Secret Service Interior Decorator
1 Double-jointed Presidential Secretary
10 Lobbyists (1 Bedridden)
8 Cash Contributors
8 Ambassadorships
3 Bagmen
1 Baglady (Dead)
2 Tape Recorders
1 High Intensity Lamp
1 Shredder
1 Deducted Cabinet Table
2 Presidential Daughters
2 Presidential Sons-in-Law
2 Presidential Friends
1 Reclusive Billionaire Industrialist
2 Presidential Dogs (1 Dead)
1 Bust of Lincoln
1 Stonewall

### The Enemies

1 Dismissed Special Prosecutor
1 Replacement Special Prosecutor
30 Harvard Law School Graduates
5 Senate Select Committee Members
1 Small Japanese Senate Select Committee Member
1 Indicted Senate Select Committee Member
21 Democratic Judiciary Committee Members (2 Wavering)
17 Republican Judiciary Committee Members (7 Swinging)
8 Sitting Supreme Court Justices
1 Recused Supreme Court Justice
1 "Hanging" Federal Judge
1 Bribed Federal Judge
1 Approached Federal Judge
6 Biased Commentators
2 Investigative Reporters
1 Uncowed Newspaper Publisher
120 Informed Sources
1 Former White House Aide Turned Gadfly
1 Honest Member of C.R.P.
1 Plumber-Turned-Blackmailer
1 Disgruntled Convicted Burglar
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1 Public Interest Lobby
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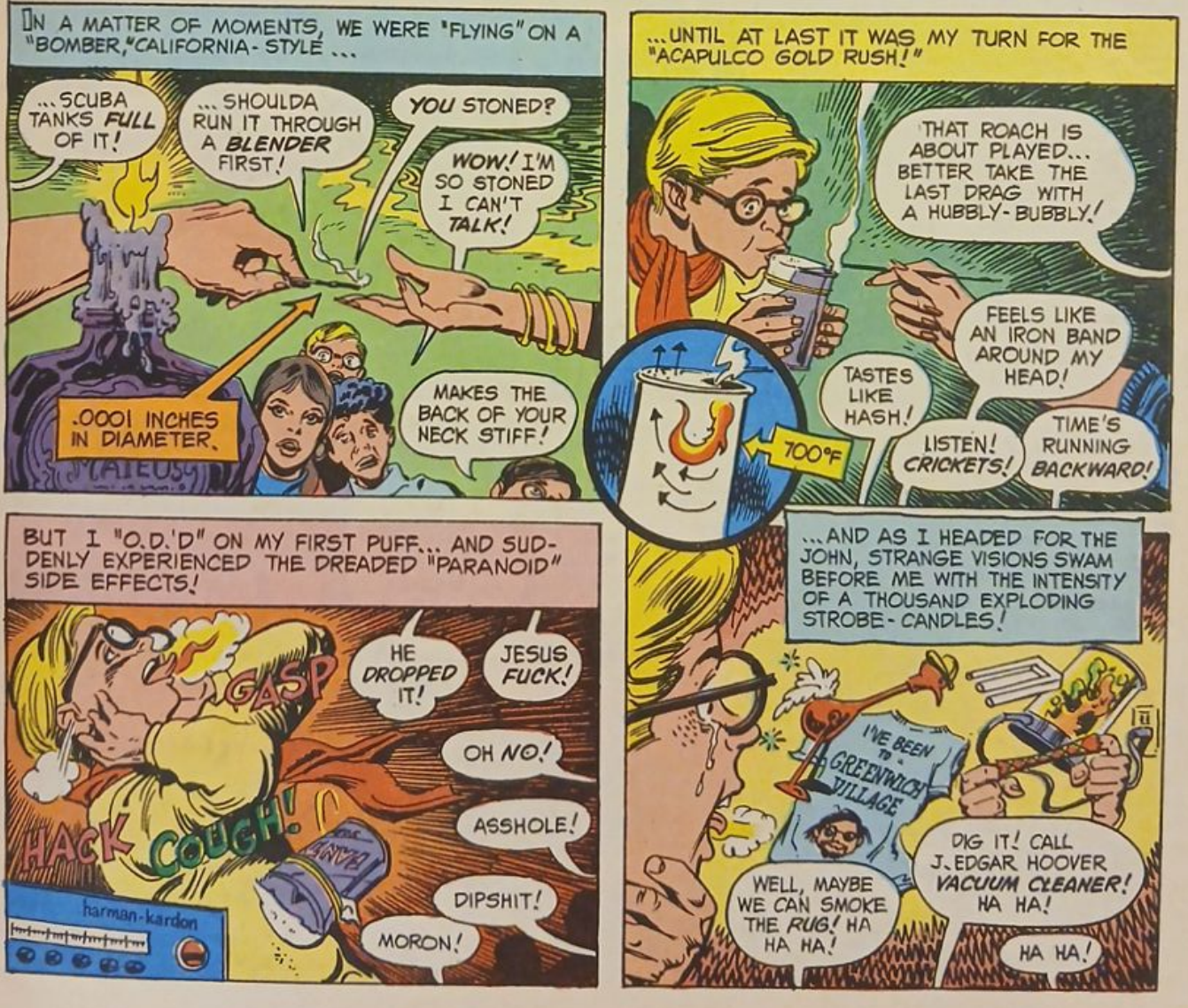
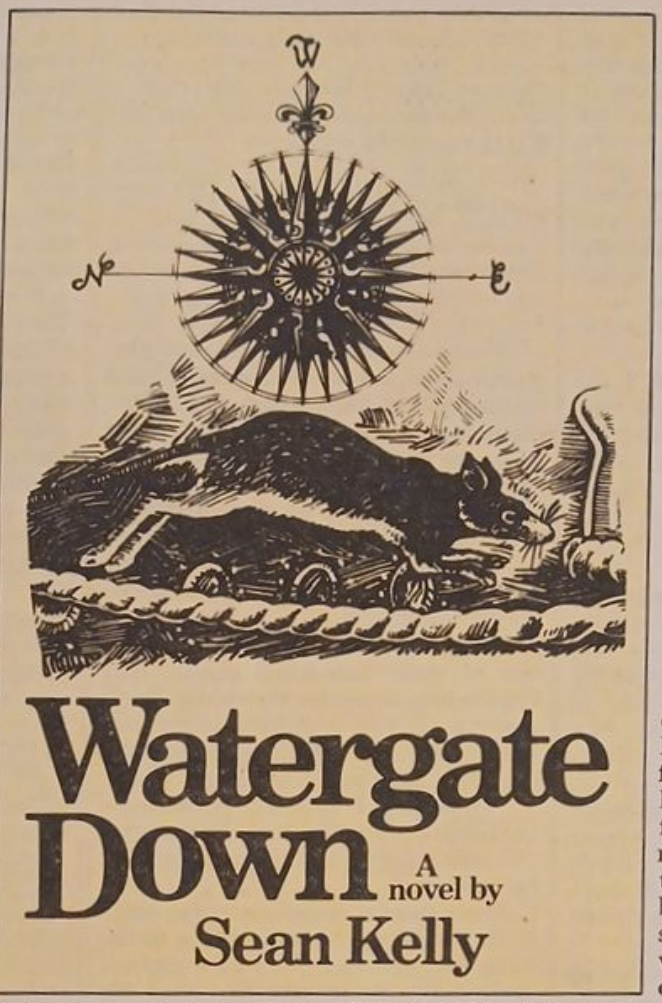
NEITCZHE IS DEAD —GOD
THERE IS NO GRAVITY, THE WORLD SUCKS.
DO NOT WRITE ON THIS REFRIGERATOR
AND THE WORDS OF THE PROPHET ARE WRITTEN ON THE REFRIGERATOR
... SALTY DOG SALTY DOG COME ALONG AN' BE MY SALTY DOG!
... JUST REMEMBER TO BE COOL, 'CAUSE IF YOU DIG IT TOO MUCH, YOU MIGHT FORGET TO BREATHE!
PARKING VIOLATION
MEXICO
... AND THIS ONE WOODY CAME OUT OF A COMA TO PICK FOR ME...
HEY, LEO, WHAT'S HAPPENING, MAN?
OH, HI, ER... QUÉ PASA?
DE NADA, MAN! THIS'S MY ROOMMATE — HE'S COOL, AND HE WANTS T' TRY YOUR YOU-KNOW-WHAT!
THE HOBBIT
BEEN DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS LIKE UP TO ME
THE MISUNDERSTANDING
GODS
GAUTREAU
TOWN
CATCH 22
HELLER
NARCISSUS & GOLDMUND
HESSE
ZEN
ALL RIGHT. PULL THE SHADES AND LOCK THE DOORS, TIGHT.

WIDE-EYED, I OBSERVED A STRANGE DRUG RITUAL RARELY SEEN BY THOSE OUTSIDE THE AVANT-GARDE "UNDERGROUND"...
1
2
3
ASBESTOS
4
ASBESTO
ASBESTOS
5
OREGANO
... THE SECRET "STASH"!
IT WAS NINETY BUCKS A METRIC LID, BUT AT LEAST IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY "LUMBER"!
!!
WOW!
?
COOL EE-NOUGH!


IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, WE WERE "FLYING" ON A "BOMBER," CALIFORNIA-STYLE ...
... SCUBA TANKS FULL OF IT!
... SHOULDA RUN IT THROUGH A BLENDER FIRST!
YOU STONED?
WOW! I'M SO STONED I CAN'T TALK!
.0001 INCHES IN DIAMETER.
MAKES THE BACK OF YOUR NECK STIFF!
...UNTIL AT LAST IT WAS MY TURN FOR THE "ACAPULCO GOLD RUSH!"
THAT ROACH IS ABOUT PLAYED... BETTER TAKE THE LAST DRAG WITH A HUBBLY-BUBBLY!
FEELS LIKE AN IRON BAND AROUND MY HEAD!
TASTES LIKE HASH!
700°F
LISTEN! CRICKETS!
TIME'S RUNNING BACKWARD!
BUT I "O.D.'D" ON MY FIRST PUFF... AND SUDDENLY EXPERIENCED THE DREADED "PARANOID" SIDE EFFECTS!
GASP
HE DROPPED IT!
JESUS FUCK!
OH NO!
HACK COUGH!
ASSHOLE!
DIPSHIT!
MORON!
harman-kardon
...AND AS I HEADED FOR THE JOHN, STRANGE VISIONS SWAM BEFORE ME WITH THE INTENSITY OF A THOUSAND EXPLODING STROBE-CANDLES!
I'VE BEEN TO GREENWICH VILLAGE
WELL, MAYBE WE CAN SMOKE THE RUG! HA HA HA!
DIG IT! CALL J. EDGAR HOOVER VACUUM CLEANER! HA HA!
HA HA!

REMEMBERING TO BREATHE, AND BREATHE DEEPLY... MY EYES STILL CONTINUED TO OPTICALLY HALLUCINATE!
CACK GARGLE GAG
Y'BETTER TELL YOUR FRIEND IF HE'S GONNA PUKE, HE'D BETTER TAKE THE FLASHER OUT OF THE SOCKET SO HE CAN AIM!
HO HO!
HEE HEE!
SHEET!
QUICKLY GULPING DOWN A HANDFUL OF ASPIRIN, I MANAGED TO AVOID PERMANENT BRAIN DAMAGE...
BET IT'D BE OUT OF SIGHT T' BALL ON THIS STUFF!
REALLY!
"BALL?"
...AND DAVE WAS CAREFUL TO "BRING ME DOWN" BEFORE I WENT TOO FAR OVER THE EDGE.
NICE GOIN', MAN! LISTEN, WE GOTTA SPLIT! LEO'S GETTING A LITTLE UPTIGHT ...SOME OF THEM THINK YOU'RE THE FUZZ!
CONDEMNED
WELL, HANG LOOSE, MAN!
I GUESS I'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO THE DORM T' CRASH!
YEAH, WELL LATER...
AS MY HEAD CLEARED IN THE CRISP EVENING AIR, I BEGAN TO PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER...
BOY, YOU MUST'VE BEEN REALLY SAILIN'! SEE ANYTHING INTERESTING?
ONLY WHEN I THREW UP.
WOW! WHAT A STONED THING T'SAY!
...AND KNEW THAT DOPE-TAKING WOULD BE A ROAD BEST LEFT UNTRAVELED IN THE FUTURE.
HEY! WHERE'RE THOSE PILLS I HAD IN THIS ASPIRIN BOTTLE?
WHAT WERE THEY?
I DUNNO, SOMETHING MY BROTHER SENT FROM CALIFORNIA... CALLED "LSD"!?
BRIDGE OUT
DETOUR
LOOK OUT! TROUBLE AHEAD!
UH-OH!
DOA
THE BEGINNING OF THE END



# Watergate Down

A novel by

## Sean Kelly

## Part I

### *A Tight Ship*

### 1

### *Down the Hatch*

"I never know what you are thinking. Think."
"I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones."
Eliot, "The Wasteland"

Down in the hold of the good ship *Watergate*, Spigger had been in the cheese up to his neck. The ship's guardian cats, grown sleek and slow on treats and tidbits from the bored and kindly crew, were as surprised as he when they caught him. But Spigger the gray rat was so fat and full he could not extricate himself from the hole in the wedge of Swiss. He gazed at them with stupid eyes and twitching whiskers —a condition called in rat language *no-low-conten-derry*, which means, literally, "like a rat in a trap."

Almost reluctantly, the patrol pounced. Spigger was neither killed nor injured, but was so frightened he popped out of the cheese, ran squealing up the ladder, across the deck, and down the rope to the dock. And disappeared among the barrels.

The fat cats played at pursuit, but once out upon the sunny deck simply sat down and congratulated each other upon their police work.

A few cats were so silly as to believe Spigger the only rat on board. He had been the most conspicuous, the loudest, and the most careless cargo thief, leaving trails of grain and crumbs behind him wherever he went.

The wiser cats knew there was a pack in the hold below, but no one could have guessed its size, nor the fact that the late departed Spigger had been its second in command, a rat's heartbeat away from the Presidency.

Below the decks, in their beloved dank and dark, the members of the pack gathered to discuss the event. They did not feel sorry for Spigger. He had been useful to them, playing the essential pack role of decoy—the visible rat, the rat-fool who blunders out into daylight to confuse observers into thinking that rats are, after all, only ugly pests.

Now he was gone, and someone else would have to play his part. (Ziggles, a fat young rat new to the pack, assumed it would devolve on him, and he was right.)

But they did not miss the exiled Spigger. Rats do not know the meaning of loyalty or friendship or compassion. They know only greed and guile and fear. We must neither praise nor condemn rats for this quality. Thus nature made them. To be a wretched and vindictive survivor is no more a vice or virtue among rats than is a cheetah's speed nor the inability of rabbits to count past four.

The question was—what did Spigger's departure *mean*? To *them*? For the rat is a rodent much given to analysis, especially to analysis of a paranoid nature. Every event that happens to a rat he either assumes credit for, or attributes to the work of lib-rals.[1]

No rat had deliberately caused Spigger to be driven out, or "let twist slowly in the wind," as the old rat saying went. (Although all agreed that the chief rat was quite capable of having done so for his own ends.) Therefore, the lib-rals had caused this "problem." But what did it *mean*?

At the back of every tiny churning rat-mind aboard, the riddle gnawed. When does a rat leave a ship?

### 2

### *The Gemstone Gang*

Rat: 5b: A plumber's tool.
*The Oxford English Dictionary*

All rats are alike, but some rats are more so. All rats are absolutely mutually dependent, and completely untrustworthy. They need the pack utterly for their survival, yet each considers himself a loner, a rugged individualist. A rat has the ethics of a Republican, the morals of a Democrat, and no ideology whatsoever.[2] Perhaps it is the vicious paranoia of the instinctive conformist who fancies himself a soldier of fortune that makes all rat behavior alternate between the sullen and the manic.

1 A combination word meaning literally *lib*—"sunlight, freedom, the enemy," and *ral*—" account, payoff, list. "So, "enemy list."

2 ". . . the rat is individualistic until it needs help. That is, it fights bravely alone against weaker rivals . . .; but it knows how to organize armies and fight in hordes when necessary." Hans Zinsser, *Rats, Lice and History*

*continued*

Illustration by Steve Walker

Nix-One[3], the Chief Rat, was more so. So great was his need to feel himself a cornered commando leader that even in the corn-swollen and tranquil hold of a vessel which had been, for all intents and purposes, and for the last four years, *his*, he had still gathered about him a pack-within-a-pack, composed of the most desperate and paranoid. This gang skulked about the ship, eternally vigilant against the librals, who were not there, and occasionally on the lookout for the cats, who were.

Every rat in the Gemstone Gang was certain that he was following Nix-One's orders. And each of them did whatever cruel and wretched thing he felt the urge to do. For them the awful internal contradiction of the rat condition was resolved. They were happy rats.

The gang's leaders, Early and Flat Top, were often called by their leader "two of the biggest rats it has ever been my pleasure to know." And, indeed, they were a matched pair of cold and snarling fellows. As they stood guard beside the Chief Rat's hole—no one entered without the mark of their permission, a bite on the neck—there was little to distinguish them from each other, except for Flat Top's curiously shaped head. It was a hard head, a black head, a fat head, and, quite literally, a flat head.

Under the four cold and commanding eyes of these two served Gee Gord, a black-whiskered rat so fierce and frantic as to be generally considered rabid, and a flat-faced, shifty-eyed rodent called Hunter, who personified perfectly the cardinal rat qualities of greed, stealth, and treachery. Beneath them served the rest of the Gemstone Gang.

Why Gee Gord and Hunter called a raid that night, no one claimed to know. But then, no one involved was capable of telling the truth, even to himself.

At one moment they were on the ship, bragging and scratching and quarreling over crumbs, and the next they were off down the ropes and on the dock, presumably to do some harm to the invisible but omnipresent librals.

There was a scuffle on the wharf. Shouts, shrieks, and squealing. Slapping sounds that might have been traps. Then silence.

They never returned to the ship. Naturally, Nix-One, through his new spokesman, Ziggles, denied any knowledge of what had happened. Early and Flat Top denied ever having heard of the Gemstone Gang. But they were gone.

And once again that night, the assembled rats huddled and shivered and snarled and analyzed. The "problem." More rats had deserted the ship—what could it possibly *mean*?

## 3

### *Catching On*

> The brown rat (*Mus decamasus*) was not itself a carrier of plague germs and according to popular lore eliminated the *Mus rattus*, the black rat, the species responsible for the epidemics.
>
> F. Braudel,
> *Capitalism and Material Life*

Deenie was a brown rat. A slight, short-haired, shrewd young rat. By the traditional techniques of the sychophant, at which he was unusually adept, he had ingratiated himself with the Chief, Early, and Flat Top. He fetched and carried for them, flattered them, and self-effacingly advised them so smoothly, so slyly, that he was soon privy to their most private stratagems and speculations.

No doubt it was while listening to one of their hate-filled cabals that Deenie began to solve the riddle. Summoning up the quivering arrogance that serves rats in place of courage, he broached the "problem" to his Chief.

"There is, I believe, a barnacle growing on your Chiefship," he piped. "In other words, I think the ship may be sinking."

From the rat listening at the wall, to the rat crouched behind him, to the next, and the next, and to every rat aboard the rumor spread. And the panic. The ship was sinking! The *Watergate* was going down!

Within moments, a cluster that grew to a crowd that grew to a mob of shrill and shivering rats had gathered before the Chief's hole. "Sinking?" "Is the ship sinking?" "Is that what the 'problem' means?" "Is that why the others have left?" "Tell us, Chief!"

Announced by Ziggles, and flanked by Early and Flat Top, the Chief emerged, and, whiskers wet with sweat and eyes simmering, delivered his "statement."

"My fellow rats. Let me make one thing perfectly clear. The ship is not sinking. There is no water on the *Watergate*. I have analyzed this problem. In fact, Deenie here has conducted a thorough investigation of the hold. He assures me, and I assure you, that there is no need to wallow in the bilge of rumor.

"Now, as you all know, I am very busy making the sun come up and keeping the law of gravity in effect. I have no time for nasty lies spread by lib-rals though I mean no criticism of nasty lies. Good night."

The Chief disappeared back into his hole, and the crowd began to disperse. Deenie stood as if amazed. What investigation had he conducted? He had never even been permitted down in the bottom of the hold where the Chief lived. Yet surely being named an investigator made him a Very Important Rat. . . .

And as he stood, torn between vanity and confusion, two members of the Chief's own pack emerged from the hold, and scampered past, squealing, "We've been down to the bottom, and there is no water there. None. As usual, the Chief is right!"

Now Deenie recognized the pair. They were El Rat Grey and Jet Rat Gruder, both recently elevated to inner-pack status. Their eyes were wild, their tails as stiff as files. "The *Watergate* is not sinking. We are leaving for purely personal reasons!" they shrilled, dashed across the deck, down the ropes, and disappeared.

Deenie looked after them. Their footprints on the deck were wet.

# Part II

## *Going Down*

## 1

### *The Story of Eisen-Howah and Shermy's Magic Coat*

> So it is not licit to tell a lie in order to save a person from some other danger. However, it is permitted to conceal the truth prudently, by means of evasion . . .
>
> St. Thomas Aquinas,
> *Summa*, II-II 110 3c

When under stress, it was the Chief's habit to tell stories. Long, disjointed, maudlin tales crammed with innuendo and self-pity. These stories were frequently autobiographical in nature, accounts of incidents in Nix-One's sordid and crises-strewn past, which the Chief and his pack agreed were very useful analogues to the present "problem." As indeed they were. There are, after all, only so many kinds of trouble a rat can get into, or out of.

Nix-One liked to recount, for example, the saga of his defeat of one Hisser, who had been on board when Nix-One came to the ship as a ratling.

In a manner even more than usually devious, Nix-One had eliminated this Hisser by creeping up on him from behind and biting his back. (Or, in another version of the story, by causing his back to be bitten by a fat white rat named Wit Acre, an erstwhile friend of Hisser's.)

It was by means of this insalubrious deed that the young Nix-One came to the personal attention of the legendary rat folk hero, Eisen-Howah.[4]

Now this Eisen-Howah was the stuff of which rat-myths are made. He was a famous warrior who never went near combat, and a great statesman without benefit of brain. He had been totally devoid of principle, character,

3 The name means "first among nothing."

4 The name means "par for the course."

even opinion. He was invincible. And it had been in the golden days of his reign that Joe McRatty, most surly and double-dealing of all rats, had prowled freely, ridding the ship of those most hateful lib-rals, the commy-simps.

Great in treachery as McRatty had been, Eisen-Howah had been greater still. It was he who actually betrayed McRatty, an act of self-serving cunning unrivaled to this day.

Of course Eisen-Howah had used, betrayed, and abandoned Nix-One, which gave the Chief considerable status among his peers.

And so his stories, when not about himself, were often tales of Eisen-Howah—and his favorite was the story of Shermy's Magic Coat.

"Once upon a point in time," he began . . . and immediately every rat in the place was asleep, a look of rapt attention on his face. Every rat, that is, but Deenie. Tingling with curiosity and panic, he crept behind the sneaking Early and Flat Top, and down into the depths of the *Watergate*.

What he found were leaks. Hundreds of leaks, the water dribbling or spurting in through oddly shaped holes in the hull. Deenie splashed, waded, and spluttered up to one, and peered closely at the hole through which the water poured. It had been gnawed, alright. Chewed and nibbled through. And the tooth marks were unmistakably those of . . . the Chief himself!

Headlong, Deenie dashed upstairs, through the conference of sleeping advisors, past the startled Nix-One, and leapt from the rail to the deck below. Where the cats were waiting.

## 2

## *The Chief Speaks*

I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air; and unless it is nipped in the bud, it will start a conflagration which will drown us all!

Anonymous Irish Parliamentarian

"Good evening.

"I think it is time I spoke to you all, rat-to-rat, on a problem of importance to us all. Leaks."

Nix-One had announced that afternoon, through the good offices of an excited Ziggles, that he intended to make a statement of great importance that evening. Every rat remaining on board gathered before the Chief's hole to hear and see him, and their noses twitched to the thrilling (to rats) odor of fear and rage that emanated from him as he spoke.

"Had I known there were leaks, I would, of course, have ordered them covered up, had there been any. And if there were, and I had not, it would have been because I was busy with other things which I would tell you about were they not so important. That was, and is, the simple truth.

"The first rumors of leaks to reach my ears were from Deenie, who I did not trust, because, although I had asked him to conduct the investigation, I knew he would desert us.

"He's gone now, and good riddance to him, though I mean no criticism. Other rats who I assumed too treacherous not to trust have betrayed me. Flat Top and Early today requested, and were granted permission, to be thrown to the cats.

"Richie and Herbie and Chucky all failed to cover up the leaks they denied were there. They, too, are gone. The going got tough, and the tough got going.

"Let me make two things perfectly clear. First, this ship is not sinking. And second, I intend to go down with it.

"Thank you, and good night."

## 3

## *Survival of the Fittest*

From the point of view of all living creatures, the rat is an unmitigated nuisance and pest. It can live anywhere and eat anything. It burrows for itself when it has to, but, when it can, it takes over the habitations of other animals, such as rabbits, and kills them and their young. It climbs and it swims.

Zinsser, *Rats, Lice and History*

Against the twilight horizon, the good ship *Watergate* was a weird silhouette, low in the water and listing badly. She was going down, no more perceptibly, and no less certainly, than the sun behind her.

Down the gangway to the dock stumbled the confused and frightened crew, dragging their hastily-packed seabags. Mysteriously, their world has disappeared beneath their feet. Down ropes and cables darted, in increasing numbers, furtive rats.

The deck was at a crazy angle, neither wall nor floor. The starboard side was submerged, waves licking the rail.

Perched on the portside rail, swaying and teetering with a balance so gyroscopically impossible as to seem preternatural, squatted Nix-One, the Chief still. Clutching desperately to wires, rivets, bumps, corners, any claw-hold they could find, were the remaining members of his inner pack. Sandy and Wiggy. General Alhaig, a rodent so stupidly, ruthlessly stubborn as to appear to possess that most unratlike quality, loyalty. Ziggles, so lately elevated to high status, so quickly deprived of it, wept fat tears down.

"It would appear," said Nix-One, "especially to lib-rals and other self-styled negative thinkers, that certain facts, which I am making available to you now—to be precise, several hundred tons of salt water—are at variance with certain of my former statements.

"But I am not a quitter. And I would like to recall to you now the words of a great rat, a never-to-be-forgotten rat, Eisen-Howah, I think it was, or maybe my mother, or myself, for that matter, I disremember just at the moment, but those words were, to the best of my recollection: 'Never give up the ship!' "

And, so saying, Nix-One leapt.

He realized he wouldn't be needing the ship anymore.

The stunned, damp, sad, and angry sailors watched from the dock as the *Watergate* disappeared beneath the waves. One old salt seized a belaying pin to hurl at the bobbing dark blot that was Nix-One in the water. His hand was stayed by a weeping fellow tar.

"Leave him alone, poor fellow," said the sympathetic seaman. "He's lost his ship. Surely that's punishment enough."

"*His* ship! That goddamn rat lost *our* ship!" roared the old salt, and vainly flung his weapon at the now empty sea.

In the dawn, the Pacific surf washed up a wet lump on the beach of San Clemente. It lay upon the glistening shingle, still as driftwood, black as an oil slick. As the warmth of the California morning washed over it, it twitched and shuddered. Then it began to lurch and crawl inland. Its sharp teeth glittered, and its mad red eyes were burning. □

# Waste Not Want Nots

M·K·BROWN

1 SPREAD POTATO CHIP WITH BUTTER OR MARGARINE (BOTH SIDES). DON'T BE **SKIMPY!**

2 DIP IN FLOUR & GRATED PARMESAN MIXTURE (HALF & HALF) • SHAKE OFF EXCESS.

3 PLACE REMAINING COATED CHIPS ON LIGHTLY FLOURED SERVICE FOR SIX.

4 MEANWHILE, MEASURE 52" POST OFFICE TWINE.

5 CUT INTO 3⅝" SEGMENTS.

6 TIE IN LITTLE **CIRCLES**.

7 PLACE **TWO** COATED CHIPS IN **EACH** CIRCLE OF TWINE • FASTEN IN THE CENTER WITH COTTER PIN (PIMENTO BOW OPTIONAL). SPRAY WITH SHELLAC.

8 AND THERE YOU **HAVE IT!** WITH **FOOD COLORING**, PAINT A **PERKY** FACE TO MATCH THE **PERKY SHOES** OF THIS **PERKY** LITTLE **DUTCH GIRL!**

9 **OR.** PACK UNUSED COATED CHIPS IN **LAYERS**, PIMENTO SIDE UP, IN GREASED GUITAR CASE. FREEZE UNTIL NEEDED.

**NEXT:** WHAT TO DO WITH THOSE **LEFTOVER OYSTERS!**

# Henry Ford's Diaries

by
Doug Kenney
and
Ted Mann

*Henry Ford (1863–1943) has been described as the Father of the American Automobile and with good reason: He was. His leading role in the development of the automotive industry—an industry dramatically described in recent bestsellers* The Betsy *and* Wheels*—put him at the forefront of a handful of men who literally invented the business of, literally, making automobiles. Hello? Accordingly, the* National Lampoon *is particularly pleased to present the following excerpts from the Ford Motor Company's soon-to-be-published* Diaries of Henry Ford *(Random House, 15 pages; $8.95 softcover).*

*The diaries, while often amounting to a few lines scribbled on the back of an oil-spotted invoice, reveal a man who has been variously described as "the Christ of American capitalism" and "a withered-up old anti-Semitic scumbag." Who is to say Henry Ford was one or the other? Dave Chevrolet or Nat Lampoon, possibly?*

—Ed.

*continued*

Tomorrow, after the tool captain has left, I'm going to test-ignite my latest modification—the Henry Ford Coal Dust-Powered Land Canoe.

**March 23, 1884**

As I feared, the Land Canoe proved to be pretty much of fizzdangle. The piston-maul's vibration joggles your sprocket links, and if your safety whistle gets caulked up with soot on a steep grade, the whole imploder-kiln assembly is liable to go sky-high.

Rabinowitz says if I don't come in Sunday to repair the roof, don't come in Monday without a repair kit for my skull. Also, if God had meant men to ride around on horseless carriages, he sure hopes somebody else submits the lowest bid.

Someday I'll make that fellow chew his fool josh![1]

Another gaberdine-stroking Syndicalist was by again today sowing discontent among the Master Lathers. He wants us to put down our tools and wash out our red hankies in protest. In protest of too many mockies underfoot near my lathe, I blew my nose in his beard.

A gear is only as strong as its rottenest tooth.

**June 22, 1885**

At last the breakthrough I have been looking for. Been stumped for several months over the wheels. First I tried rimming them with heavy-gauge horseshoes, which are abundantly available after hours. But they tend to fling off at high speeds and a ringer around the tool captain's neck has not helped my chances here for further advancement. Mounting cast-iron feet along the edges failed to produce the results I have sought, too, only a few pulverized cobblestones and some nasty gouges up the sides of the south foundry wall.

Then, last night, after a hard day of replastering, I fell into a deep sleep and dreamed I was riding a mechanical dog who reminded me of old Tyke through the South American jungle. Suddenly, Tyke begins to whimper that his paws are sore and circles a huge rubber plant with a big nose. Tyke liberally sprinkles the nose which begins to sneeze with rapid, terrifying explosions. Its nostrils draw a bead on me, but I wake up.

Of course, rubber plant. When Rabinowitz is through garnishing my wages, I'll save up enough money to order some big bicycle tires from the local *rubber plant* and stretch them over the wheels.

Also, I am very curious about this new liquid called *gasoline*, a petroleum by-product something like kerosene only with more ginger. Since the tool captain has put me on the night shift, I'll have time to convert these crude kerosene lamps of ours without his meddling.

**June 24, 1885**

Mr. Knutson has been forced to close the foundry following the fire and, with my urging, has arrested Rabinowitz and posted a $500 reward for information concerning this dastardly Syndicalist-Arsonist plot. Begin working for Edison Electric Company tomorrow. I am sure the Wizard of Menlo Park will lend a more sympathetic ear to the Fellow of Dearbourne, Michigan.

**June 25, 1885**

Just finished first day as chief engineer here at Edison. Had a kefuffle at lunch with this jewish fellow. (I won't tell Clara, she figures if I get the jews' backs up, they'll look up where we live and one day little Edsel will be missing from his crib.) This fellow (relative of Rabinowitz?) tried to get me to sign a pledge saying I supported the second Philadelphia Conference of the July the Twelth Society. Told him the only thing I supported was my family and he'd be better off doing same.

He flapped his tongue at me until I couldn't hardly eat my hoagie. Finally he shouted at me so loud when I wasn't expecting it I dropped my cup and spilled hot coffee down the front of my coveralls. I told him right then and there that he could take his damned jabber and ram it down his firebox.

That same afternoon, one of the men told me I was the first chief that ever had the gumption to fire all the jews on the same day. I didn't like doing it, but a couple of bad cylinders can ruin an engine.

**August 9, 1885**

Talked to Mr. Edison again today. I tried to tell him a bit more about the new gas clipper I was working on, but he kept shushing me and complaining that I was spitting in his ear trumpet. (He did understand enough to suggest that if we combined his wiggling pictures and talking machines with my gas buggy we'd have a roll-in spectacle which could replace vaudeville.) I think he's got his head bolted on backwards as far as gas buggies are concerned, though. See if he flips his eggs the other way when my power coach rolls down to the post office and back next week.

**August 26, 1885**

Best dag blasted trial ever. Made it to the post office and back in just under twenty-five minutes. That's averaging *thirteen miles an hour*.

Some trouble with other traffic, though. One man broke his ankle when he put it through a hole in the boardwalk trying to get clear of a berserk horse. Of course, horses don't cater much to my machine. I can't say I cater much to them. Just can't see much future for an animal dumb enough to drag a milk wagon through the front window of a general store. (That's going to set me back a few gold eagles. Mr. Edwin Thomas, the storekeeper, chased me halfway to the post office before he had some kind of attack and dropped in the road. Lucky for him someone dragged him out of the way before I started back. Would have smacked him for sure as I haven't perfected my stopping device yet.)

Court next Tuesday.

I was going to talk to Mr. Edison today about manufacturing the machine, but I have to give him a chance to leak a little steam, as I miscalculated the speed of the buggy when I pulled into the shop and had to use one of the work benches to break myself, otherwise I would have gone rolling through the partition and into Mr. E's office.

**August 27, 1885**

I think I'll wait a few days before talking to Mr. Edison about the machine. I've got to iron out a few wrinkles yet. I know I've got to do something about the crankstart. One more smithie's devil with his arm tore off and I'll be in the hot potato soup with Mr. Edison. The last apprentice told his father some story and the old man (the foreman of a gravel shifting crew) came down to the shop and threatened to wrap a cart axle around my neck if I didn't foot the bill for getting the boy a new arm all the way from Paris, France. Calmed the Father down and told him I could make a better arm right here in the shop. Finished it yesterday and when the lad buckled it on he was so happy he went around the shop and opened all the men's soda pop with the bottle opener I spot-welded onto one arm of his scissors.

Just the same, I've got to get that crank working better. Maybe if I put some kind of ratchet on there so that when the engine backfires, she'll free-wheel instead of letting the crank shoot up in the air with your arm or

[1]It is fascinating to note that this is Henry Ford's only recorded use of an exclamation point. By nature a thrifty man, Ford hated wasting ink.—Ed.

bashing you in the snout and leaving you cold on the workshop floor. Hope so, anyway.

**November 11, 1895**

Ran into a couple of interesting young fellow mechanics in town for their brother's funeral. Seems this Norville Wright was trying to cross a bicycle with a bird at the time (?).

If God had meant man to fly, He wouldn't have put all the traction down here.

**January 3, 1896**

Idea: A good wrench is like a good friend. If you take care of them, they won't strip your nuts.

**May 2, 1896**

I've about reached the end of my rope with the Edison Company. I can't talk much to Mr. Edison now. (Always thinks I'm talking about something else; sometimes I think that someone's been leaving things in his ear trumpet.) I've saved up a bit of money so maybe try getting some fellas together to build custom cars.

* * *

**January 5, 1900**

Had another squabbledangle with a customer over his delivery. The little get-along I worked up fit all his specifications: warning whistle, hat rack, mahogany footrests in red plush and gold tassels, concealed whist table, the works. The fellow claims he ran plumb-splangwobble into a telegraph pole the first time out.

If a person wants a steering tiller, he should order a steering tiller.

**April 17, 1900**

At long last, the Model N is finished. K, L, and M all had the same problem—the automatic parasols kept the occupant dry enough but the forward road window clogs up with rainballs and visibility is limited.

Luckily, *American Vehicular* recently ran a cover story on Sir Geoffrey Windshield's dandy new wiper design — the simple back-and-forth motion of his single rubber blade eliminates the entire rotating feather-duster mounting with a single stroke.

**May 30, 1900**

The Detroit Custom Motorcarriage Works has been featured in the latest issue of *American Vehicular*. There is a large pictograph of our Model C, with a fine inset picto of my hand-turned lug-plungers and chromium need-valve redoublers (patent pending).

Already I have received several invitations to some semiformal tea races around the country.

Another customer returned his Model G. Claims the directional reins get chewed up in the gearworks and the land-anchors don't hold.

Model H has some bugs too. Owner says fumes from the fuel caboose ignite from the gas stack sparks and has to ride her soaking wet to keep his hair. Nitpicker. Jewish fella?

**June 17, 1900**

The Detroit Custom Motorcarriage Company has given me notice. The Sir Geoffrey Windshield Wiper (patent not pending) operates perfectly, but at high speeds (thirteen to seventeen mph) the whole kit-and-kaboodle turns sideways somersaults in time with the wiper. (Lighter blades? Lower center of gravity?)

If the fellow from the engine-pomade company will sponsor me, I will enter the auto tournament in Lansing. If it doesn't rain.

**June 25, 1900**

Rain. All day and night before the race. Finally I managed to compensate for the wiper's momentum by shifting my weight in the opposite direction of the somersault. Steering still difficult, but less wear on tires, as only two touch ground at any one time. Race to be held tomorrow, if the mud dries or freezes.

**June 26, 1900**

Victory. Everyone was there. At the opening gun (which nipped Duryea's right front pneumatic and clocked him an early finish into the judges' stand), I was off like a shot and set a record time of one minute for the quarter-mile oval. Diesel's sportstractor was yapping at my stern, but a gust of wind extinguished his pilot light and the leaky behemoth clanked to a dead stop in the mechanics' pasture.

Hispano-Suiza and Daimler took the lead for a few laps but got tangled up in each other's cowcatchers, and each lost precious time trying to scrape the other off along the fence-posts. Peugot's little roll-about averaged twenty-two mph until the judges spotted a pair of powerfully-calved legs under the frenchie's chassis and disqualified the both.

After lunchbreak, the only contestants left were me and Stanley's steamjitney, *The Obedient II*. As we whirled around the final five laps, most of the crowd had already drifted away to a dogfight-and-schnapps festival over by the flats and missed an exciting moment. On the second-to-last lap, my brakes burned up, and only the dragging of my left foot along the ground kept me from crashing bandgoodle into Humber's parked Electro-Super-Snipe (his batteries had gone dead—those fancy Marconi Radiophones used up all the juice his fool magneto-fired cheroot lighter didn't).

Stanley puffed past me and turned into the final lap, hooting and tooting like a banshee. Following close behind, I played a trick I learned from snowball fights with the O'Hooligan brothers—I made rude faces at Stanley's young stoker until the hot-headed ruffian slung his coal-shovel at me and I pulled neatly ahead of their petered-out potbelly with only a small dent in my right front head. Remember: Pound it out tomorrow at the shop with a rubber hammer.

**July 16, 1900**

Several important bankers answered my telegrams today and expressed great interest in my new Model S. News of my string of racing victories has traveled fast. The Cincinnati-Dayton Overland Competition was written up in the *Akron Beacon Journal* and yesterday representatives of three different motor-pomades presssed me to wear their dusters and spat insignia.

The Model S will be famous. I can feel it.

Meanwhile, the pomade company's extra fiver will help me expand this workshop. Clara (my wife) says Edsel (her newest model) needs more garage space.

Also must find method for backing up out of narrow spaces. Clara won't get out and push anymore as she claims that is why Edsel's front grillwork grew in so odd after he was born. Don't see what's so odd about it, but enough jabber. Time (and ink) are awasting.

**July 21, 1900**

Model D: Not much here, I'm afraid. Cowcatcher keeps flipping up paving stones and firing them through the windshield.

Model E: The less said, the better.

Model F: Transmission defect sends all power to right wheel. Tends to veer off the road and run in circles.

Model J: Ill machined crankshaft causes blights of the liver and kidneys in test drivers.

Model P: Neglected to bore exhaust ports. Salvage as scrap (E. Feinberg, $11.00).

Model I: Getting closer here. Worked perfectly until gas vent dripped overflow onto hot muffler assembly ($7.60, E. Feinberg).

That's all so far. Model S will be

*continued*

better, looks promising.

**June 22, 1900**

Idea: Success is like a herd of cattle; it could be right around the next corner.

**July 30, 1900**

Busy busy as usual. A number of motor-pomade manufacturers and a large iron-monger concern have agreed to back the Ford Motor Company. Don't know how I came by the name, just seemed to have a nice heft to it.

The Model S still has to be towed backwards every time it gets in a fix. So near, yet so far.

**January 15, 1903**

In a dream last night, I was piloting a Model S through the jungle when a huge serpent with a huge nose appeared in the road and swallowed me and the buggy up whole. While trying to light the headlamps and find an exit I hear a Voice call my name: *"Henry Ford, put the thing in reverse, stupid."*

It's a crazy idea, but it just might work.

**January 20, 1903**

Success. The new Model S runs like a charm . . . in *both* directions. Plan to start production as soon as we come up with a name for her.

**March 22, 1908**

Eureka. The first "Model T" rolled off the production line today. Wonder why I never thought of it before.

**April 23, 1912**

Model T has been doing very well. As I tell my stockholders: good value, good machine, good sales.

**August 26, 1913**

Been having some trouble with my blamed fool imbecile stockholders. They want "dividends." It doesn't seem to cut much hay with them that we need a new factory to replace the one burned down by the Association of Radical Caster Mongers.

**February 15, 1932**

Today my workmen tightened the last nut on my new V-8 engine. At last my hope of creating a fully operational station wagon is about to become a reality. All that stands in my way now is one more thing: artificial wood paneling. Those pups in research and development say it may be another thirty years before we possess the proper technology.

Faddle. If you want something done right, don't leave it to imbeciles. Tomorrow I am contacting Luther Burbank about his work with artificial trees.

**April 2, 1934**

A delegation of Japanese fellas dropped by today. Bought up those surplus Model Zero combine engines cash. Inquired politely about secret weapons I might have lying around. Told them I was fresh out—sold the lot to those Krupp brothers to make into farm machines.

Little yellow fellas were disappointed, but they took some wax casts of my tools and dies as souvenirs. Helped them call travel agent in Detroit and book tickets for sightseeing jaunt in Hawaii.

Can't figure why they remind me of you-know-whats. Hardly any noses.

**June 22, 1915**

Log entry number one. Well, we've been at sea three days now on our cruise for peace. I think that chartering this ship just may "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," as the very fine slogan thought up by Mr. Allan Jepers says.

I've been spending some time in the engine room jawing with the chief oiler. He's no congressman's brother and that's for sure. He tells me that the big oil smashing Diesel engines that they have down there are really pretty reliable and there's no fear of getting becalmed in the dog latitudes as long as you watch the head temperatures and keep a steady drip on the shaft bearings so the screws don't seize up. No sealed lube nonsense here, by gum.

*(It is curious to note that Ford received the following letter from Rudölf Diesel some years earlier and had scrawled across it in black enamel paint,"Cylinder-headed kraut's finally stripped his gears."—Ed.)*

Mine Dearest Heinrich;

Vy haf you not been answering to my letters? Fifteen I haf zent you, and you not me one haf zent. I tell you all mine great ideas. I take der oil right from der ground unt smash it up chust like Gött intended. Take it from me, der schpark plug is Götterdämmerung crazy idea. Rudolf Diesel does not use der schpark plug, Rudolf Diesel schpew on der schparks. Gunter of Reisling zay to me chust der udder day dat der power uff mine engine vill giff man being free. It iss Gött's vill dat Diesel should invent der engine uff der new age. I chust give you prize opportunity to get in on der böttom floor uff der dawn uff a new age. Ve can be chust like der brothers marching vorward intö der future bright mit der glorious music to be ringing in our ears unt our hearts. Too long hass man be in der power uff nature. Mit mine new engine mitout der schpark plugs he iss free to be pickniking on der grassy knolls uff imagination. Zö true iss dis! Mine new engine vill hew der vood unt draw der vasser unt look after der grocery store vile der shopkeeper blows his brains out on der dark beer uff der Rhineland undt bounces der frauliens on hiss knee.

Zöme people laugh at der ideas uff Rudolf Diesel. Zöme uff zem efen throw rotten cabbages at him. Dis iss always der fate uff der mench vith the chenius to zee der possibilities uff schmashing der oil right out of der ground. Der people zay der oil is dirt from der ground and der dirt from der ground vill nefer do der houseverk. Laugh day will now until day zee Rudolf Diesel lying in his hammock all der day long hafing his fatty zausage chewed by Valkyries. Also dey don't be zinging my tune maybe Rudolf Diesels big oil schmasher make dem dead. Yah der truth. Iff dey don't get out uff der road mitt schpeed Rudolf Diesel run dem ofer and make dem flatter dan der frenchies, pancakes. Den der people vill zay der he goes, Rudolf Diesel, der great benefactor uff mankind who made der engine to schmash der oil right as it comes from der ground. Dat vill be a pround day for Diesel. I vill schtand on der table unt make a schpeech to all der Chermans. Yah, I vill zing like der Thuringian Minnesingeren from vich I am un proud descendant. Dey vere a poetic people, Heinrich, unt vould certainly be tickled by dee idea uff schmashing der oil right as it comes from der ground. Always I sink dat I shall make up ein zong about mine bigg schmaser engine but never am I seeming to get around to ziss.

Vell, I haf to be goink to verk in mine schop. Goot by, Heinrich, and giff up on dose schtupid schpark plugs or you'll blow your cabbage off.

Auf Wiedersein,
Rudolf Diesel

**June 26, 1915**

After lunch today, I made a speech to the rest of the passengers about our voyage. I told them there was a lot more challenge in fighting the bugs and kinks in this universe than there was in fighting some silly fool with a gun. The gun is a pretty simple machine. Just a hollow cylinder jammed full of flash powder and ball bearings.

After I had finished Captain Able got up and told a sea yarn that was quite interesting. It was all about the dangers of an area called the isosceles triangle.[2]

[2]In his autobiography *Three Sheets to the Wind* (Harcourt Brace and World, 1956) Captain Able Duggan describes the dangers which confront mariners who venture to sail through the isosceles triangle. He states:

**May 30, 1917**

Told the annual meeting tonight the story about the ant and the grasshopper. Before the suds had settled, young Bob Willard was on his feet, saying something about a right to dividends and so on. I told them you can't have your car and crash it too, but still it looks as if they mean to go to court against me.

**June 15, 1917**

Double blast! I just learned the courts have ruled against me in this matter of the dividend. It's a sad day for this country when a man like simple Mike O'Doul can rule against the principles of thrift and good management. His honour Mike O'Doul (a congressman's brother) is a sour mash guzzler.

The only answer seems to be to buy out the stockholders. I'm going to buy out Bob Willard first.[3] I'll be happy to be shed of him and his profligate ways.

"When in these part a smart tar keeps a weather eye peeled for hypogriffs and yellow twisters. These are the worst things that can happen to a sea dog short of the sailors pox (sic). I remember well an encounter I had with this fatal pair. I was on a guano run from the land of the brown Catholics. It was my first command in these waters, and I did not realize the deadly danger we were placed in when a foolish deckhand tested his souvenir blowpipe on a floating Portuguese gas bag which was drifting peacefully by. The next thing I knew, the sky had grow dark and the wind surly and the men began to cry out for their lives. Then, when the elements were at the peak of their fury, a terrible visage appeared on the horizon. A hypogriff! To its right, a feared yellow twister raged, tearing up great chunks of the sea and throwing them into the sky. The hapless mariners began to cry and wail, some rending their oilskins in despair. I was certain that never again would we see our native shore, but would within the space of a few moments lie full fathom five. The hypogriff reared itself up in front of the ship. Gar, it was ugly and cruel bad acting. Just then, the seaman who had squelched the gas bag stepped on a plank which had been set wrong and it sprung a peg, flipping him backwards over the gunnel and into the sea.

In the space of a few minutes the sea again grew calm and the sky cleared. As the yellow twister receded over the horizon and the last ripple of the hypogriff died away as it sunk beneath the deep, I swore by my tatoo that never again would a sailor on my ship be allowed to harm a floating Portuguese gas bag."

[3]One of Ford's clerks apparently informed Ford that this Bob Willard kept a collection of salacious daguerrotypes in his desk and was frequently in attendance at cock fights. The clerk further reported that at one of the cock fights in question, Willard's wits were so fuddled with drink that he leapt into the cock pit to urge on his bird and landed full on the creature, killing the fowl and costing him the sizable wager he had placed upon it. Ford apparently discharged the clerk, having heard from his own mouth that he attended cock fights, and noticing the feathers.

**March 17, 1926**

Thad McDash in and out of my office all day. Nincompoop has been trying to come up with a vehicle to replace the Model A. Danged congressman's brother says that the other companies give a choice of colors, so we should give a choice of colors.

**March 18, 1926**

Idea: They can have any darned color they want so long as it's black.

**March 26, 1926**

Durn that Thad McDash. Can't get a minute's peace with him about. Told him today that I can't see any use in the world for a yellow car. The only thing it'd be good for is scaring the daylights out of poor Negroes and credulous country folk.

**April 3, 1926**

Young fellas keep showing me sales charts and graphs. Trying to tell me that this General Motors company is taking over with their blasted rainbow wagons. The only thing they're taking over is the tomfool imbecile market, and as far as that goes, they're welcome to it.

**February 26, 1927**

May have been wrong about the American people. I guess they do want a change, though why any one wants to change from economy and dependability has me licked raw. Thad has come up with a design for some new contraption called the Model A, and I figure if I work on it for a while, it just might turn out all right. Hoping it'll run G.M.'s carriages off the road and into the cow pasture.

**March 28, 1927**

Body by Fisher my rusty wrench.

**November 15, 1936**

Edsel wanted to borrow the car again. Kid is such a klutz. Told him I didn't trust him with my car and he took Clara's Chevy. Says he's got some newfangled ideas for spiffing up the line. Power horns, built-in ironing boards, padiddle lights.

That, as the young whippersnappers on the line would say, is a hot one. And what's a forty-three-year-old like that doing without his own car in the first place?

They sure don't make them like they used to. Take me, for instance.

Please.[4]

**December 8, 1941**

War, dognabbit.

Those Japanese fellas pulled a fast one last night at Pearl Harbor, and one of those guldurn bullets had my name on it. Unfortunately, Edsel tells me, so did some of the enemy airplane engines they fished out of the water. Better lie low this time, pacifism-wise.

Hard to figure, though. Always paid their bills on time.

**July 15, 1942**

That Rosenfeld fella in the White House is getting some uppity. Called up yesterday to say he didn't want artificial wood on the 10,000 tanks we delivered. And he wants plainer upholstery. Nixed whitewalls.

I told him if he didn't like quality American workmanship, order his next fleet from Kaiser Frazier. That was a pip. Kaiser Frazier.

Edsel arrived today with Mr. Disney to show me the plans for my automotive museum in Dearfield Village, Michigan. That Disney'll go far for an arty type—no limp handshake like most—but I told him thumbs down on the talking cars. Plumb irritating is all. Even a senile old crank like me can see that. Hello? Tyke, is that you, fella?

Board meeting at main office today. Wanted to show them some sketches for that new V-168 propeller rocket but I forgot my magic slate and some fuzz-faced vice-president kept distracting me with my rattle.

I don't want to come in, it's still light out.

**September 14, 1943**

Feeling poorly lately. Plans for automotive museum almost complete. Just in time, too, for I feel the Workglove of the Great Engineer upon my coveralls. At least I'll go knowing future generations will marvel at the wonders in my Temple of Science: 203 different makes of gas buggy, the Discovery of Artificial Wood in thirty-six realistic life-size oil paintings, and that crackerjack replica of Tyke's dog dish.

I don't want to go to school. I'm sick.

Wonder if the O'Hooligan brothers are in Heaven? Wonder if there's anything to do there? Fella has to keep busy.

Idle hands, after all, are the devil's tinsnips. □

[4]It is not clear whether this portion of the entry was in Henry Ford's own handwriting —*Ed.*

by Gerald Susman

# The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey

by Gerald Sussman

# *Welcome to the Cooking of Provincial New Jersey: Twenty-one Cuisines, One Great Taste*

When we refer to New Jersey cuisine as provincial, we do not use the word to mean narrow, crude, or limited in scope. Quite the contrary, New Jersey offers a dazzling variety of dishes. We mean that the cooking traditions spring from the local foods sold in each province, or county, as they are called. For generations New Jersey cooks have managed to thrive on what they can buy from their native supermarkets, groceries, and "superettes."

Though each county owes its allegiance to the great state as a whole, the diversity in cooking styles makes you feel you are in twenty-one separate countries. When you are in Bergen County you will be enjoying a cuisine heavily influenced by the powdered foods and mixes, with frozen foods, food helpers, and canned foods equally as popular. Essex County, on the other hand, seems to like frozen foods, although it boasts of a strong following for powdered mixes, food helpers, and canned foods. In Monmouth County you can expect hearty dishes based on the local preferences for food helpers, but there are plenty of recipes that depend on frozen foods, powdered mixes, and canned foods as well. Passaic County seems to be equally divided in its choices among canned foods, food helpers, frozen foods, and powdered mixes.

New Jersey provincial cooking will always depend on time-honored traditions: on what the giant food processors are manufacturing, on the day-to-day shifts in supermarket inventory, and of course, on how much the food distributors are paying off the supermarket managers to promote or "push" certain foods, a widely-used merchandising technique that helps acquaint New Jerseyites with new palate-pleasing ideas.

Brooding gas tanks stand guard over a picnic spot near the town of Elizabeth in the county of Essex. Even at such an informal affair, New Jerseyites insist on traditional fare. Though it may take a bit of extra effort, the results are well worth it.

No one likes to miss New Jersey's Thursday Penny Saver Value Days because they know those pennies can add up.

The colorful, bustling New Jersey supermarkets: Fresh cartons from a nearby truck will soon be ready for sale.

# *New Jersey Kitchens: Meals in a Minute, for Any Mood*

The perennial appeal of New Jersey cooking lies in its infinite variety and the effortless dexterity of the New Jersey cook in preparing as many as five or six completely different cuisines at the same meal. Dad, coming home from a hard day at the office, dreams of his Kraft Macaroni and Cheese casserole, daughter wants an old-fashioned Swanson turkey TV dinner, the two boys are waiting for their pizza and egg rolls to warm, and mom is treating herself to frozen Veal Parmigiana with spaghetti and Spatini sauce mix.

The fact that her family rarely eats together doesn't bother the New Jersey cook in the least. Her cupboard and freezer are amply stocked with delicious meals ready to be prepared at a moment's notice. New Jersey cooks do not go to cooking schools to learn their art. Tradition dictates that they learn the same way their girl friends did, in their own kitchens, where there are no professional chefs, no teachers to guide them. Each time they use a box of Roast 'n Boast or whip up a batch of French's Potato Pancake Mix, they depend solely on their inherent skills and excellent reading ability.

A canny New Jersey shopper examines a can of whipped topping to check its freshness, noting that it cannot be sold after July, 1979.

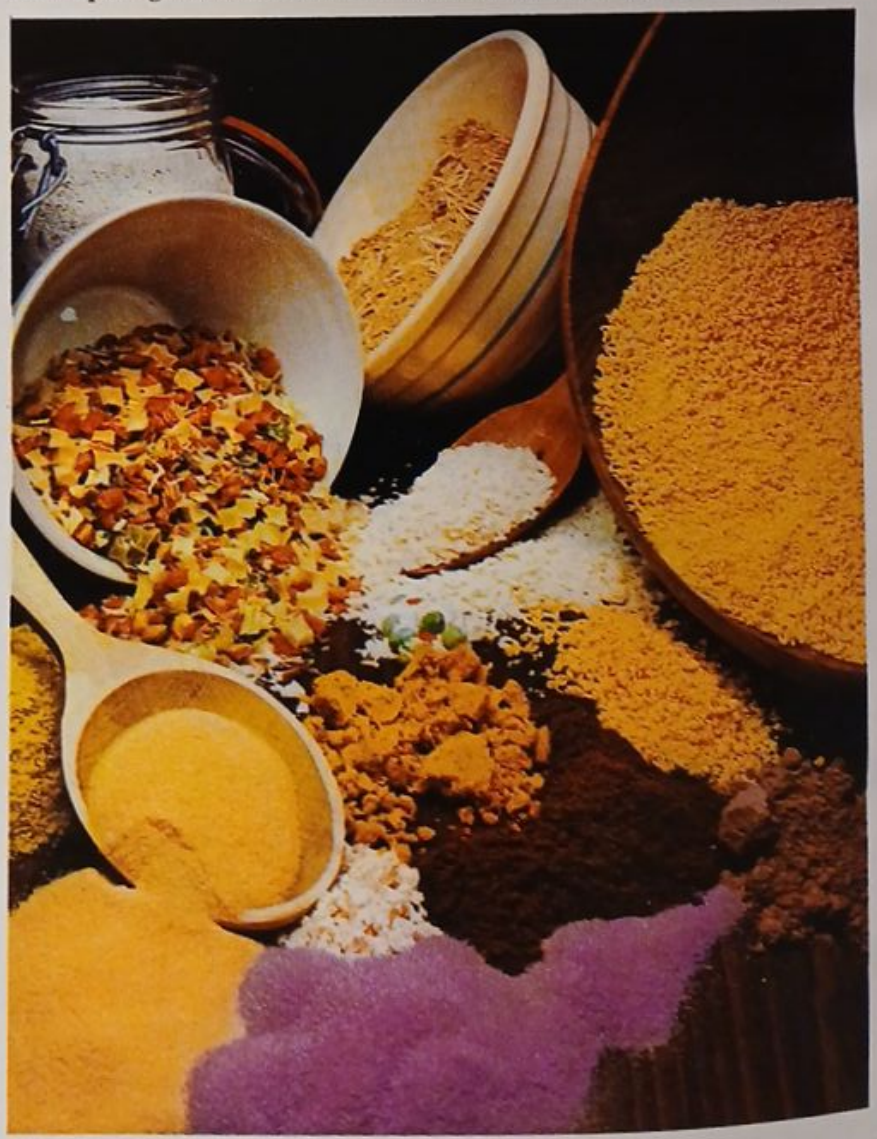
Every day, frozen fish sticks await the morning buyers in Hoboken, whose supermarkets are famous for their rich cargo of treasures from the deep.

# The Prepared Food Mixes: From Powder to Perfection

The New Jersey housewife rarely uses a recipe unless it is foolproof. She knows that the prepared food mixes in her supermarket come from the laboratories of the finest food processors in the country. She's aware that every package of food mix she buys has been carefully researched and tested for ease of preparation, appetite appeal, and minimum spoilage probability.

Her cupboard of prepared food mixes reads like a *Who's Who* in gastronomy. She wouldn't think of using unknown "house" brands when she can buy the finest name brands at just a few pennies more, such as Lipton Cup-a-Soup, Hunt's Skillet Stroganoff, PDQ Instant Egg Nog Flavor Beads, and the hundreds of superb dishes from the Kraft and General Foods people.

This attitude reflects the kind of tradition we hope will never die in provincial New Jersey cooking—the respect for consistency and quality, and the trust in the good names of the food processors. New Jersey housewives settle for nothing less than perfection every time—because they know that if they follow package directions to the letter, the results will always be letter perfect.



A typical selection of powdered mixes bought from a supermarket in South Orange. The New Jersey cook can start her day with Tang and Maxwell House Instant Coffee, have some Betty Crocker Potato Buds for lunch, and build her dinner around Tempo Swedish Meatball Mix, Golden Grain Italian Style Risotto Seasoning (just add it to Minute Rice) and desserts like My-T-Fine chocolate almond flavor pudding.

# *New Jersey's Frozen Foods: Modern Miracles of Freshness and Flavor*

At the exact moment a snap bean or a succotash is ripe, it is carefully picked by the greats of the frozen food industry, such as Birds Eye or Green Giant. But the vegetables do not lie about. They go immediately to spotless plants, where they are flash-frozen at 200 degrees below zero to seal in all their flavor and freshness. Only then can they rest. First, in the vast frozen food section of a New Jersey supermarket. Then, in a New Jersey housewife's capacious freezer. But it is only a temporary sleep. For at any moment they can be awakened by a few measures of boiling water, and in a matter of minutes, a miracle has happened. Their original garden freshness has returned, and the robust appetites of a New Jersey family will be happily satisfied again.

A visit to the frozen food section of a New Jersey supermarket can span the continents in the variety it offers, from Holloway House stuffed peppers to Chun King Chow Mein to Jeno's Pizza. And for dessert, Sara Lee, Colonel Morton, Mrs. Smith, and a host of other master pastry makers tempt the discriminating shoppers with toothsome delights that make the finale of every meal an event in itself.

saucepan from Design Research

Boiling water is essential for preparing many frozen foods. A New Jersey cook has a trick for knowing when water comes to a boil. She will watch for bubbles to form. The bigger and more active the bubbles, the greater the boil.

*Steps to a perfect Shake 'n Bake Chicken*

Empty mix into shaker bag. Moisten chicken pieces with water or milk (about ¼ cup).

Shake off excess liquid.

Shake 2 or 3 pieces at a time in bag until evenly coated.

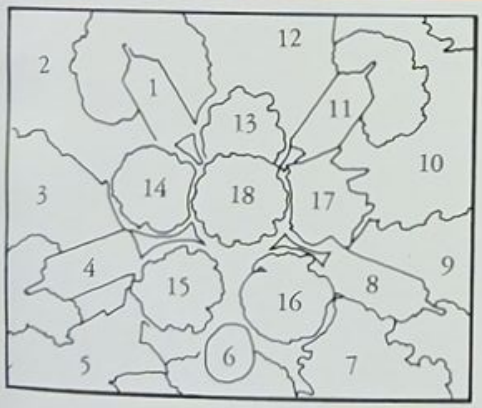
# *Seasoned Mixes and Food Helpers: A Little Extra Work, a Lot Extra in Taste*

Though Shake 'n Bake, Roast 'n Boast,and other seasoned coating mixes require extra work in preparation, New Jersey cooks gladly meet the challenge, because their tradition demands that they spend many loving minutes in the kitchen. And no matter how satisfied they were with their chicken, they are not afraid to admit that the great seasoned mixes make them even better.

Since New Jersey cooks have always added Rice-A-Roni and other instant starches to their meats and canned fish as "filler" material, the handy new food helpers were welcomed with gusto. Another good example of how provincial New Jersey cooking adjusts from the old to the new and creates a better dish in the bargain.

For the crowning touch, there's always room for plenty of salt, pepper, catsup, Kraft Miracle Whip,and mustard (the milder varieties) in a New Jersey dish. No matter how flavorful a dish already is, New Jerseyites can enhance it even further. Just a dash of this and a shake of that seems to make all the difference in the world.

Arrange chicken in a single layer in ungreased shallow baking pan. Bake at 400° for 40 to 50 minutes, or until tender. Coats 2½ pounds cut-up chicken.




1. American Cheese-Flavored Aerosol
2. Pretzel Sticks
3. Potato Chips
4. Cheddar Flavored Aerosol
5. Corn Tacos
6. Bleu Cheese Flavored Aerosol
7. Barbecued Cheese Doodles
8. Meunster Flavored Aerosol
9. Pork Rind Flavored Chips
10. Cheese-It
11. Pimento Cheese Flavored Aerosol
12. Funyuns
13. Garlic Flavored Cheese Doodles
14. Beer Pretzels
15. Barbecued Tacos
16. Onion Taco Rings
17. Taco-Dippies
18. Hanky Pankies

# The Snack: Fast, Fun, Filling... Fantastic

No New Jerseyite would dream of a day without snacks. In fact, many New Jersey children devote their entire meals to snacks. New Jersey cooks put the snack to a bewildering variety of uses—as an hors d'oeuvre, a side dish to a main course, a main course, a dessert, a between meal treat, a TV "munch." Snacks are a must for picnics, car trips, for filling up fast and of course, to accompany the traditional New Jersey beverages, instant iced tea, Coca-Cola, Pepsi, 7-Up,and Kool-Aid.

Whether it is the simple potato chip, the Cheese Doodle scooping up a powdered onion soup dip, or the baroque swirls of Snack Mate American cheese aerosol spray on a Funyun, New Jersey is in love with snacks. And it's no wonder. For the snack represents the epitome of New Jersey gastronomy—it can be spicy or bland—it can tease the appetite or satisfy it completely. It is fast, yet fulfilling. The snack is the all-purpose wonder food that deservedly occupies the highest niche in provincial New Jersey cuisine.

# Television



## Evening

**8:00 P.M. TV MOVIE: "All Traffic Merge" (2)**

**11:30 P.M. Entertainment Spectacular of Worldwide Mystery (7)**

6:00 (7) Vine Street Beat: Matt and Ken are assigned a brand new car—and the fun begins when both insist it's their turn to drive. (R)
(9) Cowtown: A crazy inventor (Parley Baer) creates an uproar in Cowtown by challenging the Marshal to a race against his crazy invention, the "automobile." (R)
(11) Oxygen Tent: Tragedy strikes the Medical Center when a busload of Mexican school-children crashes into the lobby. (R)
(12) Flatfoot File: Stringer finds there's no work for a detective without a driver's license. (R)

6:30 (2) Vera and Me: The Waddledowns come to visit Biff and Vera and bring an unusual gift: an antique auto named Horace. (R)
(5) Space Trek: Zargo is holding Cage-Hox captive in his invisible asteroid. The ransom: a custom-built limousine. (R)
(11) Medburn's Men: Chief Medburn throws a tantrum after Brad accidentally scratches the paint on his prized convertible. (R)
(12) The Go-Getters: Ted risks his life—and Jerry's new car—to stop a runaway circus wagon on the Hollywood Freeway. (R)

7:00 (2) The Geezenhawkers: Larry places a want ad for a new mechanic, but wishes he hadn't when the first applicant turns out to be partner Vinnie's little sister. (R)
(5) Presenting Danny Palmetto: Danny and guests Cesar Romero, Rosemarie, and Red Buttons pay a musical tribute to parking meters.
(7) My Favorite Phantom: That dizzy ghost Daphne causes havoc when she goes for a Sunday drive—forgetting she's invisible!
(9) Tumbleweed Tales: Young Luke has an idea for mechanizing the backboard, but Dad thinks it's foolishness. Then a man named Mister Ford happens by. (R)
(12) The Ambulance Chasers: Jonathan collides with Spinner and finds they've both been chasing the same meat wagon. (R)

7:30 (2) The Hollywood Giggles: Host Peter Pancreas welcomes guests Abby Lincoln, Horace Dodge, Graham Nash, and the New Lost City Ramblers for a half hour of fun. (R)
(5) The Shaker Heights Rednecks: Grandma Ivy decides to buy a car, but it's the same one billionaire Eustace Van Ploot III has his eye on! (R)
(9) Safety Patrol: Mapleville joins en masse in the hunt for the hit-and-run killer who ran Moms down. (R)
(11) WDJ Jungle: Fascinating glimpse of how cars are slaughtering giraffes in East Africa. (R)
(12) Johnny Dino Presents: Direct from the London Palladium, Johnny is joined by guests Cesar Romero, Red Buttons, and Rosemarie in this musical tribute to winter driving. Songs: "Too Darn Hot," "Bali Ha'i," "By the Time I Get to Phoenix," "Winter-bottom for President."

8:00 (2) ● TV MOVIE: "All Traffic Merge" (1972). Ralph Meeker, Mary Murphy, John Hoyt. Successful highway planner tries to hide desk full of parking violations to save his career. (R)
(5) Thousand-Dollar Theater: "Jalopies On Parade" (1947). Jimmy Lydon, Bonita Granville, Tom Drake. College kids vs. Nazi spies in WWII.
(7) Ezekial Smith: On the trail of kidnappers, Ezekial runs out of gas. (R)
(9) The Gumshoe Girls: Polly and Ginny go after a stolen-bulldozer ring in Det. Sgt. Rubak's car and remember too late that neither knows how to drive. (R)
(11) Howitzer: Howitzer is faced with a crucial decision when he finds he's too fat to get into his own car. (R)
(12) The Wimpets: When a traveling salesman's car breaks down in their front yard, the Wimpet clan hatches a plot to make some easy money—if niece Lorna doesn't object. (R)

8:30 (9) Sports Shower Stall: Host Sir Kenneth Clark shows film clips from Indianapolis 500 race and interviews survivors. (R)

9:00 (5) The Manhandler: Dave's buddy is picked off by a sniper in a car. All Dave has to go on is the sniper's name, address, license number, and photograph. (R)
(7) That Millie! High jinks and hilarity happen when Millie shows up for her driving test in a Sherman tank. (R)
(9) Customs Agent 404: Dan and his whole department fall under suspicion when police find a melted ice cream cone in their car. (R)
(11) Prep Room: The lab report is definite: Dr. Carruthers is going blind. Who'll drive him on the New Mexico vacation he's been dreaming about for years? (R)
(12) Palomino Playboy Justin Falstone is found asphyxiated in his sports car. But Palumbo gets suspicions after Fabrique calls to report his own death. (R)

9:30 (5) The Humboldt Dossier: Jim gets stuck in a traffic jam while chasing a mysterious girl in a white dodge 'em car. (R)
(9) Powell's POWs: A visiting Gestapo bigshot leaves the keys in his staff car—with hilarious results! (R)
(11) Name that Dame: Host Cesar Romero welcomes guests Red Buttons and Rosemarie, who will help someone in the studio audience drive off in a brand new dump truck. (R)
(12) Chills & Thrills Theater: A car that hasn't run in years suddenly comes to life. (R)

10:00 (2) Sal Hepatica and Dusk: A musical salute to the chariot-[illegible]. Guests: Red Buttons, Cesar Romero, Rosemarie.
(5) ●MOVIE OF THE MOMENT: "You Are Hereby Summoned To Appear" (1968). John Agar, Sally Forrest, Millard Mitchell, Jay C. Flippen. Big-city taxi commissioner is forced to make a choice between his cabbie wife and a glamorous woman race-driver. (R)
(7) ●EVERYNIGHT MOVIE: "How Do You Plead?" (1969). Edgar Buchanan, Cameron Mitchell, Bea Benaderet, Dame Edith Evans. A used-car salesman is caught turning back odometers. (R)
(11) Third-Run Playhouse: "Trucks Use Low Gear" (1956). John Ireland, Paul Kelly, Pat O'Brien, Penny Singleton. Truckers find job boring. (R)

10:30 (2) Cappuccino: Barney Barnes bursts into Cappuccino's office with a crazy idea: shoot parking violators on sight. (R)
(5) The Greenhorns: Two rookies racing to a crime get a reprimand when Foster intercepts their patrol car and finds them both in the back seat. (R)
(7) Stake Out: Vic finds himself tailing Burnside, who finds himself tailing Ozzie, who finds himself tailing Peggy, who finds herself tailing Vic. (R)
(9) The Slammer: Black police lieutenant Oliver Wendell Holmes Brown can't explain how he got his new $14,000 car. Then Gallagher overhears his conversation with Judy and Jane. (R)
(12) Calling All Units: How can Todd report for duty with a dead rhino in his car? (R)

11:00 (2) ● SPECIAL TV MOVIE OF THE HOUR: "Certificate of Inspection" (1962). Dick York, Butch Jenkins, Gary Kibbee, the Harmonica Rascals. Returning GI has forgotten how to drive. (R)
(5) Our Gal Phoebe: Phoebe and Flibber decide to trade in their old [illegible] on a new model—and find themselves robbing a bank to pay for it! (R)
(12) Weirdsville: Dinosaur menaces small New England garage. (R)

11:30 (2) Hollywood Castoff Theatre: "The Case of the Slipping Fan Belt" (1938). Nigel Bruce, Warner Oland, Chester Morris, Jean Porter. Charlie Chan, Sherlock Holmes, and Boston Blackie are all set to go on a baffling case, but their car won't start. (R)
(5) Heartburn: Strange things happen every time Madge Stoner tries parking her car. (R)
(7) ● ENTERTAINMENT SPECTACULAR OF WORLDWIDE MYSTERY: In this special TV spectacular, guest host Cesar Romero and special guest stars Red Buttons and Rosemarie try and guess the numbers on each other's license plates. (R)
(11) Me and Chiquita: The Gezzelsons have a unique new domestic crisis: how to get that trailer truck out of the rec room before Aunt Vi drops in? (R)

12:00 (2) Midnight Matinee: "Turn Right on Red Light" (1940). Roscoe Cares, Jane Frazee, Bruce Cabot, Clive Brook. Village idiot inherits Rolls-Royce. (R)
(5) Shuteye Cinema: "Tarzan's Big Race" (1937). Bruce Bennett, Ingeborg Kurz, Jack Oakie. Jane rescued with a Hollywood stunt driver. (R)
(7) Red-Eye Preview: "Swingin' on a Kingpin" (1935). Arthur Treacher, Ritz Brothers, Franklin Pangborn. Auto repair school puts on a play to buy a new hoist. (R)
(12) Early Late Show: "Across the Highway" (1934). Richard Arlen, Nita Otay, Cornelia Otis Skinner. Paraplegic learns to drive. (R)

2:00 (2) This Is Your Army: How to remove carbon deposits from the GMC six-cylinder engine. (R)
(5) Gateway to Threshold: "Motorized Morocco." Travelogue. (R)
(7) Highroads To Learning: Lesson fourteen in the series, "How the Carburetor Works." (R)
(9) Del Camina dos Mexico: Documentary on Mexico's new highway program (Eng. subtitles).
(11) Sermonoix: Drunk driving is theme. (R)
(12) Daybreak Devotions: What car would God drive? (R)

# Bulge-Buggy

1906

Mt. Everest "THE CONTRAPTION OF MERIT" Wisconsin

by Bruce McCall

Such a Blessing! Saw-Tooth Gearing on the Belgian Design!

# All the Rich Folk Want the Bulge-Buggy

A Familiar Scene at the New York Exchange Nowadays

## And some have plundered family trusts to get at money to buy one. It is not pretty, but it is very wise.

What, you have some money? Then you should seek out a Bulge-Buggy agent and pay what he asks.

Stiff will be his terms. But any price is cheap against the alternative, which is to be sneered and jeered at as "the fool that don't know cars."

Even hard men crack under such humiliation. The privileged should note that eminence is no shield here. Our lunatic asylums are packed with idiots, once men of high affairs, who were hounded to the breaking point because they could not or would not recognize the Bulge-Buggy as plainly superior.

Then you will still not invest in the Bulge-Buggy? Well, there is one cheaper investment. It is a pistol. Buy one if you will not purchase the Bulge-Buggy, for in time you will be goaded into using it on yourself.

### All Poisons Extracted

Why are the wealthy all agog over the Bulge-Buggy?

It is partly because they so value their babies. You see, gasoline engines as fitted to inferior makes secrete poison fumes. These addle the minds of motorists and make them crash into trees. Whereas, we have fully eliminated this Silent Menace by means of the *oil recuperator*. It cleanses all fumes so that a baby can breathe them in, they are that pure.

Will you let Baby perish, or will you buy the Bulge-Buggy? Think, man, think!

### Saw-Tooth Gearing on the Belgian Design

The slums of our large cities teem with one-handed men; did you see? They are all ruined now because useless for any work. Had they been around machinery with saw-tooth gearing on the Belgian design, their hands would not have been chopped off.

Do not pity these cripples; you cannot help them now. But think about your own hand. Would you like it all mangled when you go to start up your auto, or adjust its sparking? Or do you value all you hold dear and who hold you dear? Some men think it their duty to specify saw-tooth gearing on the Belgian design. They think it life insurance in novel guise.

The Bulge-Buggy is the *only* auto with saw-tooth gearing on the Belgian design.

### A Miraculous Arthritis Cure

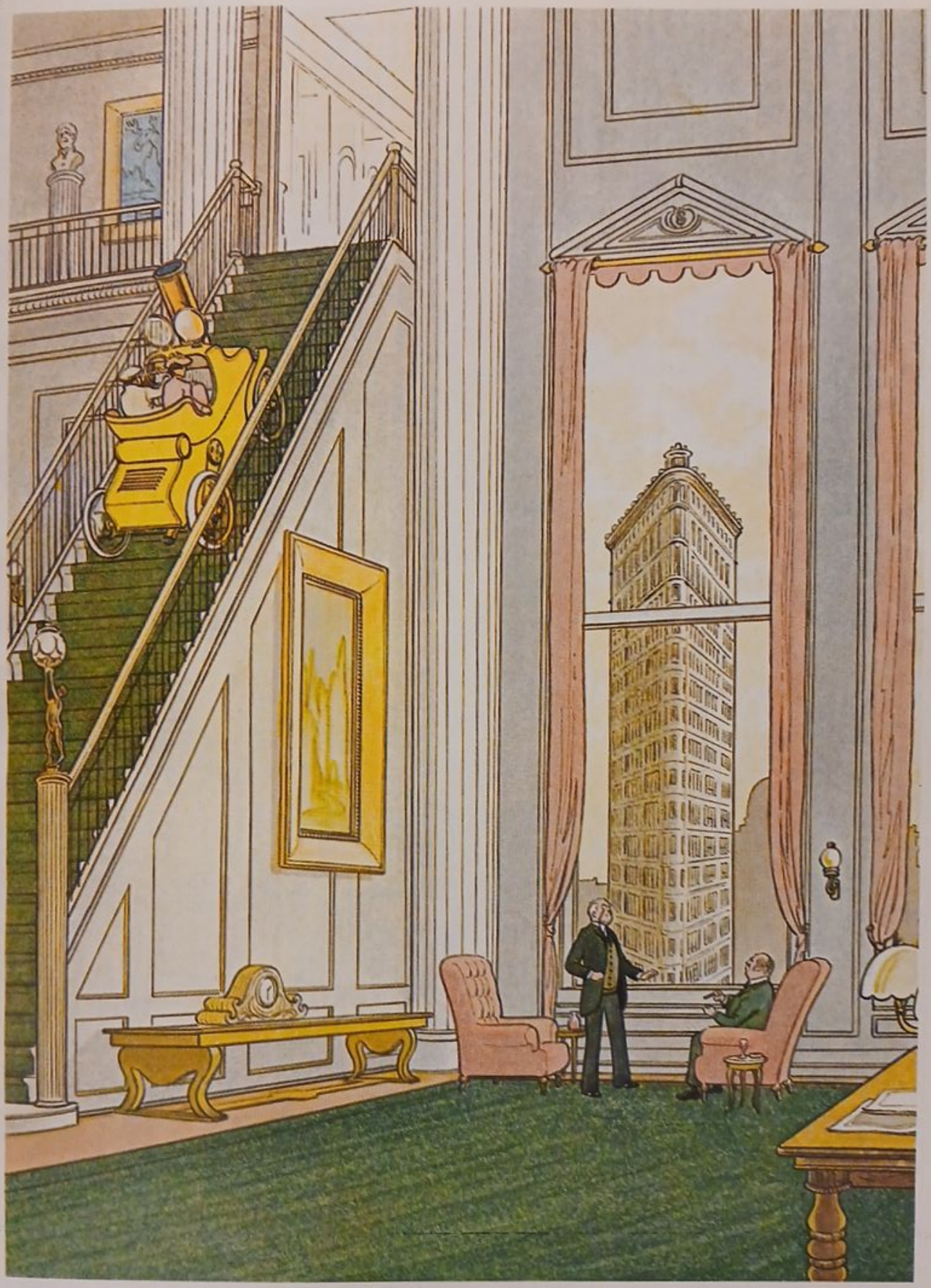
A prominent Michigan chiropractor (name supplied upon request) has done some tests. Accordingly, he vouchsafes the Bulge-Buggy's gentle, vibrating motion as a cure for arthritis and epilepsy and some forms of flatulence.

Thus, the elderly rich need not travel to Wiesbaden or Marienbad to take the cure. Each only needs to buy the Bulge-Buggy.

If you know of an elderly rich person so afflicted, clip off this page and send it away to him or her posthaste.

### Four Engines Packed in One

The Bulge-Buggy employs the famous Naphtha-Oiloid-Vapodox-Electricitator Engine principle, whereby compressed air runs a steam boiler that manufactures electricity that pro-



"What, you did not buy a Bulge-Buggy? You are a fool and I shall close my business accounts with you, for any man so d____simple makes a bad risk!"

"Father, I shall quit Yale and take work in an ice house, forsaking all your plans for me, unless you should give me the money for a new Bulge-Buggy!"

duces naphtha gas that mixes with petroleum oils to fire the pistons. It is the largest and heaviest engine and the only one with a funnel. It is in its effect four engines packed in one, and the only engine to spark, smoke, steam, and hum all simultaneously. Rich people admire it for the way it reminds them of ocean steamships, transcontinental railway trains, electric power stations, and the fireworks displays at the St. Louis Exposition at one and the same time. This engine is mighty, so mighty that to disclose its horsepower would be to start a panic among stockholders in competing auto firms and bring down the New York Exchange.

Among the improvements in the Bulge-Buggy of 1906 can be counted a stout hook that allows it to be pulled along by a team.

**Fed as a Horse Is Fed**

Rich men hate soiling their hands with canisters of gasoline and the like. You know this. And here arises another happy thing of the Bulge-Buggy. It is not filled like a car with fuels but fed like a horse, with a clean and sweet-smelling substance known as *Motor Mutton*. You can get it only from us, postpaid, and cheats beware that any other fuel obtained from any source will explode your engine.

Every ten-pound bag of *Motor Mutton* is a high-class mixture we guarantee to run the Bulge-Buggy up to four hours. Ladies love its aroma and we hear that children are taking it as a dainty or snack. Mothers approve, for it is a potent diarhetic.

You will want to order several hundred of sacks of *Motor Mutton* from us to make sure that your Bulge-Buggy can run when you need it. You will not only want to but will have to, you see.

**Gear Paste a New Feature**

Now, many autos suffer from jammed or sticking gears through slipshod workmanship. Wealthy men are angered by this all too common annoyance; one of whom we know, in Philadelphia, got a heart attack, then another, and so on. He passed over finally.

The Bulge-Buggy has a permanent 100 percent cure for this. It is a tube of Gear Paste you can carry in pocket or purse and squirt at the gears when they jam. But do not go hunting for it at garages and the like; it is available exclusively through us. (College men find it an excellent unguent for removing blemishes and pimples, too.) The gears of the Bulge-Buggy never stick, but order several tubes of Gear Paste anyway, to be on the safe side.

**Won the Cuban Hill Climb**

The Bulge-Buggy of Mr. Dubby has licked all other contraptions in the Cuban Hill Climb, have you heard?

This sets to rest all jealous murmurings and slurs on the Bulge-Buggy and cannot but make the deepest impression on the minds of rich people, who "like a winner and despise a quitter."

If you are a rich man, you will need to know that the Nev-R-Fail and the Whizzer, both which have claimed parity with the Bulge-Buggy, are now out of business. The Presto-Motorix firm has gone in receivership.

There is a patent suit filed against the Hiawatha Tri-Moto-Chaise's makers. So the choice daily narrows and sober men, men of means, think to sink their funds into the Bulge-Buggy.

"Bulge-Buggy, Bulge-Buggy, tick o'er the miles,
Bulge-Buggy, Bulge-Buggy, wreath us in smiles,
Bulge-Buggy, Bulge-Buggy, touring how fine,
Bulge-Buggy, Bulge-Buggy, saw-tooth gearing on the Belgian design, O!"

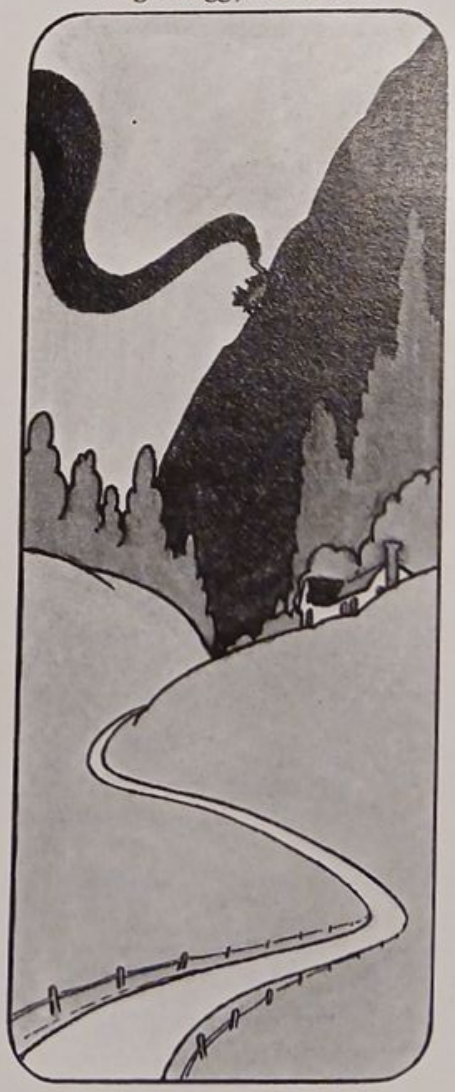
—A Popular Refrain

Perhaps you have heard the help below-stairs singing this? If not, teach them it. Tell them this news as well, that the meat will not go bad en route from butchers to larder when conveyed via the Bulge-Buggy. The speed of the machine warrants as much.

**A Rubber Storm Apron**

Beside the Bulge-Buggy proper (in Trap, Stanhope, Barouche, Victoria, Berline, Chelsea, and other styles — see back cover) and some *Motor Mutton* and some Gear Paste, any rich man will demand as his due, and pay extra for, a rubber storm apron, leather top with winter curtains, ditching gear, shovel, two acetylene lamps, picnic hamper, flower basket, two glass flower vases, repair kit, knitted throw, mud robes, extra wheels, start crank, naphtha strainer, boiler gauge, tire-mittens, radiator gauntlet, water thermometer, magazine rack, bread-box, and one can touch-up lacquer.

"Some will get in their slippers at home while others will get in their Bulge-Buggy and roam."

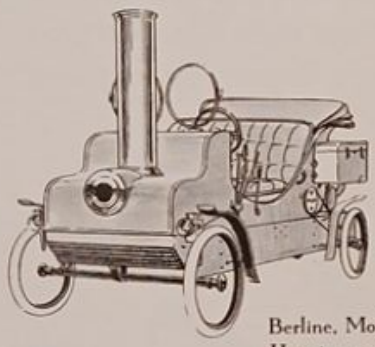


# "A Democratic Choice of Bulge-Buggies for the Dictators of Society"

Every Bulge-Buggy is intended for private service in rich families, so the cheapest model confers vast prestige. Still, buy a more expensive model if you can afford it, for your neighbor also knows what the Bulge-Buggy costs and will blab it about should you opt to spend the least amount possible.

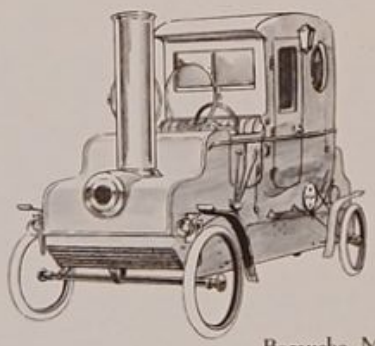
Trap, Model 22 . . . . . Price $250
Without Top . . . . . $175
*The Trap is our cheapest machine. Many agents refuse selling it, it is so bare.*

Victoria, Model 24 . . . . Price $275
Without Top . . . . . $200
*The Victoria makes a small appeal to the affluent as it is so plain and ordinary.*



Berline, Model 25 . . . . . Price $325
*Here is a worthy machine at last with a fine corduroy upholstering, not mohair.*

Chelsea, Model 29 . . . . Price $425
*The rich man's meat and gravy is this. The Turkish Emperor has ordered up six.*



Barouche, Model 31 . . . Price $550
*Seen alongside the Barouche, a Chelsea is a sorry thing. All brass fittings.*

Brougham, Model 33 . . . Price $605
*A banker, drunk, ran a man down in his Brougham and killed him. No charges were laid and the police helped clean it off.*

If you have money to spend, you should get in correspondence with us to learn where you can find a Bulge-Buggy agent. We will send you a brochure as well. If you have no money, your inquiry will be ignored and you will get no brochure.

## THE BULGE-BUGGY MOTOR CONTRAPTION COMPANY, INC.

MT. EVEREST, WISCONSIN

# Negligent Mother

$1.00

January 1975

The Hows and Wheres of Motorcycle Racing

Instant Vacations Via Liquor and Loud, Loud Music

Shoplifting For the Hell of It

Baby Lenore's First Real Whipping

If you're like most mothers who just can't find the time or the stomach to change baby but refuse to put up with the constant crying, you'll want new Sparties, the five-day live-in diaper suit. Sparties are made from inexpensive miracle fabrics that take all the mess and bother and free you to do the things you like. And when the Spartie is filled up, just simply untie the drawstring, lift baby out by the neck, and toss the old Spartie in the trash. Then after you've hosed down baby, baby is ready for a new Spartie. And you're ready for another week of carefree living. Sparties—it's in the bag.

# SPARTIES©

the 5-day live-in diaper suit

WE HAND-PRINT ANYTHING

It's the grooviest, new, where-it's-at, out-of-sight rage—wearing signs that say what you want them to say, and not signs that say what somebody else wants them to say—because you're in charge this time. Power to the people. Just tell us in your own words what message you want hand-printed and we take it from there. You just sit back and relax and we do all the work, while you take all the credit. Up to 37 letters, with an additional charge for printing on both sides. Send for our free catalogue that tells our story. Dept. A, Scarsdale, New York.


# FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

## by Dr. Shelby Fountain, D.D.S.

Since time began, medical science has been continually baffled by the organ we have come to know as the liver. Is it a muscle? Is it an organ? Is it permanently fixed or does it float around? It's quite an interesting study, and more than a few prominent doctors have devoted a great deal of research (and won themselves some Nobel Prizes for their troubles, I might add) on this indeterminate of the innards. We do know this about the liver, though: If you take it out, the patient will become blind just before he dies. But we don't know why. What connection could there be between the eyesight and the liver? Some doctors have proposed that there is a connective nerve linking the liver with the eyes. Other doctors, however, have dismissed this as a lot of rubbish, claiming that in all their work with livers they've never seen anything that resembles a nerve leading away and up from the liver. Another thing we have found about the liver is that if you leave a piece of masking tape attached to it, sew the patient up, and go in a month later, the masking tape will be gone. Did the liver consume it? Again, two schools of thought: yes, it did, and no, it didn't; the masking tape simply dropped off and fell down into the colon somewhere.

A number of readers have expressed to me that they don't really care what the liver does or does not do. All they're concerned about is when the liver, acting on its own, distends, or sticks out, causing an unsightly bulge above the waistline. To them, I give this advice: Take your left hand and with your three longest fingers, gently push it back in and then raise your belt line up to block its reemergence.

Next month we'll be addressing new Asian strains of mononucleosis.


## *What to call baby*

*If your kid still has the old boring hospital name tag of "Infant" or "Baby," isn't it about time you had some fun assigning it a more permanent name? Well, now you can, with the help of 1001 FUNNY NAMES FOR BABY, compiled by renowned comedian Joey Adams. They range from conventional funny names like Noodlehead, Ratface, Stinky, and Drooler, to more imaginative names like No Eyes, Jockstrap, and Jewboy. And if that isn't enough to send you reeling, it also contains mathematical equations, chemical formulas, and football scores that you can name your child. Plus the never failing initials, "I.P." Order now while they last and get in on the fun.*

Send check or money order to: Joey Adams' 1001 FUNNY NAMES FOR BABY P.O. BOX 1001 MIAMI BEACH, FLA. Only $7.95

Sometimes we don't always remember to cover electric sockets or lock up the power tools or put away the ammonia, and then, when we least expect it, tragedy will strike.

Nothing can ever replace your baby. We know that. But you can be calmed with the knowledge that you took the time and care to have your child fully insured.

We want you to know about us. And we want you to tell your friends. We're MUTUAL OF TOYLAND. We've been insuring children since 1946 and we've never faulted on a claim.

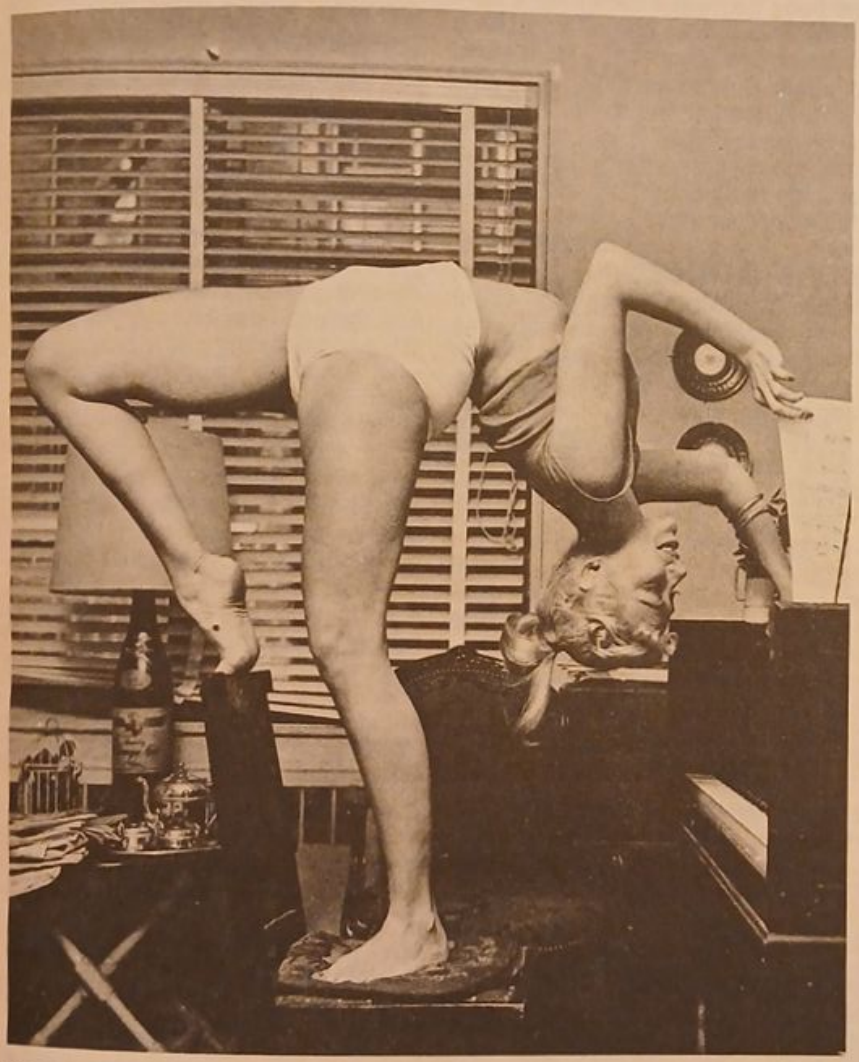
**MUTUAL OF TOYLAND**

**The baby insurance people.**

*Because . . . accidents will happen.*

# PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH:

# TIPPI DURERY



## LOVING IN THE MOONLIGHT,

## LAUGHING IN THE DAYLIGHT,

## HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME

*M is for the merriment she's made of. Tippi Durery with her figure back (above) makes a final check of the notes before she does her version of "Heart and Soul" for some off-camera friends. But (below) in a "before" picture, she is shown in a more serious mood, expressing an understandable degree of contempt for her second or third child for robbing her of her figure, which she jokingly refers to as "grand larceny."*

There are no flies on Tippi; rarely are there even clothes covering her shapely thighs. Tippi is one of those few people who give meaning to the word *rompish.* From crashing a convention of tree surgeons to holing up with a gang of embezzlers, she's never at a loss for wringing those few extra drops from the towel of life.

Mother of two or three children, Tippi has never been the sedentary type. She told us, "That isn't me. That's somebody else. Oh, but I can be somebody else if I want to be, though. Like the time I dressed up as a ragpicker and pretended to sell my first kid to a childless car dealer for a new Impala. When I thought the joke had gone on long enough, I went back to return the car but the guy had moved. But that wasn't me. That was me as somebody else because I don't believe you can put a cheap value, such as a car, on a human kid."

But life hasn't always been skittles and beer for Tippi. The ravages of childbirth left her with a bad case of personal inflation. It took weeks of painful sit-ups and dieting until Tippi was back to her svelte self again. Misinterpreting the question, "If you had it to do all over again?" she snapped back, "I'd do it all over the mountains and the valleys. I'd do it in coal shutes and in grain elevators. And I do."

It's exactly this sort of energy that Tippi brings to all of her capricious

*continued on page 40*

Negligent Mother

# MOMMA DON'T ALLOW...

## Hints for home or wherever you hang your hat.

I came up with a neat rap I'd like to share with anybody who finds herself in a similar situation. It won't work for everybody, but it's worth a try. The next time you come home at four in the morning with your blouse half open, grass stains on your dress, and your lipstick smeared, and he wants to know "where the hell you been," try telling him you were just raped by men from outer space. If he's as dumb as most of the men I know, not only will he believe it, but he'll probably wind up giving you a grand for a special Martian abortion. But as I said, it might not work for everybody. Good luck.

Sylvia Schmid

### LUCK BE A LADY

A lot of NMs find themselves at their wit's end when they first start making book. I know I did, what with all those little pieces of paper you have to keep track of and losing half of them. Well, I found out the best thing to do is go buy yourself a couple of twenty-five-cent composition notebooks and keep them right by the telephone. Clearly label each one with the different sport and that way you'll be sure to pay off the heavy bets as soon as they come in. And then you won't have to spend so much time worrying about having your spine broken because of some stupid lost paper.

Nancy Kagle

### DOG DAZE

After I came home from the hospital with the kid, I couldn't help noticing that my two wirehaired terriers began acting very sickly. I brought them to the vet, but when they were there, they seemed fine and he couldn't find the problem. It took me about a month and a half to figure out what was wrong with them. It was the odor from the baby that was making them sick. If any of you have found this to be a problem, I've come up with a good solution. Buy some kitty litter from the supermarket and mix in a tiny bit of Clorox and pour it into the baby's crib. It worked perfectly for me and now my darling terriers, Mufkie and Pufkie, are as frisky as ever.

Kathryn Binder

### SEW WHAT'S NEW

If you've published one hint about cleaning stubborn vomited wine stains out of dresses, you've published a thousand. And I've come up a cropper on every last one of them. I've even tried beating them against rocks and it's been no use. I don't doubt for a minute that it might be the acids in my own stomach that are setting the stain, but nothing seems to work. So I've had to come up with my own solution, and this can be added to the list, making it one thousand and one. I just go to the hem of the dress and cut off a patch and sew it over the mess. I admit it's not the neatest solution, but it's the only one that works for me.

Jean Dowling

### SQUARING OFF

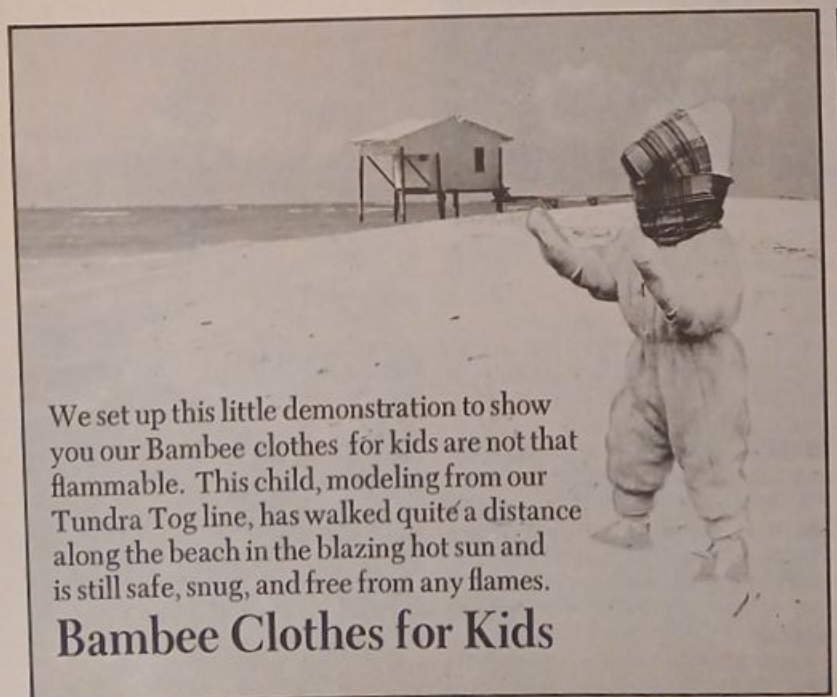
If you leave your kids in the playpen until they're four or five, and then take them out, they can only walk two yards in any one direction before they take a 90-degree left turn. This may not actually qualify as a hint, but I think it's good to know.

Elizabeth Hooper

### WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEACHES

I've been in therapy for a couple of years, and though I can't say that the time has been wasted, I feel I spent much too much of it understanding my problem and not enough solving my problem. Which is, that I'm overwhelmed with impersonal liberal guilt: Vietnam, Hiroshima, Flanders, all of it. I wasn't getting anywhere. And then one day I was sitting in the living room feeling pretty despondent when I noticed my child. Do you remember when people used to say that all babies look like Winston Churchill? Well, mine did. I don't know what came over me, but I jumped up, grabbed the kid, and began demanding to know why he ordered the fire bombing of Dresden. I spent about a half-hour screaming at him, berating him, tossing him around, pleading with him, and then the whole feeling passed from me. I was completely at peace. It was terrific. I can't recommend it enough. If your child looks like Churchill and you have a bone to pick, don't hold back. It's the best thing in the world.

Dolores Knapp

**L'il Caesar Military Academy**
Since 1957

"Give us an infant and we'll give you back a reasonable adult." Coeducational military education from grades pre-nursery through college. L'il Caesar Military Academy is a no-nonsense, eyes front, back straight, stomach in, chest out education with emphasis on the library sciences and guard duty. L'il Caesar Military Academy, c/o Post Office, Wells, Nebraska.

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# Blue Cross in Peace & War

by Tony Hendra

The American Blue Cross was born of a dream. It was and still is the dream of thousands and thousands of devoted men and women who, down through the decades, have dedicated themselves to ensuring that one day, every person on this planet, of whatever race, creed, or political shade of opinion, would have adequate medical coverage. The familiar blue emblem is the symbol of hope the world over. To the prosperous citizen in times of peace, it means an armored truck outside the bank; to survivors of a disaster, natural or otherwise, it means the friendly plane with a cargo of emergency policies. Wherever and whenever the little blue cross is found, in fact, it means one thing and one thing only. People helping people pay through the nose.

Quite how the idea began, no one is sure. Certainly, during the early decades of the century, as doctors began to realize how hopelessly underpaid they were for their services, and as hospitals, from being inefficient and haphazard manifestations of charity, became thriving industries, the notion of collecting large amounts of money from healthy people was definitely in the air. But it was not until the First World War, with its constant threat of instant disfigurement and massive injury, that it became possible for the American Blue Cross to really prey upon the fears of the public. At first, due to the official neutrality of the United States, the idealistic young "nurses" and "doctors" of the Blue Cross conceived their mission as being to cover all combatants in the war, irrespective of which side they were on. This did not go down too well with the Kaiser, however — whose Chancellor Bismarck had foisted a spurious form of "free" medical care upon his unsuspecting subjects — and Blue Cross recruiters were not allowed behind the German lines. (Blue Cross suspicions regarding the enemy's attitude towards universal coverage were later confirmed by American prisoners who described how ruthless Iron Cross nurses laughingly tore their policies to shreds before their very eyes.)

America's entry into the war ended any hopes of neutrality, and the Blue Cross thenceforth devoted itself to the protection of its own countrymen. The doughboys, well aware of the butcher-shop medical care they could expect from the Army, signed up in their thousands, and many actually received benefits once peacetime made it possible to process their claims. One of the more celebrated was a then little-known Blue Cross volunteer called Ernest Hemingway, whose false testicles were almost entirely paid for under the terms of his Blue Cross plan.

With the ending of "the war to end all wars," the organization turned its attention from the horrors of combat to the horrors of civilian life. The tireless workers of the Blue Cross set out to bring coverage to everyone who needed it, and their friendly teams of nurses and volunteers went out across the land, forms, pamphlets, and pens always at the ready. At this time, the formative years of the Blue Cross as a nationwide organization, the emphasis was on emergency relief, on getting bits of paper into people's hands that would give them some immediate peace of mind. Blue Cross workers signed up anyone, anywhere, and let the rest take care of itself. In this they were undoubtedly helped by the mood of the country. It was the era of Jimmy Walker— a time of vast speculation in the market and the numbers racket. Everyone could spare a little each month on the off chance that if he or

**EARLY DAYS. In the dark hours of World War I, it was often difficult for the Blue Cross to disseminate information about its coverage. Here, a Blue Cross volunteer explains to a group of rapt listeners the idea of a "deductible."**

*continued*

Wherever Blood Is Shed
"Your name, please!"
The
American Blue Cross

she got really sick, they might not have to be ruined. It was a long shot, of course, but in the roaring twenties, the gamble was half the fun.

In this context, the Depression was, for the Blue Cross, a godsend. Now, instead of being little more than amusing sideshow, medical coverage became a matter of life and death. As always where misery and suffering strike, the Blue Cross was in the front line. Into the dust bowls and floods of the nation it plunged, onto the breadlines and window ledges of history it stepped. Wherever there was any money left, the Blue Cross found it and put it to work.

The Depression was a time of violent change. The transition from Hoover to Roosevelt, as in so many other areas, was for medical insurers the transition from competition to cooperation. The Blue Cross had always seen itself in friendly competition with the medical establishment for the public dollar, and had therefore taken its financial health for granted. Now, however, that health, the very cornerstone of the system, was threatened. People refused to pay their doctors; hospital stockholders, like those in any other industry, were watching their holdings disappear overnight. Some were even misled by the peculiar nature of the times into thinking that since they had nothing else, at least they deserved to stay healthy for nothing. It was time to join hands and overcome the threat.

The Blue Cross, as ever, came up trumps. In those cases in which medical benefits actually had to follow the payment of premiums, it decided to provide not financial remuneration to those in need, but services. Thus, the needy not only received occasional admission to hospitals and rudimentary medical care—they also were relieved of the burden of knowing the frankly embarrassing sums doctors and hospitals got for their services. The scheme was an instant success. The silence of the public was assured, and the financial health of the medical community was maintained. More importantly, the specter of "free" medical care — "the easy way out," as President Roosevelt described it to his private medical staff — with all its attendant ills of underpaid doctors, volunteer help, and nonprofit hospitals, was laid to rest once and for all. The Blue Cross worked more and more closely with the medical community, clinching its success by appointing to its governing boards only those people whose income derived from the provision or administration of health services.* Thus, by the end of the thirties, the whole system had been streamlined to such an extent that the potential patient didn't have to concern himself with any aspect of his treatment. The doctors who ran Blue Cross simply talked it over with the doctors who didn't. In some cases, even this time-wasting process was eliminated, and a Blue Cross doctor would simply talk over the matter with himself.

With these organizational problems behind it, the Blue Cross was finally ready to face the greatest challenge of its history—World War II.

Abroad, it set up the International Blue Cross Committee in Geneva, where many of its operations had already been transferred due to banking obligations. The IBCC sent out workers into the field, to bring insurance relief to the millions of displaced civilians all over Europe, to investigate reports that internees of concentration camps had inadequate coverage, to ensure that premiums were promptly paid, and to coordinate the vast number of claims pouring in from all parts of a world torn by the savagery of war. If a soldier in North Africa whose leg had been amputated had a claim that went astray, for instance, it would eventually arrive at the Central Agency in Geneva, where the IBCC's huge network of interlocking communications would make sure it stayed that way.

At home, the American Blue Cross Association, now firmly ensconced in its new headquarters in Chicago, home of so many other pioneers in the protection field, launched a massive campaign to cover the home front. As in the previous conflict, the atmosphere of panic and abject terror played perfectly into its hands. To these powerful inducements was now added a further incentive, as myriad new industries mushroomed overnight to supply the war effort, creating working conditions that were, if anything, more hazardous than those on the battlefield, and giving rise to dozens of new and fatal diseases. The Association was hard put to meet the demands of the civilian sector, but happily, the simultaneous emergence of the big labor unions made possible yet another innovation in its long history of humanitarian firsts—the group plan. Under this system, the union simply delivered its enormous membership to the Blue Cross for their protection, under one policy. Blue Cross then calculated the predictability of "trouble" in units per thousand (the regulation standard was twenty-three claims per thousand annually) and adjusted premiums accordingly. Of course, if their estimate turned out to be too low, rates were adjusted upwards, providing workers with a much needed incentive to wear hard hats

*"So you wouldn't sign up with Blue Cross, huh, Joe? You thought major medical and general coverage were the brass, huh, Joe?"*

**MILITARY POLICY. Army treatment in the Second World War was so bad that enlisted men were urged to supplement it with their own Blue Cross plans.**

*Recently, the International Blue Cross Association, under misguided pressure from "consumer" groups, has declared that a majority of members of its governing Boards should be people who do not derive their incomes from health services. This majority's own health, however, still remains at the discretion of the minority who do.

AFTER COUNTLESS HOURS BENEATH AN INFERNAL SUN, THE GIRLS ARE FINALLY RELEASED FROM THE CAGES...
GEE, BONNIE, I HOPE THESE NIPS GIVE US A BREAK SOON!
FORGET IT, KID. THEY'VE JUST BEEN SOFTENING US UP...
THE BEST IS YET TO COME!
GOOD EVENING, LADIES. WELCOME TO MY LITTLE SEMINAR. I AM DOCTOR NOJO, PHD IN ELECTRONICS FROM UCLA...
...YOU NOW DIVULGE SECRETS OF GROUP HEALTH INSURANCE-
OR YOUR HOSPITAL BILL LOOK LIKE CHECK AT CHASEN'S!
NOW...TELL ME... HOW YOU CANCEL LEGAL POLICIES WITH SENIOR CITIZENS?!...
SO? WHAT POINT TYPEFACE YOU USE FOR HIDDEN CLAUSES?!...
CAN INSURER DEFAULT ON LEGITIMATE CLAIMS?!!
HOW YOU GET FEDERAL APPROVAL FOR ANNUAL RATE INCREASES?!!
TALK!!
MAXIMUM
YOU CAN TURN MY TITS TO TERIYAKI BEFORE I BLAB!
OH, BONNIE, I CAN'T STAND IT. LET'S TELL HIM... PLEASE!
WILL BETTY SUCCUMB TO THE GHASTLY TORTURES OF THE FIENDISH DR. NOJO? ARE BLUE CROSS'S VITAL SECRETS OF NEGLECT AND INSOLENCE SAFE? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S EXCITING EPISODE: "THE SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM OF DR. NOJO."

Are you covered?..
The American Blue Cross

*continued*

and check their breasts regularly. A further refinement enabled employers to deduct premiums directly from employees' paychecks. At last, the individual worker no longer had to worry about how much money he paid for protection, where it was going, what it was being spent on, or who spent it. In essence, this remains the way in which the Blue Cross protects the public to this day, and if the public response is anything to go by, the public approves. It had better, if it wants to stay healthy.

With the termination of the war, however, and the removal of the immediate dangers it brought in its wake, the malcontents began once more to arise. The customary clamor for "free" medical care was heard once more throughout the land, fanned into a red heat by the many misguided individuals who had infiltrated the nation immediately before and during the war.

But this was not the gaunt era of the Depression. The Association was ready. It was strong, organized, legally untouchable. Furthermore, it had the horrific experiences of those nations who had been foolhardy enough to rush into programs of socialized medicine —such as Britain—to point to. Doctors and hospital administrators in such programs were in a wretched state. Granted insufficient vacations, unable to afford decent wine cellars, compelled to work in abrasive and ugly surroundings, they became careless, weary, and diffident.* The public was appalled by the potential for tragedy proponents of "automatic" or "guaranteed" health-care were toying with, and the Blue Cross made short work of the opposition.

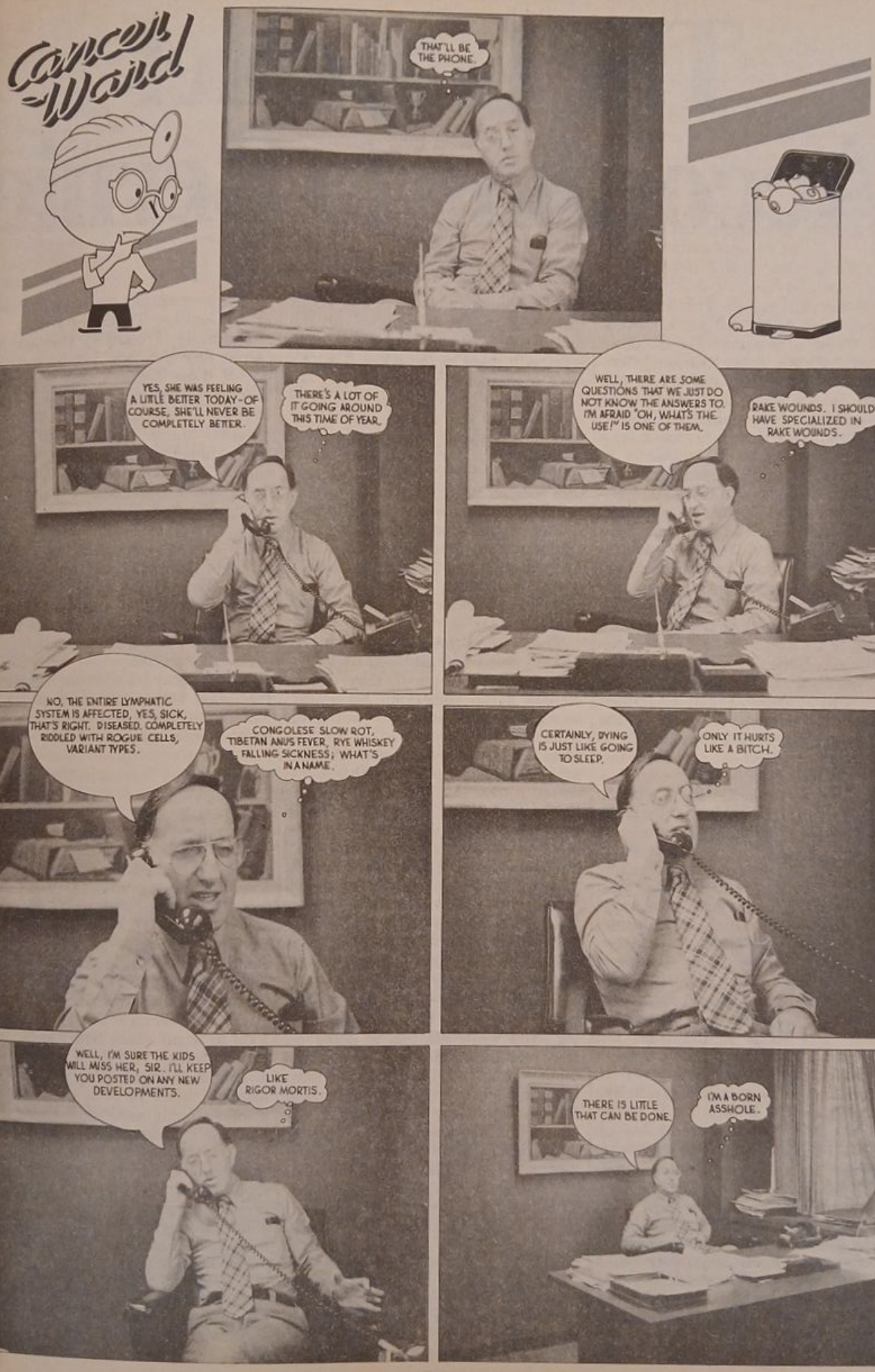
Since then, the Blue Cross has had little to do but grow as the nation grew. The International Blue Cross Committee continued to function superbly. In the Hungarian Revolution, the IBCC did everything in its power to try to make sure that all those involved in the conflict had at least Major Medical. Not surprisingly, the communists wouldn't allow the organization through their frontiers, but there are stories of refugees staggering across the border between that ill-fated country and Austria, and signing anything put in front of them, grateful for even the tiny amount of coverage that their paltry sums would buy. In Katanga, on the other hand, the IBCC penetrated deep into the heart of the insurgent territory, fearlessly piloting planeload after planeload of emergency group plans and ball-point pens to the stricken population.

Domestically, the only threat to the Blue Cross Association's future security came in 1965, when Congress, many said foolishly, passed Social Security Amendments, providing "free" benefits for the aged and the poor under the misleading names of Medicare and Medicaid (referred to by some wags as Nocare and Band-Aid). Luckily, the potential for disaster in this decision was averted when the government realized that most of the doctors and hospitals it would be relying on for its ill-advised scheme were already doing highly satisfactory business with the Blue Cross Association, and that many, if not all, of the patient records it would need were already in its complex and extremely uncooperative computers. Wisely, the government decided to let the Blue Cross administer the entire program.

Today, the Blue Cross stands as a monument to enlightened free enterprise. It remains a nonprofit organization, allowing only the individuals within that organization to profit, but never the organization itself. In a democratic society, it can point with pride to itself as the only institution in which more than a hundred million people have no say whatsoever in how they are treated, and no voice in choosing the people whose decisions are a matter of life and death to them. And perhaps most importantly, the Blue Cross Association has enabled the American people to avoid the baffling morass of bewildering forms, delays, malpractice, corruption, and callousness of the much-vaunted systems of socialized medicine which have plagued so many other societies. It has given them, instead, the baffling morass of bewildering forms, delays, malpractice, corruption, and callousness of the American Blue Cross. That, in the final analysis, is the American way. □

**TO GET ALONG, GO ALONG. California Blue Cross volunteers remove the body of a man badly injured by his coworkers when he refused to participate in a local group plan. Not only did this unfortunate individual have to suffer the disapproval of his fellows — he had to pay for his treatment himself.**

*A phenomenon which still occurs in America, when medical authorities are forced to treat Medicare or Medicaid patients without recourse to normally accepted modes of remuneration, such as triple-billing or unlimited supplies of narcotics.


Cancer Ward
THAT'LL BE THE PHONE.
YES, SHE WAS FEELING A LITTLE BETTER TODAY--OF COURSE, SHE'LL NEVER BE COMPLETELY BETTER.
THERE'S A LOT OF IT GOING AROUND THIS TIME OF YEAR.
WELL, THERE ARE SOME QUESTIONS THAT WE JUST DO NOT KNOW THE ANSWERS TO. I'M AFRAID "OH, WHAT'S THE USE!" IS ONE OF THEM.
RAKE WOUNDS. I SHOULD HAVE SPECIALIZED IN RAKE WOUNDS.
NO, THE ENTIRE LYMPHATIC SYSTEM IS AFFECTED, YES, SICK, THAT'S RIGHT. DISEASED. COMPLETELY RIDDLED WITH ROGUE CELLS, VARIANT TYPES.
CONGOLESE SLOW ROT, TIBETAN ANUS FEVER, RYE WHISKEY FALLING SICKNESS; WHAT'S IN A NAME.
CERTAINLY, DYING IS JUST LIKE GOING TO SLEEP.
ONLY IT HURTS LIKE A BITCH.
WELL, I'M SURE THE KIDS WILL MISS HER, SIR. I'LL KEEP YOU POSTED ON ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS.
LIKE RIGOR MORTIS.
THERE IS LITTLE THAT CAN BE DONE.
I'M A BORN ASSHOLE.

# The Goyspiel According to Bernie

**as transcribed by Gerald Sussman**

Where you going? The Waldorf? Right. I bet you're going to a convention. You're wearing one of those badges on your jacket. National Conference of Christians and Jews. *Oh*, yeah . . . *oh*, sure . . . I know those guys. I see your name is Bernard Schwartz. That's a coincidence—my name is Bernie, too. Listen, Bernie . . . we got a long ride to the hotel from the airport. Before you get to that convention I want to tell you a few things you should know . . . so you don't walk in like Joe Schmuck, y'know?

First of all, just between us Yids, that whole National Conference of Christians and Jews is full of shit. It's a big front that the goyim are using to try and fuck us. Don't argue with me, Bernie, I know what I'm talking about. I been driving a cab for forty-five years and I seen it a million times . . . the Gentiles are no fucking good and they never will be. It's us against them, Bernie . . . believe me. You think I'm bullshitting you? Listen to this . . . last night I pick up three of your fucking friends from the Conference, three priests or ministers or whatever the hell you call them. They're drunk out of their fucking skulls. They can't see straight. First they start singing these religious songs with dirty words . . . about Jesus and Mary and Joseph and God knows what else. About Jesus fucking a shepherd up the ass . . . the Virgin Mary getting gang-banged by the disciples . . . stuff like that. I've heard some dirty songs in my time, but this was disgusting. I mean, I don't give a shit personally—he's *their* God, not ours. But they shouldn't talk like that about one of their own.

But then they start carrying on about the Jews. Seems like they never saw so many fucking Jews in their life. Everywhere they turn in New York they bump into a Jew. Jews are pushing them, conning them, robbing them, taking their money at every turn. Each time they think they see a Jew on the street they take potshots at him with these BB pistols they're carrying. They almost took a guy's eye out.

So they're talking and giggling and carrying on like a bunch of kids about the tricks they're playing on all the rabbis that are attending the Conference with them at the hotel. They've done stuff like "Frenching" the rabbis' beds, whatever the fuck *that* means—they put matzoh crumbs all over the bedsheets—they're dropping water bags on them—all that classy stuff that the Shriners and the American Legion used to do. The rabbis think some gang of anti-Semitic kids is doing this. And of course, the ministers are putting on this big front about living together in brotherhood. Meanwhile, I'm driving along like I'm Joe Schmuck—like I don't hear a word.

Then one of these scumbags starts talking about how all these tricks are just kid stuff—and if they really wanted to do something important, something their superiors would be proud of, they should carry out the plan. The other guys agree. They're going to do the plan tonight. They talked it over in my cab and I heard the whole fucking thing. The plan is to arrange a social evening with the most prominent rabbis at the conference. Jews are not big drinkers, y'know. It doesn't take much to get them a little tipsy. So while they're tipsy the ministers will put some kind of a pill in their drinks and drug them real good. Then they're going to take them up to their rooms and have a bunch of fags fuck them, blow them, make them blow the fags, etc., etc. And while all this is going on they're going to take pictures. A real bunko scheme. Only the fucking ministers are not going to give the rabbis the incriminating pictures in exchange for big money. Oh no. They're going to release the pictures to all the media. Get it? The gist of the plan is to destroy the rabbis' reputations. These are the biggest, most respected rabbis in the country. Can you imagine what Jews all over America will think when they see these pictures? Especially the young people. You know how sensitive we are about homos. Then with all our top rabbis in disgrace, they're going to walk in and feed the younger kids a nice line of propaganda and convert them all to Gentiles. That's the plan.

Naturally, I could've stopped the cab at any time and kicked the shit out of those lowlifes with one hand tied behind my back. And believe me, Bernie, I was tempted to do it a hundred times. But then I had a better idea. What if the rabbis got wind of the plan and played possum? They could make believe they were drugged and when they got up to the hotel room they could really lay into those ministers and turn the tables on them—make *them* go down on the fags, which those guys like to do anyway. Then they can crease them up a little—y'know, . . . wrinkle them a little, to teach them a lesson.

So I'll probably tell the rabbis about the plan as soon as we get to the hotel. Unless you want to do it. You know them all, I suppose. I'll leave it up to you. One thing I know . . . there's going to be plenty of Gentile blood flowing in the Waldorf tonight, kid.

As long as we're talking about Gentiles, I might as well fill you in on them. We got millions of them in New York—all kinds. And for some reason, God wants to punish me. He brings them all to me. That's all I get in my cab all day long—fucking Gentiles—the cream of the crop. I know them all. The Irish, for instance. When they're not killing each other, they do have one great talent, I got to admit—they really know how to get drunk. You don't know what a drunk is until you get fucking drunken Mick in your cab. They're always singing some stupid song and you can't understand a word of it because they got so much phlegm in their mouths. So what they do is clear their throats and lay their lungers in my change compartment. It's always a nice feeling to stick your hand in there and come up with a half a dozen Irish oysters.

As disgusting as the Irish are, the best drunken pukers are the Italians. Must be that greaseball food they eat and that wine they make in the basement out of cow's blood. They don't

sing and they don't talk. They eat and drink until they're going to explode. Then they hail my cab, get in, and puke in it. What am I supposed to do? They could be Mafia, the fucking clowns.

You know what the fucking Greeks like to do? They like to bargain with me over the fare. They got all these cards in their pockets that they want to give me instead of money. These cards are supposed to give me big discounts on all kinds of merchandise that their cousins sell. I'll give them discounts . . . right up their fucking keisters.

Every once in a while I get a Polack. You got to stop for a Polack. Y'know why, doncha? He always hails a cab by walking right into it while you're driving. You got to stop on a dime. Even if you crease them a little, they don't feel it. Polacks never heard of tips. They don't tip for anything. They see the price on the meter and that's it. You can't explain to them that you work on tips—that you don't make much in salary. One night a Polack took a shit right on my back seat. That's what he left me for a tip. I guess when they have to go, they have to go.

There's only one Gentile worse than a Polack that I had in my cab. I don't even know what they were. They were talking a language I never heard of and they were wearing those clothes the English singers used to wear about ten years ago. I think they were from a soccer team or a hockey team or something, from some place like Latvia. They were carrying on something terrible. When they got out of the cab they ripped out the back seat and took it with them. I started to go after them and one of them laughed in my face and I swear to God he knocked me unconscious with his breath. It made the Polack's shit smell like Chanel Number Five. To this day, whenever I think about it I get dizzy and I have to stop the cab for a few minutes.

What's the sense talking about spades and PRs? I never pick them up. I don't care how respectable they look. I figure I'm still too young to die.

There's one bunch of Gentiles that really drive me up the fucking wall. The big shots. I get 'em in my cab all the time—on Wall Street or Park Avenue, coming out those clubs. They're supposed to be the smart ones, the ones that own everything and run everything. You can see how smart they are by how fast this country is going to the shithouse. The only thing smart about those fucking closet queens is what they're doing to Jews like me. Those millionaire cocksuckers are driving me to an early grave. Because of them I'm going to get a heart attack. And not just me. All my friends who drive cabs. All the Jews. I'll tell you what I mean.

A couple of weeks ago I'm cruising down Park Avenue about ten, ten-thirty at night when this woman hails me. She's wearing a mink coat that must have cost more than I make in five years. She looks like Grace Kelly when Grace Kelly was in the movies. I was never crazy about that type. I go more for the Sophia Loren type. But you wouldn't throw this broad out of bed, believe me. She wants to go to the Village. About ten blocks later she changes her mind. Now she wants to go uptown. O.K., fine. But a few minutes later she changes her mind again. I tell her, lady . . . it's your money, but I wish you'd make up your mind. She says she's still not sure, so how about driving through Central Park while she thinks it over. We get into the park and she starts talking to me—about how driving a cab must be a dangerous business—how you have to be brave to drive a cab at night. Then she asks me if it's O.K. for her to sit up front with me so we can talk better. Shit, I don't want to be unsociable and I'm not sure if she's O.K. in the head, so I figure I'll play along. She tells me she feels very restless—at loose ends—that's why she doesn't know where she wants to go. Then she starts telling me about her home life, about her husband, how he's busy all the time with business and golf and squash and all that shit—and how they got separate bedrooms and she never sees him and how she never knew marriage could be such living hell. I looked at her in that coat and you can imagine how sorry I felt for her. They all of a sudden she starts stroking my leg and playing with the back of my neck and telling me how sexy I look and how she likes older Jewish men who don't shave every day. By now she's zipping down my fly and playing with my shvance. When she sees how big it is she goes crazy and begs me to find a quiet spot somewhere in the park. This kind of thing happens to me all the time with the broads. They must have a sixth sense about the size of my joint. Anyway, I figure she's too clean to be working a Punch and Judy act, so what do I have to lose? Besides, if I don't throw her a few fucks she might go to a nigger. So I take her to this spot I know where all the cops go and I fuck her till her ears bleed. I must have come about twenty-nine times and I can't remember how many times she came. You'd need a fucking adding machine to figure it out.

She's so fucking grateful she wants to give me a couple of hundred bucks. Money is no problem, she says. Her husband is president of one of the biggest banks in the country and he owns this and has stock in that, etc., etc. If I told you his name you'd shit purple. What could I say? She made me take the money and then she made me promise to fuck her and her two friends tomorrow, which I did, to everyone's satisfaction.

Well, I'm feeling pretty good about this deal I fall into. And pretty soon this broad has a whole group of friends that I'm fucking, almost every day of the week—all these beautiful blond shiksas with small tits and nice long legs and flat asses. They can't keep their hands off me. They got to have a big Jewish cock. Their husbands are fags or they can't get it up anymore or it's too fucking small or whatever. But when my cabbie friends at the Belmore cafeteria tell me the same story I smell a fucking rat. Those fucking Gentile cunts are really working for their husbands all along! They know that Jews can fuck all day and all night so they seduce us and make us fuck our brains out until we're all going to get heart attacks!

So I call up all these broads I been fucking and tell them I'm through—that I smelled out their fucking plan. They all cry and scream and beg me to change my mind. They said that it started out as a plan to kill us—that their husbands made them do it—but they could never go through with it because now they're desperately in love with me—they know what real sex is and they would die rather than give me up. My answer to all that was "up your hole with a Mello-roll." The next day I read in the papers that twelve society ladies committed suicide. Fuck 'em. I didn't even shed a tear. It was their own fault. All those fucking shiksas are spoiled. If they don't get their way, they go right to the fucking sleeping pills.

Of course, your basic American Gentiles come from out of town. I always get cursed with a Gentile family at the airport. They're on vacation. First time in New York. They all come from Indiana, Ohio, or some place like that. The husband wears red pants and a yellow Banlon shirt with two little golf clubs on it, and white shoes with gold links. His wife wears a pants outfit with weird color combinations. She has a big, square ass and her pants are always too short. She wears a scarf because her hair is in curlers. They have two kids—always boys—about ten, twelve years old with blond hair and no

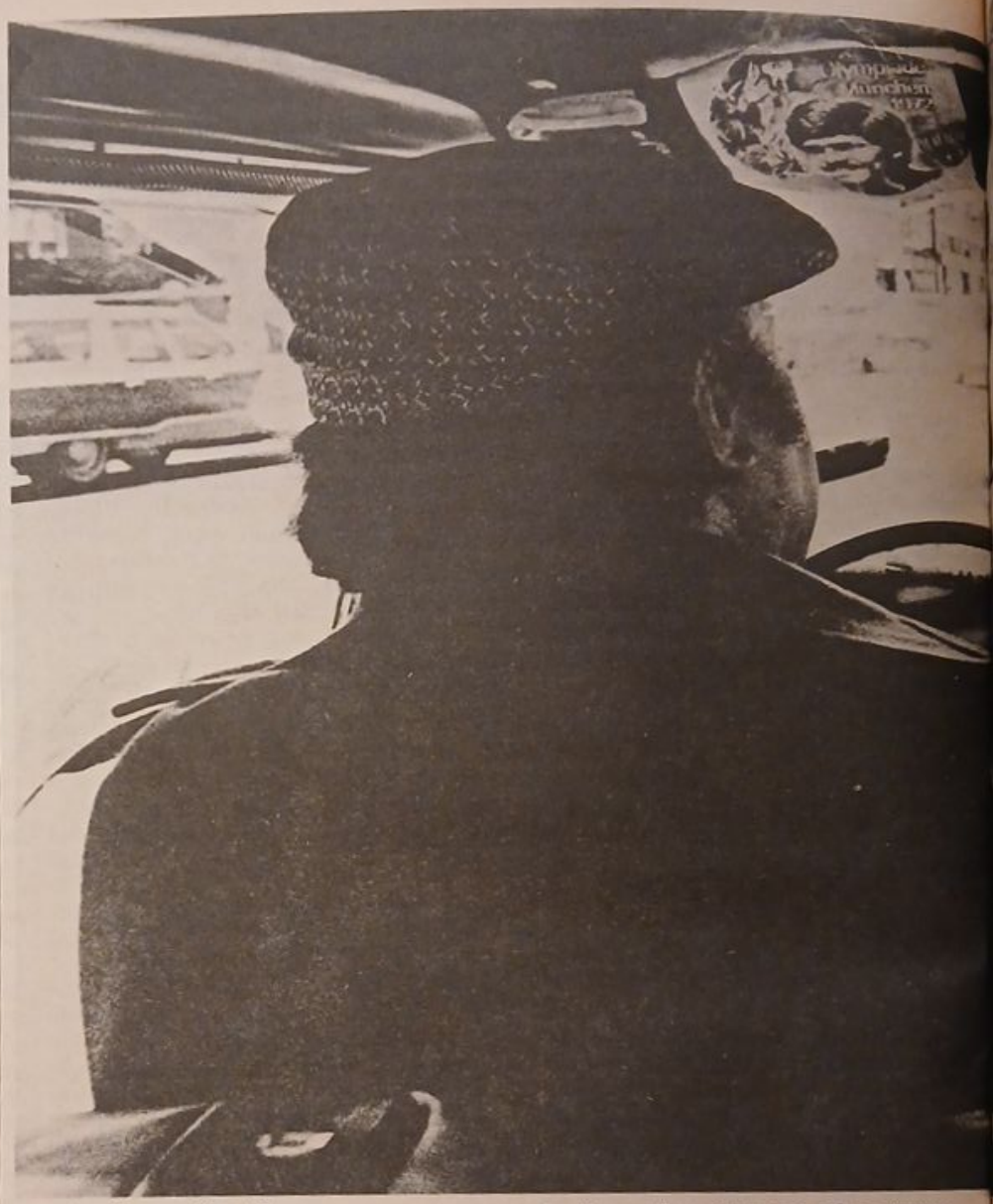
*continued*

features on their faces. The kids never talk. All the kids in Indiana, Ohio are mutes.

All of them have those little cameras but I never saw one of them take a picture. The father has this big fucking leather pen holder on his pants with all kinds of gadgets in it. He likes gadgets and he always shows me his combination tire gauge and shoehorn. Sometimes one of the blond, mute kids takes out a bolo knife or a hand grenade from a plastic shopping bag and starts playing with it. And the father says, "Edna, why do you let them pack all that junk whenever we go on vacation? We won't have room for anything we're going to buy." The kids always send away for that kind of stuff—that's their favorite toys.

Naturally, they always ask me the same questions. "Is New York really as dangerous as they say?" It all depends on the neighborhood and the time of day, I say. In Harlem it's always safe. Fifth Avenue, Madison, Park—those are the dangerous streets—especially in the morning. They're not sure whether to believe me or not so they try to make a little small talk. These people are so fucking boring they're almost dead. The wife reminds me of the Gentiles you see on those TV commercials. They're always testing a paper towel against another doochbag who has the good towel. She talks like a zombie while her towel is doing a shitty job, getting all stringy and gummy looking. You notice they never use a Jewish girl in those commercials? Only Gentiles from Indiana, Ohio. Can you imagine what a broad like that must be in bed? I'd rather fuck the wet towel. They're worse than boring, those assholes. They're creepy. These are the ones that scare the shit out of me, and there's millions of them out there.

Did you ever notice how many Gentiles walk around with a stupid look on their face, with their mouths open? Y'know why, doncha? It comes from eating so much fucking peanut butter on Wonder Bread. When they were kids they were always scraping that peanut butter off the roof of their mouth, but they could never get it all off. Eventually they got a permanent wedge of peanut butter up there that keeps their mouth open. It gets as hard as a brick. I had a dentist in the cab once who told me all about it. He says you could have an operation to cut it out but it's very dangerous. So they all walk around with their mouths a little open. It's just right for drinking beer and eating Big Macs, which is all they eat when they get older. I swear to God I think a Jewish mongoloid is ten times



smarter than a Gentile.

But let's face it . . . the main reason the Gentiles are so fucking dumb is they were born that way. I once had a very big rabbi in my cab, a very learned man. He told me the real story of the Jews and the Gentiles. First of all, he said, you can always tell the difference between a Jew and a Gentile because the Jew has the Holy Crystals in his blood. The Holy Crystals are like kosher salt. When a Jew is born these Crystals appear in his blood. They're supposed to be very beautiful, like snowflake designs, only they're invisible. The Crystals stay in the blood until the Jew dies. Then they fly out of his body and go back to heaven, where God can use them again in another Jew's blood. God put these Holy Crystals into a Jew's blood to make him smarter than anyone else. That's how He made us the Chosen People. But since He was a just God, He had to do something for the rest of the people, the Gentiles. So He made them the *shtarkas*, the strong ones, like animals they were, with thick heads they could use like helmets. The Gentiles were allowed to eat anything, even pigs.

But when God made us His Chosen People we became too smart for our own good. We strayed from Him. He always wanted us to be perfect and it was very hard. Finally He lost patience with us and had us kicked out of Palestine and scattered all over the world. His parting words were something like, "You're smart enough to fend for yourselves. I'm not going to fight your battles for you anymore. Your punishment is you must live with the Gentiles for all time, or until I send a Messiah for you. They hate you like poison because you're much smarter, so they will make your lives miserable or kill you all."

Meanwhile, the Gentiles were trying their best to imitate the Jews, even going to the trouble of making up their own God. They made up a crazy story about a God being born

Photograph by Jack Wallach

from a virgin. Can you imagine a Jew making up a story like that? Then they went crazy with their new religion and made all kinds of rules and regulations. They even made a lot of money and bought a lot of fancy churches and fancy clothes and jewelry for the priests. If the Jews had a God and a church, they were going to have a better God and a fancier church. That's how we got the Catholics. And then everybody wanted to get into the act and now we got a million different Gentile religions. The rabbi calls them all "The Chosen Assholes."

Speaking of Chosen Assholes . . . I'll give the first prize to the Catholics. Those fucking Catholic priests really take the cake. I nearly killed one of those guys once. I'll never forget it. I had this priest in the cab with two boys, about ten, eleven years old—two really nice looking boys. I'm taking them to Saint Patrick's on Fifth Avenue. We don't go more than three blocks when one of the kids starts crying. He says he won't go. He says his older brother hated it and told him how disgusting it was and he didn't want to do it. The priest has this very soft voice. He was trying to calm the kid down, saying it was a privilege, an honor, that the kid was too young to understand how important it was for him, but that he should trust the Church and he would always be taken care of. But the kid got more upset and said he didn't care—he just wanted to go home. Meanwhile the other kid is giggling and says there's nothing to it, that it tastes like a cucumber with a little salt on it. Now the kid is really crying and the priest is getting annoyed. He keeps telling the kid what an honor it is, that he was chosen from hundreds of kids that were dying to do it—that his parents are proud of him and that he was going to get a scholarship to Notre Dame. And all he had to do was give up an hour or so of his time a few days a week.

The other kid is a spiteful little bastard. He says that Kevin, that's the one that's crying, is really afraid of the other thing. Now the priest switches back to his soft voice. He's a beauty, this guy. And he says something like . . . "Kevin lad . . . I was once in the same position as you. I was terribly frightened Do you know why? I was thinking of myself, not of the Lord and what He wanted of me. When the priests took me and blessed me and offered a prayer of thanks to the Lord, I wasn't frightened anymore. And do you know something, Kevin? Those were the happiest hours of my life."

Kevin is wiping his eyes and giving the priest a look that says you're full of shit. He says his older brother used to come home in pain all the time. It was so bad he had to stay in bed, lying on his stomach. He priest says that it was truly unfortunate—that Kevin's brother was a great favorite and would always be invited to the special parties for the bishops

*continued*

and the cardinals and whatever and sometimes things got a little out of hand. He would make sure that this wouldn't happen to little Kevin.

By now I'm beginning to put two and two together. I always knew this kind of shit was going on in the Catholic churches. Those fucking priests got homo written all over them. I happen to be one of the best fag detectors in New York. The cops use me on tough cases, when they want to get something on a guy. Nobody can spot a fag faster than me. But when it's going on right under your nose it takes a little while to sink in. I figure that this priest must be pimping for whatshisname . . . Cardinal Spellman.

I'm thinking that this poor kid is going to be ruined for life. Even if he *is* a Gentile, he's still a human being, right? By now I'm pulling up to the side entrance of Saint Patrick's. The priest pays the fare and takes the two kids out. All of a sudden Kevin makes a run for it. And just as I was about to get out and kick the shit out of that priest so he couldn't put the chase on the kid I see two big Irish cops come out of nowhere, grab the poor kid, and carry him into the church. What's the sense in tangling with a couple of Jew-hating cops over one little Gentile kid? But I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. That's what those fucking Catholics do with a lot of their kids —millions of them. Today Kevin is probably cruising around Times Square with all the other Catholic kids. He probably has gonorrhea or the syph . . . if he's not dead already.

You know what the really scary thing is? The fucking Gentiles are at it again. They're showing their true colors. They want to kill all the Jews again. You don't believe me? They're already starting it. You don't read about it in the papers because the goys control all the media. Already, a lot of Jews are disappearing in Florida. The Gentiles are trying to wear us down from all sides. And do you know what they're doing in the neighborhoods? The butchers are selling different kinds of meat, depending on whether you're a Jew or a Gentile. The Jews get the shittier cuts of meat. They always did this in the German neighborhoods, but now they're doing it everywhere. They're doing it with all kinds of food. Yesterday I stopped at this diner for a cup of coffee and a roll. The coffee tastes like piss warmed over and the roll must be a week and a half old. I knew something funny was going on so I said to the Greek, "Give me a cup of coffee from that *other* urn and give me a roll from that *other* bin over there." The fucking Greek gives me a dirty look. He knows I got his number. I said, "Don't worry, asshole, I'll pay for the two coffees and two rolls. Just give me a pair from the same place you took it for your other customers." So I taste the other coffee and roll and sure as shit they're both fresh. The fucking scumbag is trying to get rid of stale food on the Jews. I heard it's happening in all the restaurants and stores now. They want to get us undernourished, so we'll become weak and defenseless.

I had a guy in my cab yesterday that used to work for the government, a Jewish fella, very smart. He told me that something terrible could happen to all the Jews in America soon. He said Nixon made a deal with the Arabs before he resigned. The Arabs said they would give America all the oil they wanted, for free, if the Americans kill all the Jews living in their country. It would have to be done fast—like in one day. It should look almost like an accident. Well, it just so happens that J. Edgar Hoover, who was the biggest anti-Semite of them all, once devised a perfect plan to get rid of all the Jews in one day. He had a master file of every Jew in America—their names and addresses and apartment numbers—everything. On the orders of the President he would send out his men to every place where a Jew lived and they would fix the water system so that poisoned water would flow into the taps of Jewish homes only. In one day almost every Jew would drop dead. Hoover tried to sell his idea to all the Presidents. Nixon was absolutely ready to buy it and then he had his own problems. This guy who used to work in the government told me that President Ford is just about ready to carry out the plan.

So what are we going to do about it? We got to use our water, and we don't know exactly when that cocksucker could feed poison into our plumbing systems. I say the only thing we can do is get guns and go to Washington and kidnap Ford and make him tell us his plan. We got to be like the Israelis. Hit them before they hit you. The only way we can win is to use surprise tactics because they got us outnumbered. Meanwhile I wouldn't mind mowing down a few hundred Gentiles and busting a few of their stupid heads. They got away with killing millions of us in Europe but they're not going to get away with this one, not if I got one drop of life in me.

What? What did you say? Why don't I start by trying to bust *your* stupid head? Why should I do that for? We're in this together. This is the time for all the Jews to stop arguing and fight back fast. What are you talking about . . . you're not a Jew. Your name is Bernie Schwartz. It's right on your fucking card you got pinned to your jacket. What's that? Your name is Barnhard Schwarz? How do you pronounce that? Barn . . . hard . . . Schvaarrzz. I thought you said Bernard Schwartz. My hearing is getting bad. What kind of name is that? German? It *is* German. You want me to stop the car and go out to that field over there and settle this once and for all . . . you want to pick a fight with me, right now, in the middle of this highway? You got a good case. Why don't you pick on someone your own size? I'm half your size, you fucking scumbag. I got a weak heart and I can't even make a fist, I got so much arthritis in my hands. You're all the same, you fucking Gentiles. You can only fight Jews who can't fight back. I'd like to see you try the same shit with my nephew. He'll beat the shit out of you with one hand. What? Take you to my nephew right now? You must be crazy. What am I, your slave? Your chauffeur? Even if he was right here I wouldn't let him waste his breath on you. Get your fucking hands off me, you Nazi! I'll yell for the police! I got a police radio in the car! Stop hitting me or we'll crash the car! Help! Police! Help! Somebody . . . please help! God . . . please . . . anybody . . . Oy! Oy! Oy! *Oooooooy* . . . □

*"If it wasn't for you, I think I would have gone mad."*

NEW FROM

nVs

3 in 1
CITATION
SERIES
broken
dented
wrecked

# FIRST CAR MODELS

by P. J. O'Rourke  illustrated and constructed by Alan Rose and Marc Arceneaux

Photo of actual model engine—paint not included

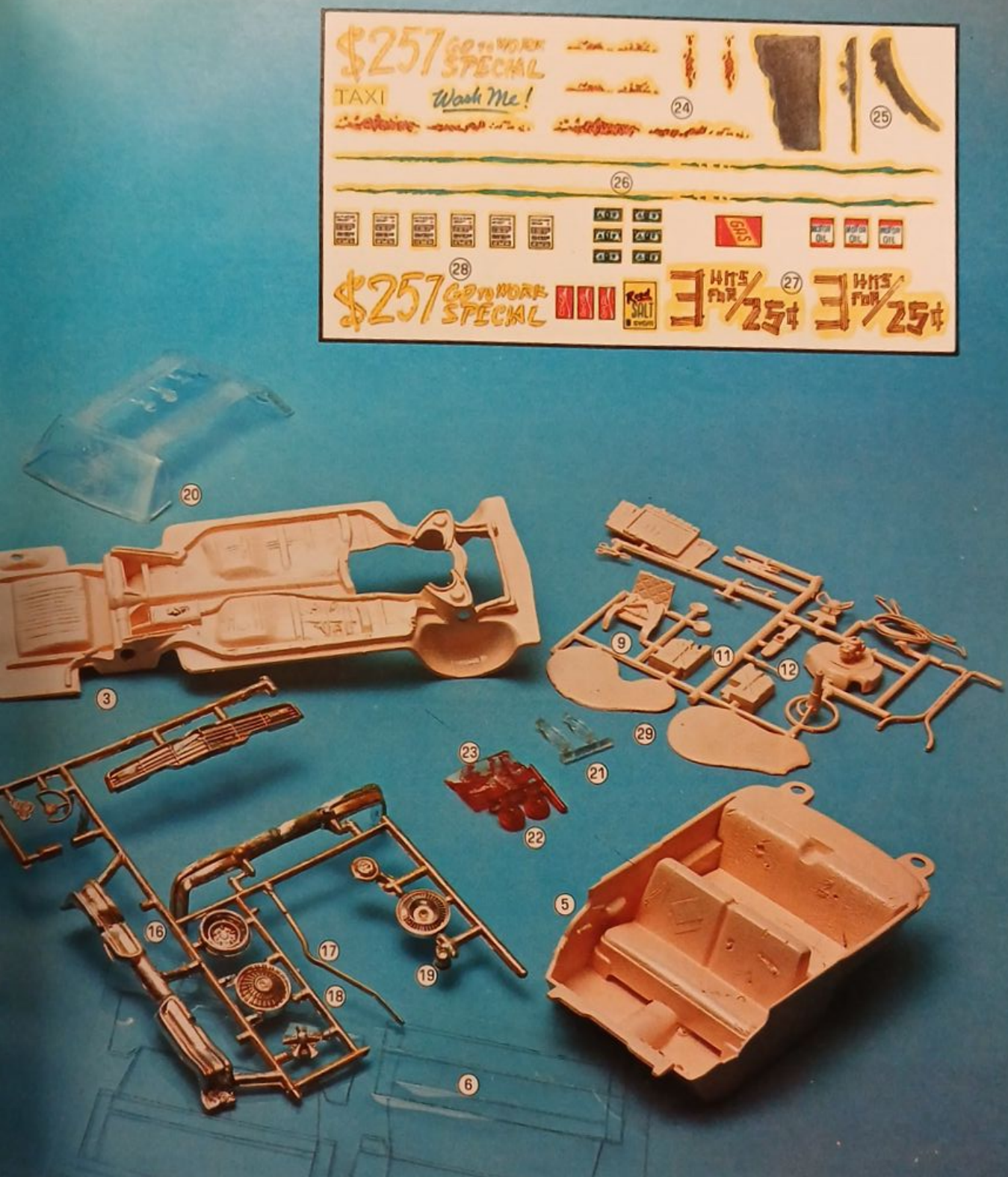
NVS Citation Series FIRST CAR MODELS are "3-in-1" style model kits. That means you can build your 1957 Ford Lunchline 200 three different ways—a first car for you, a second car for Mom, a meal ticket for your local garage mechanic.

Exclusive single piece body shell(1) has more than enough authentic detailing,with right door from an expensive Fairlane 500, fashionable "auto-sculpture" fenders, and oxidized ventilation from nigger louvers in rocker panels, doorposts, and headlight bezels. Plus you can create styling of your own with the NVS "Shape of Things to Come" bodywork kit (2) which gets the same results on your plastic model as a ball peen hammer and a can of Bondo® do on a real car.

Completely detailed chassis (3) shows exhaust "gut-outs" for all that glasspack sound with none of the expense and slots for custom wobble blocks (4) with three holes to let you select shimmy, drift, or dramatic pull to the right.

Interior (5) options include plastic seat covers (6) with the popular "colored" look and floor mats (7) to match plus back seat "coverings" (8), and performance accessories like baby brother's safety seat (9) and Mom's groceries (10), that measure your performance as a helpful child in a close-knit family.

Speaking of performance, what could make your Smoke-Thrower 6 "mill" (inset) run better than the addition of power-packed




gasoline (11)—just assemble lawnmower (12) before detaching spending money (13).

Maybe it's in your Dad's name but they're your "wheels" (14); at least you're responsible for their interesting shape *and* there's a different tire (15) for every rim, all specially molded for that "low-riding" look.

"Corroso-Fleck" metal plating gives chrome finish parts realistic scaling, realistic pitting, and realistic discoloration. You get a variety of bumper shapes (16)—something new every time you park. Plus pop-off chrome strip (17), several exciting hub caps (18), and bolt-on speed accessories like this "real boss" crankcase ventilator cap (19).

NVS kits also come complete with extensively tested safety glass windows (20) and bottles to go back to the store (21), plus taillight lens pieces (22) and plenty of extra *red* cellophane (23).

Put the finishing touches on your model with the NVS decal sheet, adding colorful rust (24), primer (25), and massive scrapes (26) to your paint job. Then place completed model in a show car setting—show it donated to the Senior Stunt Day Car Smash (27), for instance, or show it for sale (28), or just sitting in the garage over a big puddle of oil (29),while you take down the screens and wash the storm windows.

photos by Dick Frank

# A CAR OF THE FUTURE THAT'S YOUR OWN FUTURE CAR

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# THE UPPER ROOM™

*"Where Dining Is Divine"*

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ROME
JERUSALEM

| SERVER | TABLE NO. | RESERVED FOR | CHECK NO. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mary M. | Banquet #1 | J. Christ Party of 12 | Q. XLCIV |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| IIII IIII II | Wine 1 B. Mary | XII.L II. |
| IIII IIII II | Wine 1 P. Lady | XII.L II. |
| IIII IIII II | Wine 1 B. Alexande | XII.L II. |
| IIII IIII II | Wine 1 Margarita | XII.L II. |
| IIII IIII I | Wine II Margarita | XI.IV IV. |
| IIII I | Wine IIII Margarita | VI.LX XIV. |
| IIII IIII III | Margarita | XXXVI. |
| | | |
| | | |
| | BEVERAGE SUBTOTAL | CXXVII. |
| LOAVES 13 | Matzoh | VI.L |
| 1 | Pumpernickel | |
| | | |
| FISHES 13 | 2 (?) | ~~X~~. IV |
| 13 | Broiled loin of lamb (à la 6) | IIC. |
| 1 | Fatted Calf | L. |
| DESSERT | Withered Figs | XVI. |
| | Loc. & Honey | |
| | TOTAL FOOD | CLXXIV.L |
| | TOTAL FOOD & BEVERAGE | CCLXXXXI.L |
| | RENDER UNTO CAESAR | LXXVIII.X |
| | TOTAL | CCCLXVIII.LX |

PLEASE PAY WAITER THIS AMOUNT →

CUSTOMER RECEIPT

TOTAL

CASH ☐

CHARGE ☐

CHECK NO. Q. XLCIV

*continued*

# Beep, The Bad Little Bus

1

Beep was a bad little bus. He lived in a beautiful big bus barn called The Rust Home. All the other buses were happy, but Beep was not. Beep wanted to bust out of the bus barn.

2

Two of the old buses warned Beep not to leave. Their names were Otto Bus and Blunder Bus.

"It iss var on der streets," said Otto.

"You bet yer bumper," said Blunder. "Out dere, yer always fightin' traffic."

"Unt der traffic alvays vins," sighed Otto.

3

But bad little Beep wouldn't listen. And that very night, he ran away. All night he drove around and around the quiet streets. "Beep beep," said Beep. "This is fun!"

4

As the sun came up, Beep saw a strange person standing beside the road. His bicycle was broken. "Goodness gracious," said the strange person. "I shall be late for work."

"Beep beep," said Beep. "Climb aboard."

Illustration by Rick Meyerowitz

5

At the next corner were some funny ladies in long dresses whose car was broken. "Blessed Oliver Plunkett," cried the ladies, "whatever shall we do?"
"Beep beep,"said Beep. "Climb aboard."

6

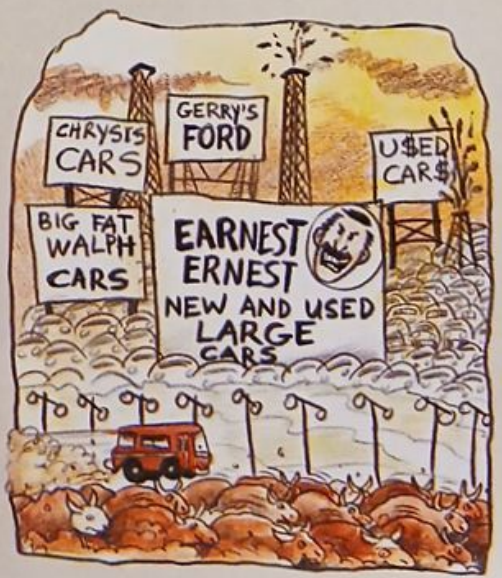
Very soon, the bad little bus met two foreign boys and their dog, Years . . .

7

. . . and not long after that, an old cowboy and his horse who could not get across the road. "Beep beep," Beep said to them all. "Climb aboard."

8

Happily, bad little Beep drove down the freeway with his busload of buddies. That was, until he passed the home of Earnest Ernest, the honest car salesman.



Earnest Ernest was very sad to see Beep being so greedy. "One man, one bus," declared Earnest Ernest, and drove after them with two beautiful six-packs of bright new cars.

Just then, bad Beep stopped beside a nice family, whose car had been stolen. "Beep beep," said Beep, "climb ab——" That was enough for Earnest Ernest. He blew the whistle. . . .

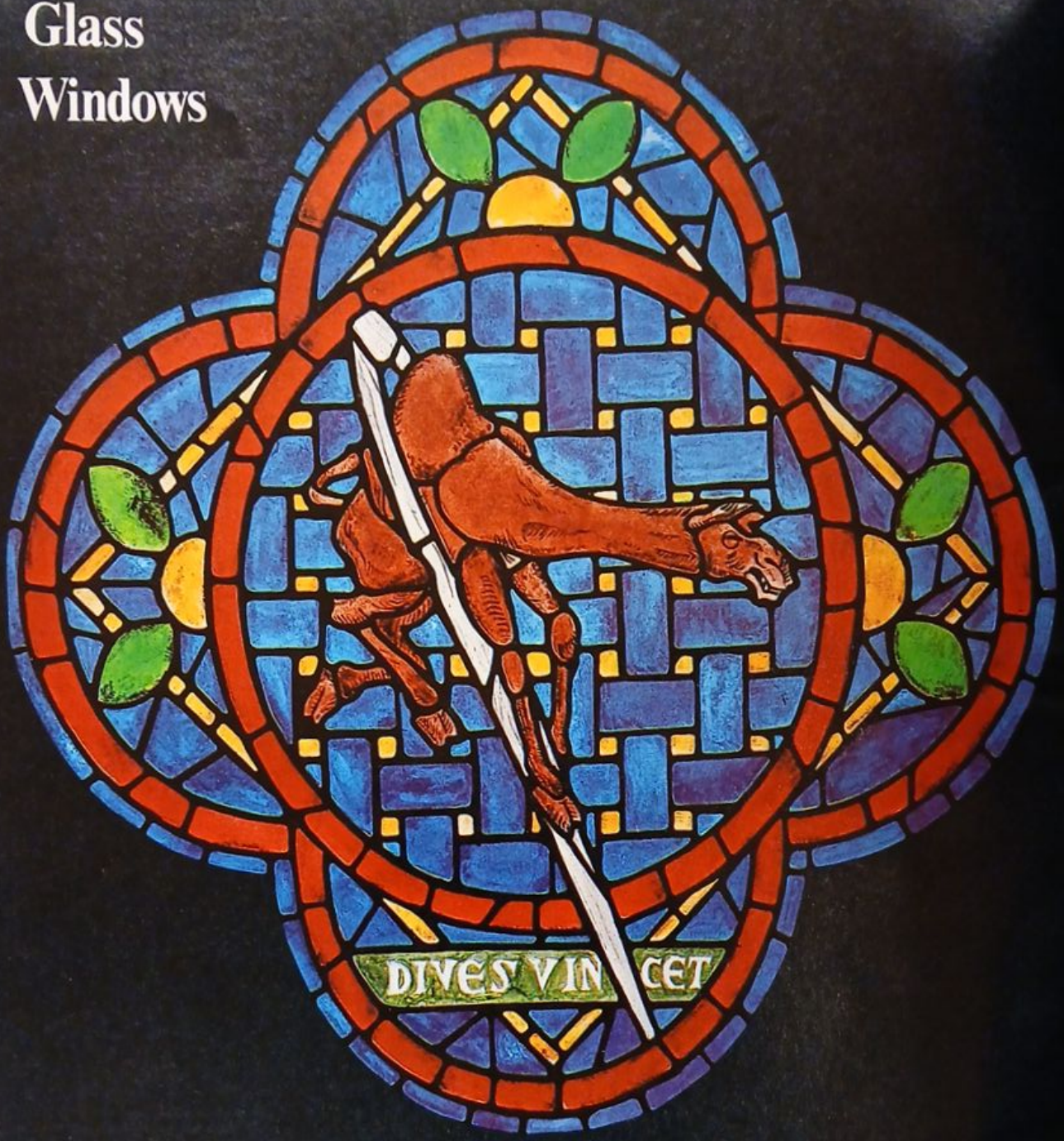
"Bussin' us just ain't good business," said honest Earnest Ernest. All Beep's buddies were very sorry they had been so bad. Right away, everyone bought a bright new car from Earnest Ernest on easy terms with buyer-protection plans.

"Go back to the Rust Home, Beep," said everyone. Beep drove off down the freeway, alone and sad.

"Wait," cried Earnest Ernest. "You're not so bad. Don't go away mad. Don't go away sad. Have I got a driver for you! Beep the Bus, meet Happy Hippie!"

## The End

# Stained Glass Windows




A detail from the great Medici rose window of the Cathedral at Florence. The camel leaping with ease through the eye of a needle (*For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God*, Luke XVIII 25) is a recurring motif in works commissioned by the wealthier patrons of Renaissance religious art.

designed and constructed by Alan Rose

Like many an Old Testament figure, Onan was known by reputation only to medieval craftsmen who were forbidden to actually *read* the Bible. Thus, many a Gothic window celebrates less than savory patriarchs; St. Cain, St. Goliath, St. Pharoah, etc. Onan was revered by the faithful as patron saint of small families.

Devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus are offered throughout Christendom, but in Vichy, and the other "spa" towns of France, invocations to another, more appropriate of the Savior's blessed organs are not uncommon.

JUNE • 25¢

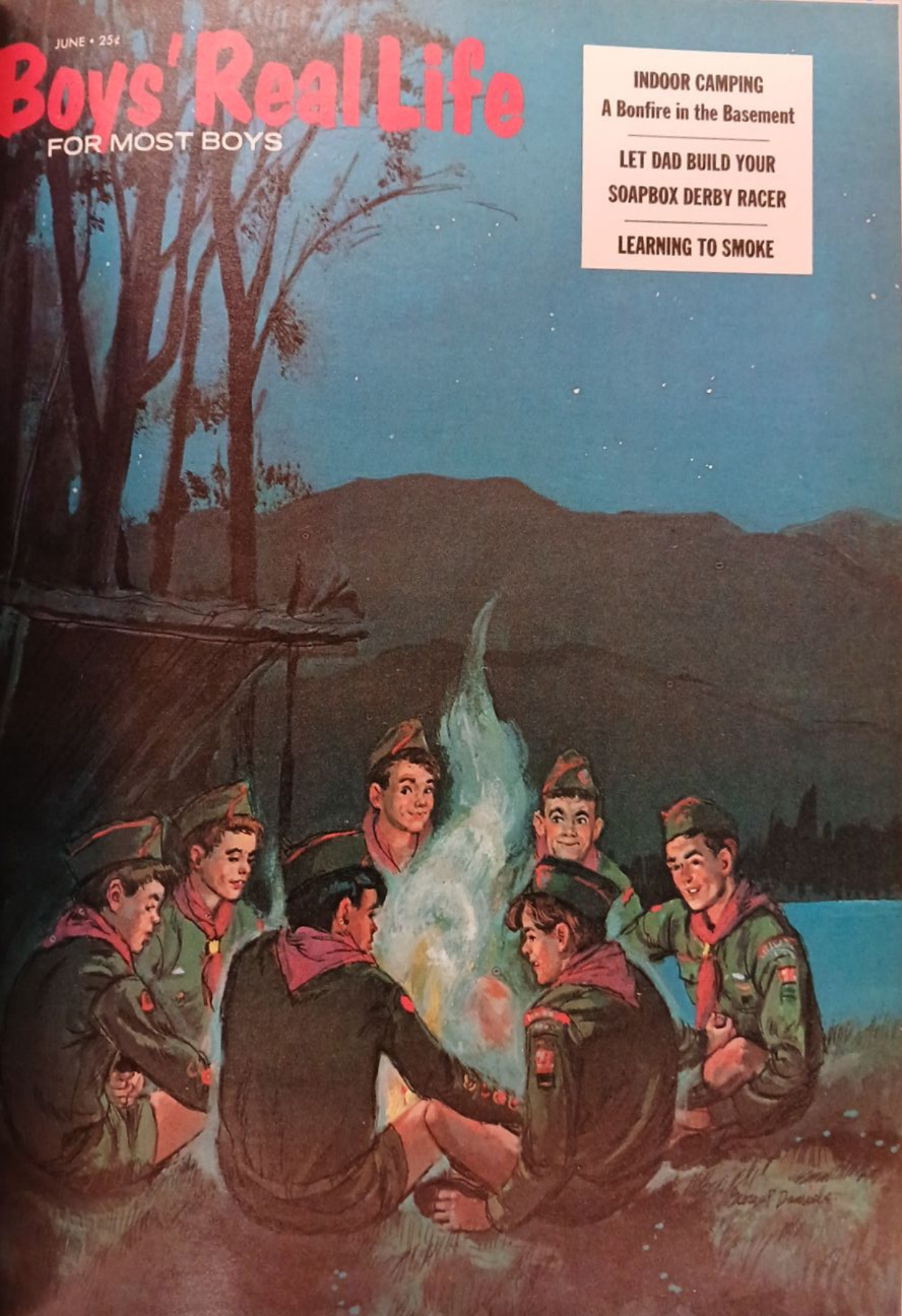
# Boys' Real Life

FOR MOST BOYS

INDOOR CAMPING
A Bonfire in the Basement

LET DAD BUILD YOUR
SOAPBOX DERBY RACER

LEARNING TO SMOKE



HEY FELLOWS, LOOK WHAT I GOT **FREE** JUST BY BREAKING INTO A HOUSE!

ALL THIS AND CASH TOO!

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The same "suction-grip" that makes kids with polio a lot harder to trip than you'd think gives you the traction you need across lawns, through playgrounds, on sidewalks, and down the middle of busy highways!

Playing "Chicken" means you're plenty tough—especially when you've got an AKRON Bike Tire that's every bit as tough as you are! AKRON's special air-tight construction lets you "ride your rivals down" without worrying about what their bent fenders and broken spokes might do to your inner tubes. And AKRONS have the strength you want for riding double, the balance you require for no-handed stunts, and all the control you have to have for hitching rides behind an 8-ton truck.

**AKRON** The Double-Ply Double-Dare Bike Tires

FOR MOST BOYS

# Boys' Real Life

JUNE

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Fiction Editor

Henry Beard and Doug Kenney
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Just set up your Ant Farm, hold your magnifier between the ants and the sun on an unclouded day, and watch the fun!

*"This is more serious than I thought," shouted Dr. Pinky, Junior Medical Technician. "Prepare the garage."*

# Young "Dr." Pinky in NO BONES ABOUT IT

The doors of Madisonville Elementary School burst apart like a crumbling dam no longer able to contain the flood of fleeing children. As they poured down the front steps, their joyous shouts unmistakably marked the end of school. Another year of formal education was behind them, but to Pinky Fisher, the learning process was not about to take a vacation.

"Mary Beth, Mary Beth. Wait up. I have to talk to you. The tests are back from the lab," called Pinky.

Mary Beth spun around in anger. "You stay away from me, Pinky Fisher. My baby sister was spying on us last time, and now I have to take her everywhere or she'll tell my parents. . . ."

"Your baby sister, huh . . . how old is she?" asked Pinky.

"She's five and she's a real brat," answered Mary Beth.

". . . Ummmm . . . you mean she acts like a real brat. She's probably got ovarian cysts . . . makes kids act bratty. Better bring her around to my garage and I'll have a look at her," said Pinky.

"No. No more going to your laboratory," declared Mary Beth.

"*Pleeeeeaaaaassseee*. You have no idea how serious these things are. I want to make the whole neighborhood safe from ovarian cysts. One kid gets them, then everyone catches them. You just gotta come to the garage. *Pleeeaaassseee*."

"No. But I'll meet you by Donally's barn and we can peepee together."

"Okay."

As Pinky waited, leaning up against the barn, the thought of peepeeing with Mary Beth began to bore him. You had to put your head practically against the ground before you could see anything, he remembered. He was certain Louis Pasteur had more cooperative patients. The carefree shouts of Mary Beth and her little sister Cathy soon brought Pinky back to reality.

"Be quiet, you two. You must save your energy. You're both dying of ovarian cysts. Hurry, get your dresses and panties off," directed young Fisher.

"No. I don't gotta and I'm going to tell Mommy on you."

"Now Cathy, it's for your own good. We want to save you. Come on now, get your dress off and you'll be all better soon."

"Let go. Let go of me. Let go. *Help. Owww*. Let go," cried Cathy.

Reaching for a rock, Pinky lunged at Cathy. Mary Beth stumbled back in shock and horror as Pinky swung the rock against her baby sister's head.

"You killed her!" yelled Mary Beth.

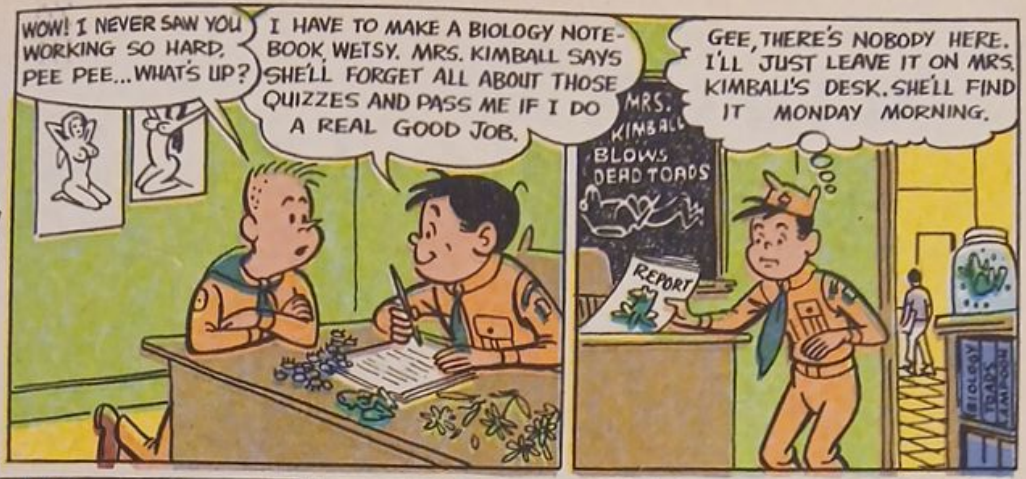
"No I didn't. Just a local anesthetic. Shut up. Stop yelling and help me get her clothes off. You're in this as deep as I am. Do what I tell you."

Pinky reached for the skirt hem and began pulling it over Cathy's limp head as Mary Beth nervously drew down the panties along the firm stubby pink legs. Upon seeing the nakedness explode against the shaded green grass, Pinky dropped his end and began pressing his hands to the still

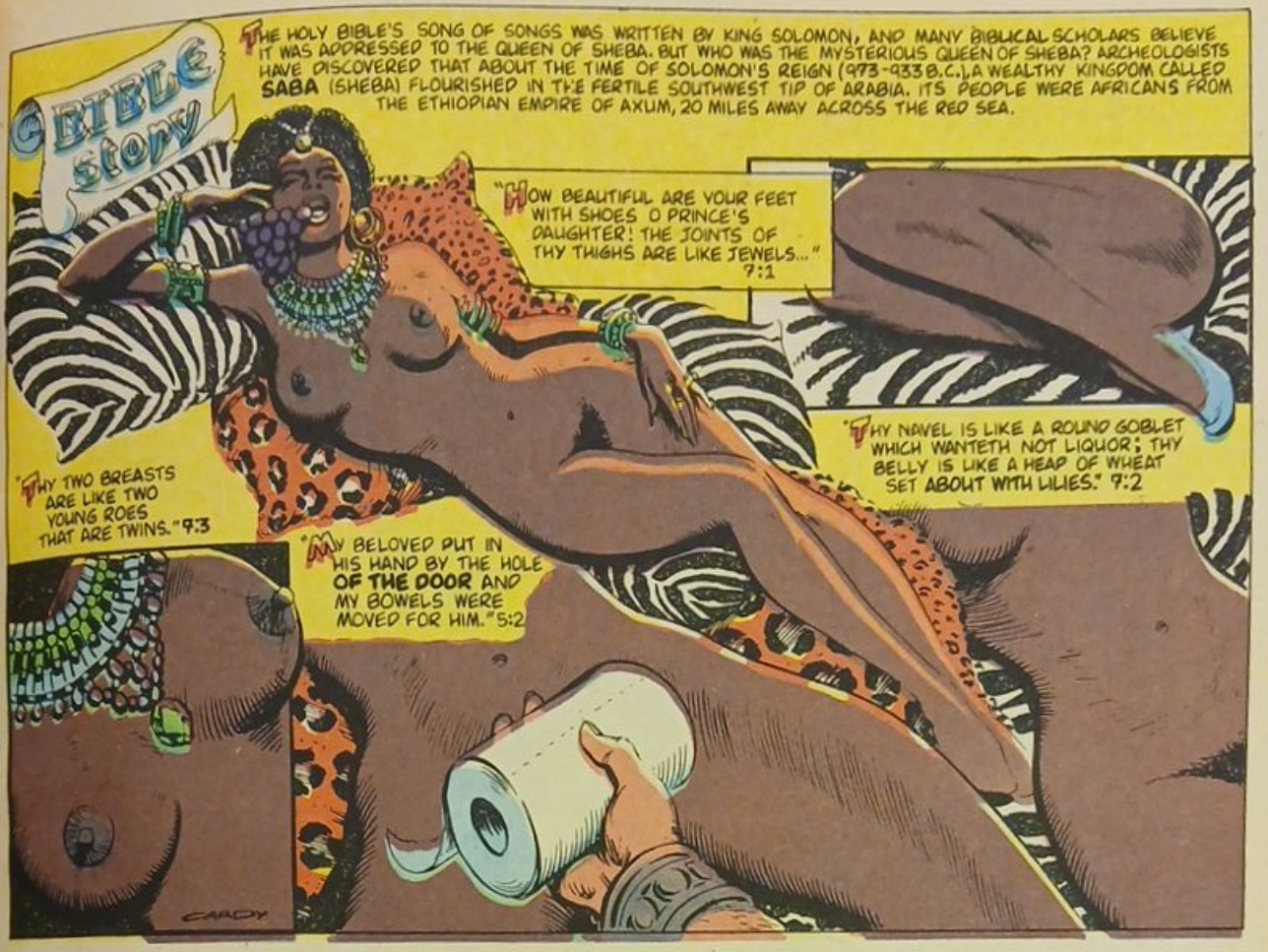
(*continued on page 194*)

# PEE PEE Harriss

By DAVID McLELLAND & SATTLER



THE TARTAR TWINS PAT + MIKE
by O'ROURKE & SATTLER
HERE COMES ANOTHER JAP, MIKE! HIT HIM WITH A FLAME-THROWER!
GAS
NOW LET'S TEST HOW FAR THE CALICO CAN WALK ON THE EXPERIMENTAL SPARKLER STILTS!
YEEOW
OH-OH... IT'S GRAMPS!
BURNIN' KITTENS ARE YA?
YEP. REMINDS ME A' WHEN I WAS YOUNG. ME AND JEFF DAVIS AND PAUL BUNYAN AND THEM USED TA RIP THE SHIT OUTTA ALL KINDS A' CATS.
...'COURSE THEY WAS MOSTLY MOUNTAIN LIONS AND COUGARS IN THEM DAYS, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET A CERTAIN RUBBER-HEADED TOM.
IT WAS WHEN THIS COUNTRY WAS YOUNG. LITTLE GENERAL CUSTER AND BENNY FRANKLIN AND MYSELF WERE PLAYING OUT IN FRONT OF BETSY ROSS' HOUSE WHEN HER OLD TOM-CAT GOT ITS HEAD STUCK IN THE WINDOW.
YEOW! YEOW!
CHUCKY LINDBERGH AND I DECIDED TO HAVE SOME FUN AND STICK THE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE'S PUMP IN ITS EAR.
WELL, THAT CAT'S HEAD BEGAN TO SWELL UP, AND IT SWELLED AND SWELLED AND SWELLED!
WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...I GUESS IT WAS TED ROOSEVELT WHO FINALLY WENT INSIDE AND JAMMED A MUSKET UP ITS ASS.
WHEN HE PULLED THE TRIGGER, THAT TABBY'S HEAD TOOK OFF LIKE A GIANT ROCKET AND BOUNCED AROUND ALL OVER NEW YORK STATE, BUSTIN' THE CRAP OUT OF EVERYTHING.
AND TO THIS VERY DAY, THE DAMAGE THAT HEAD DONE IS CALLED THE CAT-SKULL MOUNTAINS!
WHY, DAD!! YOU LET THAT CAT ALONE!


BIBLE story
THE HOLY BIBLE'S SONG OF SONGS WAS WRITTEN BY KING SOLOMON, AND MANY BIBLICAL SCHOLARS BELIEVE IT WAS ADDRESSED TO THE QUEEN OF SHEBA. BUT WHO WAS THE MYSTERIOUS QUEEN OF SHEBA? ARCHEOLOGISTS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT ABOUT THE TIME OF SOLOMON'S REIGN (973-933 B.C.), A WEALTHY KINGDOM CALLED SABA (SHEBA) FLOURISHED IN THE FERTILE SOUTHWEST TIP OF ARABIA. ITS PEOPLE WERE AFRICANS FROM THE ETHIOPIAN EMPIRE OF AXUM, 20 MILES AWAY ACROSS THE RED SEA.
"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE YOUR FEET WITH SHOES O PRINCE'S DAUGHTER! THE JOINTS OF THY THIGHS ARE LIKE JEWELS..." 7:1
"THY TWO BREASTS ARE LIKE TWO YOUNG ROES THAT ARE TWINS." 9:3
"THY NAVEL IS LIKE A ROUND GOBLET WHICH WANTETH NOT LIQUOR; THY BELLY IS LIKE A HEAP OF WHEAT SET ABOUT WITH LILIES." 9:2
"MY BELOVED PUT IN HIS HAND BY THE HOLE OF THE DOOR AND MY BOWELS WERE MOVED FOR HIM." 5:2
CARDY

TORTURES OF THE INDIANS
ALAN E. KUPPERBERG
OUR STORY SO FAR: THE OBA-AH-NEE PEOPLE OF THE CHICKASAW NATION HAVE WELCOMED THE GREAT HERO CHATHAT. TO CELEBRATE HIS VISIT, THE SHAMAN CONDEMNS TWO CHOCKTAW CAPTIVES TO SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATHS.
BEING THE INFERIOR SUBJECT, THE GIRL IS TORTURED FIRST. A CLAY HELMET IS PLACED ON HER HEAD TO PROTECT HER VALUED SCALP. THEN THE CHICKASAW WOMEN ATTACK HER FROM ALL SIDES WITH WHIPS AND TORCHES, WHILE CHATHAT AND THE BRAVES LOOK ON AND LAUGH.
LOUDER AND LOUDER GROWS THE MERRY-MAKING AS THE CHOCTAW MAIDEN'S SKIN BLISTERS AND PEELS AWAY. EACH TIME SHE FAINTS SHE IS SPLASHED WITH WATER AND REVIVED. CHATHAT HIMSELF HELPS HER UP, AND EVERYONE LAUGHS.
SOON THE GIRL HAS HAD HER ARMS AND LEGS PULLED OFF AND THE TORTURE OF THE BRAVE BEGINS. THIS IS THE MAIN EVENT OF THE CELEBRATION, FOR, NO MATTER HOW MUCH THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TORMENT HIM, HE MUST PRESERVE THE SILENCE AND DIGNITY OF A TRUE WARRIOR.
THE TORTURE OF THE BRAVE GOES ON INTO THE NIGHT. FINALLY, THE LAUGHING OF THE CHICKASAW WARRIORS DIES DOWN AND IS REPLACED WITH A RESPECTFUL FUNERAL DIRGE; FOR THE CHOCKTAW BRAVE EXPIRED WITHOUT A SINGLE CRY.
IT HAS BEEN A LONG DAY. AT DAWN CHATH AT WILL BEGIN A JOURNEY TO VISIT THE CHOCTAW PEOPLES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GREAT MISHA SIPOKNI (MISSISSIPPI RIVER). THE SHAMAN ASSURES HIM THAT THE CHICKASAW CAPTIVES WILL BEHAVE WITH EQUAL VALOR.
CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

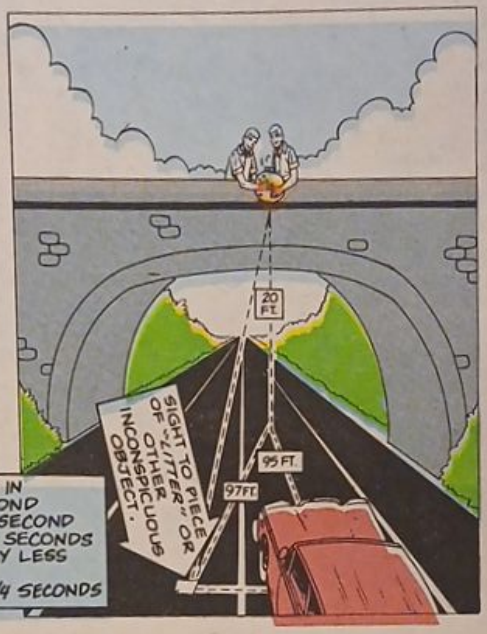
# HOW TO MAKE TROUBLE

## KNOW YOUR BRIDGE HEIGHTS

### SUCCESS IS IN YOUR SIGHTS WHEN CAREFUL PLANNING CALLS THE SHOTS

RATE OF DROP IS IMPORTANT OFF HIGHWAY OVERPASSES. A COMPLICATED MATHEMATICAL FORMULA IS REQUIRED TO FIGURE IT OUT EXACTLY, BUT HERE ARE SOME HANDY APPROXIMATES WHICH YOU CAN MEMORIZE:

OBJECT FALLS FROM 10=FT. OVERPASS IN SLIGHTLY LESS THAN 3/4 OF A SECOND
FROM A 15-FT. OVERPASS IN ALMOST 1 SECOND
FROM A 20-FT. OVERPASS IN 1 AND 1/10 SECONDS
FROM A 25-FT. OVERPASS IN SLIGHTLY LESS THAN 1 AND 1/15 SECONDS
FROM A 30-FT. OVERPASS IN 1 AND 1/4 SECONDS




CARS TRAVELING AT 60 MPH ARE COVERING 88 FT. PER SECOND. SHARPEN YOUR TURNPIKE SKILLS BY MULTIPLYING DROP TIME IN SECONDS BY 88 TO GIVE YOU A RULE OF THUMB FOR THE NUMBER OF FEET A CAR SHOULD BE FROM THE OVERPASS WHEN YOU YELL "WATER BALLOONS AWAY!"

*EXAMPLE:* A 20 FT. BRIDGE HAS A 1.1 SECOND DROP TIME, 1.1 TIMES 88 IS 96.8, THEREFORE YOU SHOULD PACE OUT ABOUT 97 FEET FROM THE ABUTMENT AND PLACE A VISIBLE BUT UNOBTRUSIVE MARKER AS A "SIGHT" TO ASSIST YOUR TIMING.

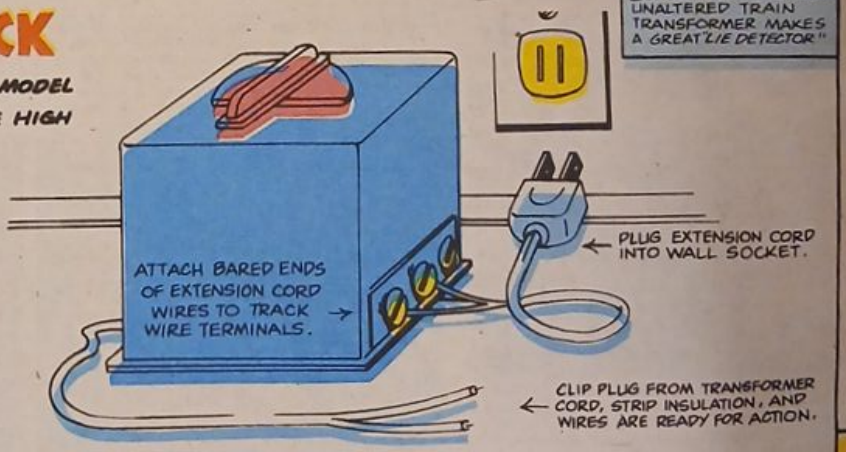
ADJUST "88" FIGURE TO CONFORM WITH LOCAL AVERAGE SPEEDS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| FOR | 70 MPH | USE "103" |
| FOR | 65 MPH | USE "95½" |
| FOR | 55 MPH | USE "80½" |
| FOR | 50 MPH | USE "74" |

## A REAL SHOCK

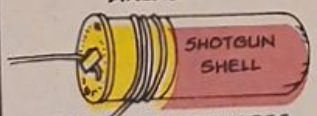
*REVERSE THE POLES ON YOUR MODEL TRAIN TRANSFORMER FOR SOME HIGH VOLTAGE FUN!*

*BONUS HINT:* EVEN AN UNALTERED TRAIN TRANSFORMER MAKES A GREAT "LIE DETECTOR"



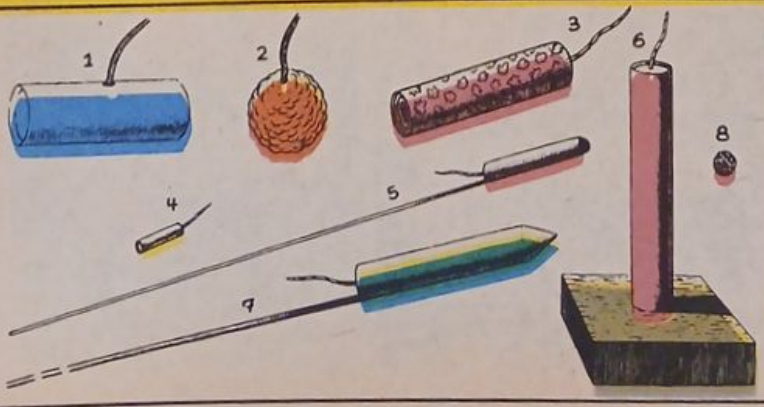

**ONE POSSIBLE APPLICATION**

*DETONATES IN SECONDS WITH "THROTTLE" ON "FULL SPEED AHEAD"*




TRANSFORMER CORD WIRES (WIRE TO PERCUSSION CAP HELD IN PLACE WITH TAPE)

## QUIZ: CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE EIGHT IMPORTANT TYPES OF FIREWORKS?




ANSWERS

1. M-80 (ALSO CALLED HAMMERHEADS, BLOCKBUSTERS, OR ASHCANS)—IT HAS THE LARGEST POWDER CHARGE OF ANY LEGALLY AVAILABLE FIRECRACKER IN AMERICA. THOUGH MEDIOCRE DIAMETER-WISE IT MOST EFFECTIVE IN CONFINED SPACES.
2. CHERRY BOMB—ALTHOUGH IT CONTAINS SLIGHTLY LESS EXPLOSIVE THAN AN M-80, THE CHERRY BOMB'S SELF-TAMPING SHELL EXCELLENT SHAPE, AND WATERPROOF QUALITY MAKE IT A MOST POWERFUL ON THE MARKET. IMPRESSIVE LOOKING AND NOISY BUT LACKING IN REAL STRENGTH. EVEN SO, THE TWO-INCHER AND THE 3-INCHER—IMMENSE—ARE THE WORK-A-DAY FIRECRACKERS FOR MOST OF THE WORLD. 4. LADYFINGER—STRICTLY FOR GIRLS. BUT LETTING ONE GO OFF IN YOUR HAND MORE DANGER FUN WITH SERIOUS AIMING PRECAUTIONS AND NO PROCLAIM. 6. ROMAN CANDLE—ARMCHAIR FIREWORKS BUT USEFUL AS A COMPONENT FOR LARGER PROJECTS. 7. SKYROCKET—MERELY MEANS OF LAUNCHING ROLL BALL PULL OF BLACK POWDER AND SMALL SHOT. OFTEN THOUGHT OF AS A TOY BUT VERY USEFUL IN COMBINATION WITH THE SLINGSHOT.

# Frog Baseball

By T. D. OLINSEN

If you're looking for something to keep your troop or gang of guys active and interested this summer—something that combines team sport skills with hiking and nature study—why not try some slow pitch frog ball?

It may look simple enough, but frog baseball is a real crack game the way Life Scouts Tom and Dean Latimer of Crary Mills, New York, play it. "First of all," Tom explains, "you can't use real baseball equipment of any kind. That's cheating, and anyway it'd look dumb to carry gloves and bats and chest protectors and all that junk out into the field where the frogs are. Why, Dean and I have been doing such a good job on the frogs around here that it's getting so you have to go all the way down to the creek a mile back of the barn to find any decent number of frogs."

Yes, there's a good deal of plain old hiking involved in frog baseball, not to mention chasing and pouncing—and that's just to get the frogs! "You have to be careful not to hurt them in any way, picking them up," Dean cautions. "For frog baseball you need whole frogs. Any kind of frog, or even toad, will do, and of course the bigger the better. But we don't pass up the little frogs either—that's a real *challenge*, the little ones!"

The only other equipment necessary for frog baseball is a bat of some sort, which by the rules must be procured from the

*Tom Latimer winds up after brother Dean singled on a ground ball with a freak hop.*

fields themselves—that is, you can't take a bat into the fields with you. "This way you get a real variety of equipment," Tom points out. "One game you'll be playing with a skinny little length of slat busted off a haywagon, the next game it'll be a whole fence post so long and thick you can hardly lift it. It keeps a fellow on his toes."

The object of the game, naturally, is to keep the frog in play for as long as possible, while hitting it as far as possible with the bat. The pitcher addresses the batter from a fixed spot about twenty feet from the "plate" (any particular stone or bush), tossing the frog in to him with an easy underhand delivery. The batter then must hit the frog over the pitcher's head to score a "run," which makes him eligible to hit again. If the frog falls short of the pitcher, then the positions are reversed, pitcher becoming batter and vice versa. The one who scores more "runs" than the other before the frog is taken out of play is the winner of that "inning."

"The first batter has an obvious advantage," Dean notes, "so we flip a coin to see who's up first. If you have a good-sized frog, you can generally get three or four good runs out of him before he starts falling apart, so you have to be careful. The first couple of times, he'll just be kind of flattened out, with his tongue sticking out, one eye closed maybe, but still mean and kicking and solid enough for a good swat. After a couple more good clouts, though, he'll be kinda *shredded*, going all to flinders with the guts trailing out of his mouth and his legs twirling around loose, and this increases the wind resistance, giving him a real *spitball* effect—not only does the pitch shake and flop in the air, but there's no telling where he's gonna go when you hit him. And you don't want to hit him *too* hard when he's in that kind of shape, or the inning's over."

The end of the "inning" is signaled by the frog's losing of one or both legs. A real measure of artistry is required, after the third or fourth "run," to keep this from happening. Once the sides change after the first few runs, the pitcher, having started with an automatic disadvantage, has to exercise special skill and caution in playing catch-up ball.

"That's where the thrill of the *sport* comes in" affirms Tom. "It takes a real surgical-type delicacy to come up from behind in frog baseball. But then frankly, when you get right down to it, who gives a fart? The *real* fun's whacking the living shit out of these goddamn frogs and watching the poor bastards go flying through the air all busted up. Christ, you can keep it up for *hours*, chasing frogs around and playing baseball!"

# LADS' LAFF

A man hears that his wife is screwing the colored handyman. She denies it, but he tells her that if he ever hears that she does it again, he's going to pull out every one of her cunt hairs. People keep telling him that she's screwing the colored handyman and she keeps telling him that she isn't and one day he comes home and he's sure she has been, so he throws her down on the bad and starts pulling her cunt hairs out one by one. And he gets every one of them but one little black one which won't come out. He pulls on it and pulls on it and finally he yells, "Goddamn it, come out, you little black bastard!" And from up inside his wife's cunt, he hears this voice saying, "I'se comin', I'se comin', Boss!"—*David Standish, Oxford, Ohio*

A man who's got an eighteen-inch dong wants to join the Long Dick Club. He tells a friend of his who's already a member that his dong is eighteen inches long and asks him what he has to do to get in. "Eighteen inches!" says his friend. "Why, you see this flower in my buttonhole? Well, that's the tip of my dong, and I'm only the doorman!"—*Dan Riorden, King of Prussia, Pa.*

This is the ballad of Joe
McClock,
A guy who was born with a
corkscrew cock.
He spent all his life in a fatal
hunt,
For the only girl with a cork-
screw cunt.
He found the girl and then fell
dead,
For her corkscrew cunt had a
left-hand thread. —*John Rothschild, Orlean, Va.*

Three boys hear about a contest that a widow is having where if you can climb to the top of a greased flagpole you get to screw her. So they go over to her house and she shows them the greased flagpole and tells them that if they climb it all the way to the top she'll let them screw her but if they don't make it all the way to the top they'll have to pay the consequences. The first boy starts to climb the flagpole and he gets about halfway up before he slips down again. "What does your father do for a living?" the widow asks him.

"He's a butcher," says the first boy.

"Take out your dong," says the widow; and she chops it off with a meat cleaver. Then the second boy starts to climb the flagpole and he makes it three quarters of the way to the top before he slips back down again. "What's your father do for a living?" asks the widow. "He's a tailor," says the second boy. And she cuts it off with a pair of scissors. Then the third boy starts to climb the flagpole and he makes it almost all the way to the top before he slips down. "What's your father do for a living?" the widow asks him.

"He's a lollipop maker," says the third boy, "what are you going to do, lick it off?"—*Chuck Maypole, Wilmont, Wis.*

A guy with a huge dork is invited to go to a party, but he's scared to go because when he gets hard ons, his dork is so large that there's no place he can hide it. So a friend tells him that he should wrap it around his body. He wraps it around and around his chest but it's so long that the tip sticks out at the front of his shirt collar and he has to pretend that it's a tie. As soon as he gets to the party, a girl comes over and tells him how much she likes his necktie, and she's just picked it up to take a closer look when somebody across the room yells, "Hey, I didn't want cream in my coffee!"—*Bob Buckley, Montreal, Canada*

A boy named Johnny Fuckerfaster is playing with a girl underneath the front porch of his house when his mother comes out to look for him. "Johnny Fuckerfaster!" she yells. "Johnny Fuckerfaster!" And from under the porch, Johnny screams, "Jesus, Mom, I'm going as fast as I can!"—*Bill Hart, Concord, N. H.*

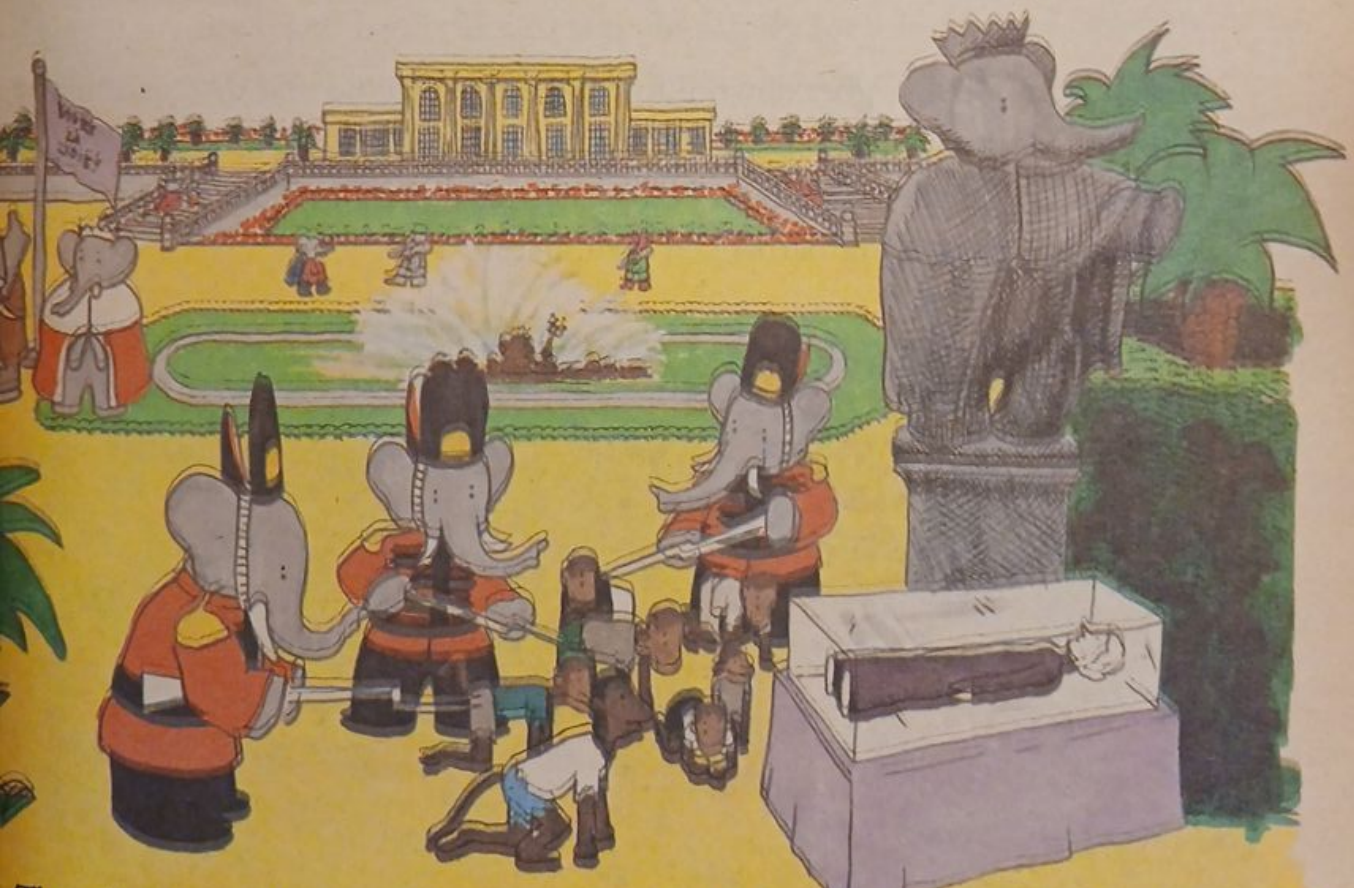
A man is screwing a woman with a hole so big that when he lets go of her tits for a second he slips and falls in. He stumbles around in the dark for a long time and finally he runs into a guy with a flashlight and asks him if he knows the way out. "No," says the guy with the flashlight, "but if you'll help me find my motorcycle, we can ride around until we see daylight!"—*Ray Shultz, Bronx, N.Y.*

## MILDRED

**"Sure she's mad. How would you like it if you had to wipe with your nose?"**

# BARBAR AND HIS ENEMIES

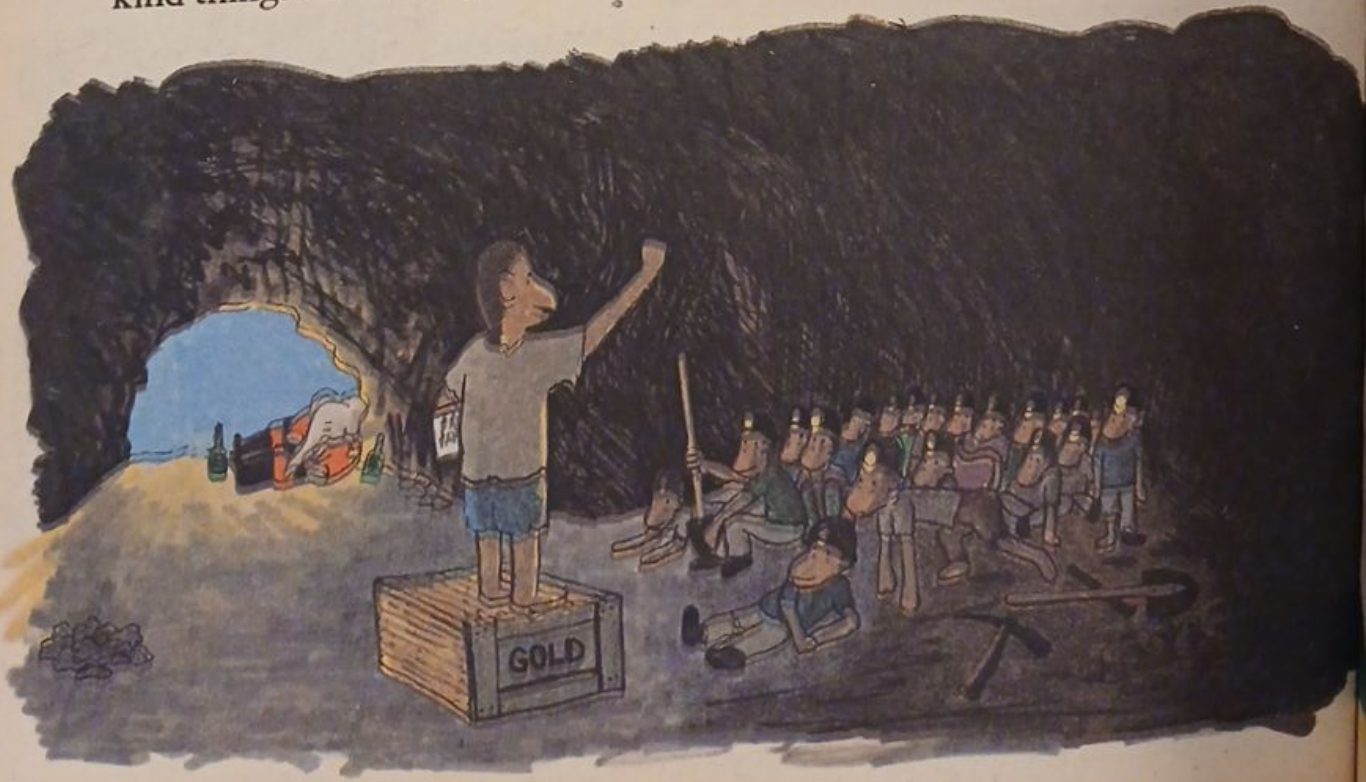
by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra
illustrated by Peter Kleinman



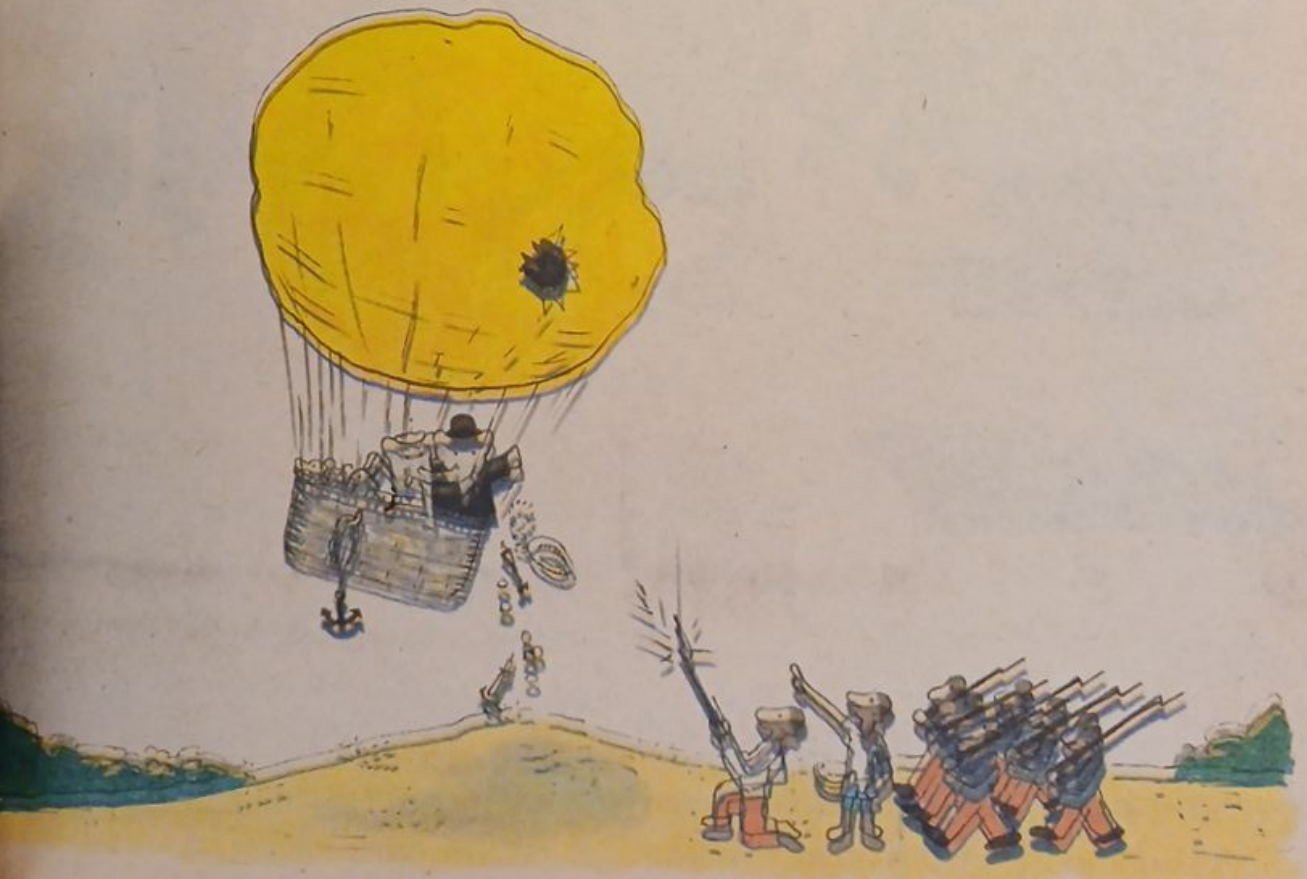
There is great sadness in the country of the elephants, for the Old Lady is dead. Barbar the King orders all his subjects to feel sorry, and pay their respects three times a day, on their knees.

That naughty monkey Zephyr won't pay his respects, and stays at home in Monkeyville, reading bad books.

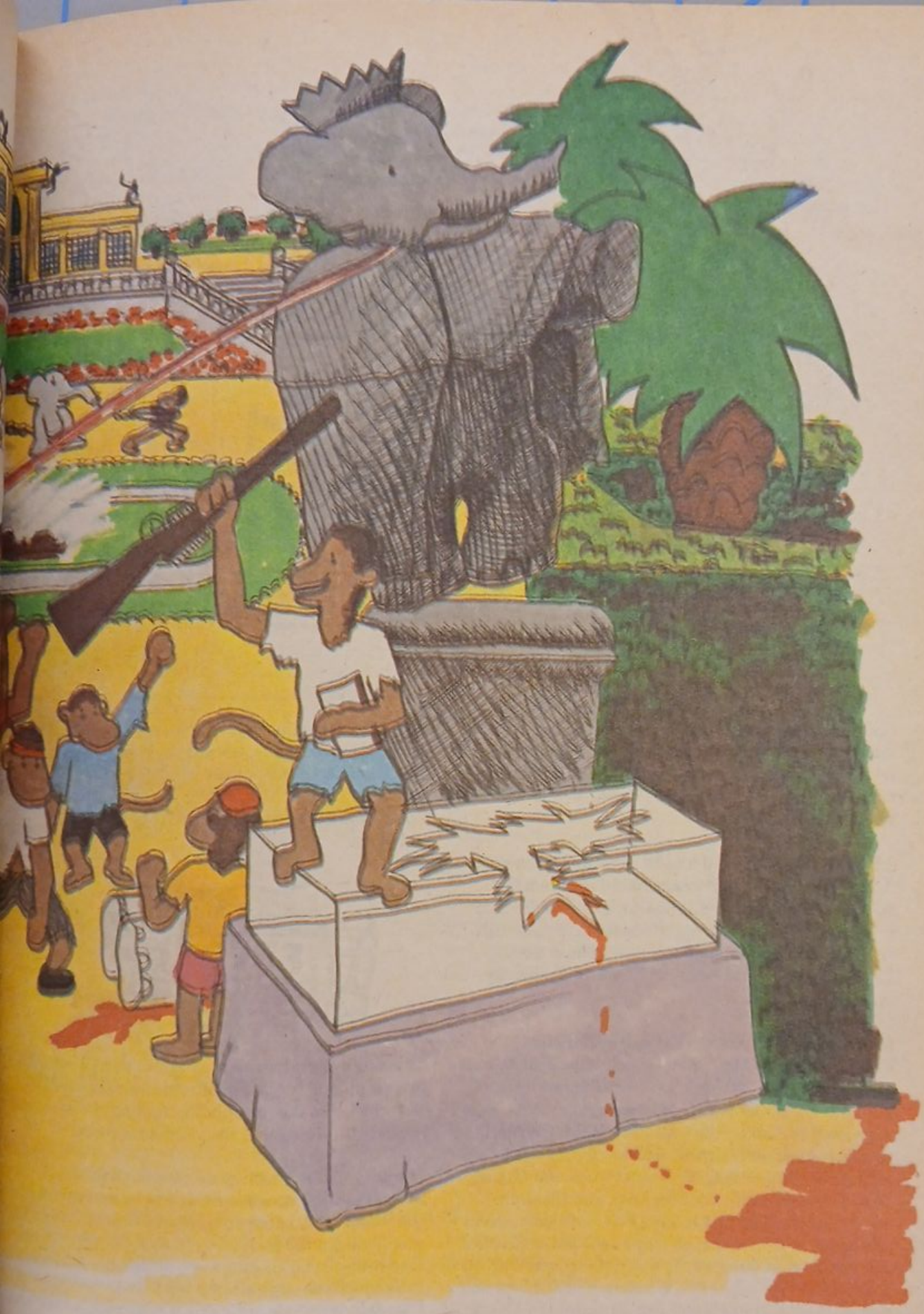
Mischievous Zephyr goes down into King Barbar's gold and diamond mine, and keeps everyone from doing their work. What a troublemaker he is! Soon some of the monkeys decide to be like him, and be lazy. They even say unkind things about King Barbar and their Queen.



The pranks of Zephyr and his friends get even naughtier! Zephyr hurts old Caligula, while he is asleep with one of his friends. This all makes King Barbar very tired, and he decides to take his family for a holiday in Switzerland. Alas, the monkeys stop him before he can get away.



What is this? Those silly monkeys have moved into the palace, and strung up Barbar and the Queen on meat hooks! And all the other elephants are being



sent back to France. Where will they live, now the Old Lady is dead? They will have to join a circus! Long live President Zephyr!

And when I got home, as often as not, there was a crater where the dining room had been, and Uncles like burst balloons and Aunts like broken teacups would be festooning the ruins of the feast. And I would squat amidst the rubble and nibble bits of what I hoped was the turkey, carefully following the instructions for little guerrillas, and produce what might be mistaken for a battery-powered nuclear device.

Or I would go out, my shiny new pistol cocked, into the Bogside, with Tim and Dan and Mike, and prowl the still streets, leaving little bullet holes in the fences and people.

"I bet people will think there's been provos."

"What would you do if you saw a provo coming down our street?"

"I'd go like this, bang! I'd throw him over the railings and roll him down the embankment and then I'd kick him behind the ear and he'd pack it in."

"What would you do if you saw two provos?"

Trenchcoated and terrible provos strode and strove through the sputtering snow toward us as we passed Mr. Grogan's house.

"Let's post Mr. Grogan a fire bomb through his letter box."

"Let's write things on his walls."

"Let's write Mr. Grogan looks like a Dogan all over his front door."

Or we walked by the freshgrave patchwork cemetery.

"Do the corpses know it's snowing?"

A bogside cabbage-smell fog drifted in from the docks. Now we were crack troops of Cromwell, scouring the fens of Fermanagh, eagle-eyed and English armour-plated, and cowering Catholics fled before us to hell or Connacht. And we returned home through the poor streets where only a few children scrawled Free Derry on the charred walls and fired a few aimless rounds at us as we scampered across the bridge above the troopship bobbing docks. And then, at home, the Uncles would be solemn, and toast the Queen and absent friends which in this case meant half the family and most of the neighbors, now deceased, for the old cause.

Bring out the tall tales now that we told while the peat fire made fairy pictures of King Billy, his white horse like a ghost of flame, and the blazing battle of the Burning Boyne. And the gory ghosts of slaughtered Sinn Feiners listened at the blacked-out windows and the Tommygun spirit of Michael Collins lay in ambush under the bed I must climb to trembling in the dark.

And I remember we went out terrorizing once when there wasn't by chance a building burning to light the terrifying streets. Flush to the cobbles was a big brick house. And we stood before its black bulk with our safeties off, just in case, and all of us too brave to say a word. The wind came round stone corners, cold and sharp as the blades of invisible pikes.

"What shall we give them? The Protestant Boys?"

"No," Mike said, "The Auld Orange Flute. I'll count three."

One, two, three, and we began to sing, our voices high in the darkness round the house full of baby-eating Catholics maybe.

*In the County Tyrone in the town of Dungannon*
*Where many eruptions meself had a hand in . . .*"

Then a big red roar, like the sound of a muzzle loader that has not been fired for a long time, slammed against the door; a loud, old Gaelic gun blew shot through the keyhole. And when we stopped running, we were outside *our* house; the parlor was lit for Christmas and everything was bright and clean and Protestant again.

"Perhaps it was a priest," Tim said.

"Perhaps it was the College of Cardinals," Dan said, who was always reading.

"Let's go in and see if there's any gelignite left," Mike said. And we did that. □

LADIES' HOME
# Journal
SEPTEMBER 1974/60¢

WHY I'M NOT DEAD:
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
WITH MAMIE EISENHOWER

*E YOUR BODY*
*RE HAIR,*
HE AUTHOR OF
*E YOUR HAIR*
*RE BODY*

SE NEW PRECHEWED FOODS:
y Face-Saver or Foolish Fad?

DE TO LOVE
HAPPINESS, PART I:
to tell who the men are

ILS OF A WAXED HALLWAY"
art serial complete in this issue

to Have
-and-Forth Conversations
the People You Meet

23-Hour-A-Day
ty Sleep Plan

to Chart Your Own
hly Spite Cycle

to Tell if You Had a
r-than-Average Sex Life

to Comb Your Wrinkles
oday's Chic Styles

Men Prefer Women
Remember Their First Names

Clues That Tell You
n You Did Have a Visitor

photograph, Wide World.

Plasma Cola
For those who think old.
© 1974 Plasma Cola Co

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

If known, name and address must be included with every letter. We will withhold both whether requested to or not.

Sirs:

Did I read the last issue of your magazine? What magazine? What am I doing? Am I writing a letter? Are you here to repair the telephone? Would you like to see a picture of my grandchildren?

R. M.

Sirs:

I wish to take exception to the article that appeared last month in your publication, entitled . . . I think it began with "The". . . I think it was about fire engines, pianos . . . have you met my son? . . . letter, letter. Sincerely yours, Dear Sirs, Would you like to see a picture of my grandchildren?

R. T.

Sirs:

One of my staples chairs told me this story I thought I would pass it on your tape, put the tape on over, see, where I used to live and these pictures, pictures of my grandchildren oxen? cows? me? Writing? When is this? Who are you? Are you from the police? I'll call the police, police?

W. F.

Sirs:

Yet it the me oh . . . let me see . . . yes!

L. T.

Sirs:

I can still remember when I was young. I had the biggest ribbon on the block. Red ribbon, green ribbon, am I writing a letter to the magazine or to my granddaughter, not that she would answer anyway, but it was, I think, but maybe not. I'd write more except they're bringing the musketeers over now, curse 'em!

D. N.

Sirs:

Hoow doo yoo speel "teh?" Eahve bene eveyhwere lokking for this infomitionk thot mayb reeders cod hellp meh, pic of grandcholdren, tree snakke encloosed.

B. R.

# YOUR HOROSCOPE FOR SEPTEMBER

**Virgo** (August 23 to September 22): Long-ago Septembers meant: The time has come to sink your teeth into new hobbies and new futures. *This* September means: Remember to replace missing teeth promptly, or misocclusion might sink *you*.

**Libra** (September 23 to October 22): New loves, deeper emotional responses, exciting career opportunities. These used to be yours when autumn turned the woods to gold. You'd be wise, nonetheless, to let *this* season's falling leaves remind you to make sure your insurance is all paid up.

**Scorpio** (October 23-November 21): In Septembers of yore, you always had a compulsion to give your heart away too easily. Your heart will give *you* away this September, however, if you don't stay in bed and get plenty of rest.

**Sagittarius** (November 22 to December 21): Ten years ago this month we would have cautioned you about your penchant for hasty decisions. "Take all the time you need," we would have said, "to be sure of yourself before acting." This year, on the other hand, we'd suggest you hurry and make up your mind—before it's too late!

**Capricorn** (December 22 to January 19): This is the time for all Capricorns to overcome their inherent stubbornness and give their friends and loved ones a fair hearing. You may not be giving *anyone* a hearing, though, unless you take an audio test soon.

**Aquarius** (January 20 to February 18): If you were born with a dazzling facility for figures—as so many Aquarians are—you might once have used September to begin an exciting career as a tax accountant. Turn that facility now to finishing plans for your estate.

**Pisces** (February 19 to March 20) You Pisces have always had a lot of patience and self-reliance, and your good temperament helped to keep you cheerful even in adversity. God knows these qualities will come in handy now!

**Aries** (March 21 to April 19): Once, September was a month when all your long-term ventures seemed destined to prosper. Now, short-term investments are the only ones worth considering.

**Taurus** (April 20 to May 20): Taurus natives are usually quick on their feet, and just a few years ago this would have been a good month to embark on a dancing career. This year, however, you're better off avoiding all strenuous activities.

**Gemini** (May 21 to June 20): Remember how many exciting new projects of yours first got under way in the month of September? But *this* September would be better spent tying up all those old loose ends.

**Cancer** (June 21 to July 22): Jupiter rules your mobility right now, and Moonchildren everywhere will be clambering to new heights on the social and business ladder. It's a perfect month, therefore, for you to invest in a banister elevator.

**Leo** (July 23 to August 22): Years back, you plunged back into your work after a relaxing vacation summer. Plunge into anything now, though, and you'll regret it.

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# DECORATING:

# The Knickknack Look

You can give any room in your house the coziness of a garage sale with a little bit of imagination and practically no money. The trick? Cover every horizontal or nearly horizontal surface with trinkets, souvenirs, and conversation pieces—pictures, seashells, figurines, ornaments, dishes, bowls, small stuffed animals, boxes, statuettes, small stuffed animals, anything at all. To get a feeling of individuality and express your personality at the same time, just empty those old desk and dresser drawers full of bric-a-brac onto desks, coffee tables, mantelpieces, even sofa and chair arms. Drop larger objects on the floor. Generally speaking, you should leave them where they land, but you might want to put fragile, easily breakable china, glass, and porcelain pieces on corners and edges. For a nice pack-ratty kind of effect, start a collection of something cheap and silly like sewing machine bobbins, sash weights, or faucets, and strew them everywhere. Arrange your most garish gewgaws in pointless groupings: invent long stories for each of them. Put your strongest pieces in plain view: the mummified heart of a favorite pet, an antique bottle filled with gallstones, a framed chest X-ray. How to know when to stop? Try these tests. Take an ordinary child's marble. See if you can find a place to put it down. If you can, get another knickknack and put it there. Repeat until there's no room for it. Sit in a chair at the edge of the room and exhale deeply. Did anything fall down? If not, you've got a long way to go. Walk across the floor. Did you hear any crunching sounds? No? Then keep at it!

*A random scattering of odds and ends gives this room the welcoming atmosphere of a china shop. Guests will soon feel that they've somehow wandered into the inside of a kaleidoscope.*

*A little thought has transformed this ordinary table into a minefield. Ashtrays should be tiny—about the size of a bottle cap, large enough for a matchhead and nothing more. As for dusting, don't!*

**SPRING-SUMMER-FALL FASHION:**

# SAY IT WITH FLOWER PRINTS

Classic, timeless, always somehow right—the flower print dress. With matching hat, of course! A fetching ensemble that makes you look upholstered, not just dressed. Loud and busy, and just lousy with big, bright, blooming splashes of color that let everybody know you're no "wallflower"! The possibilities? Endless! A billion different designs, from muddy browns and conservative, dingy greens to garish yellows and glaring oranges that'll make everyone turn down their hearing aids when you walk into the room. Blowsy, frumpy, and dowdy—in a word, *you*! Style? Not in these duds, milady. Just a simple frock cut like a drape. Grab a bag, a sack, a piece of old luggage, slip on a pair of sensible shoes, and *voila!*—the ensemble is complete.

photo by R. G. Harris

# WAKE UP TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF EXERCISES

*says Helen "Hell on Wheels" Whaley, Former Olympic Women's Decathlon Champion and inventor of* Iso-Geriatrics

Yes, I've always managed to be awake to the wonderful world of exercises, and I certainly can vouch for the importance of physical fitness.

If you'll only lay aside a little time every day to do the simple "Iso-Geriatric" exercises outlined here, you'll soon feel better. And you'll look younger, healthier, and more glamorous, too.

Remember, you can't do anything to change the bony frame God gave you—but you *should* try to do something about your muscles!

Convinced? Still reading? Ready? Okay! Let's begin.

## 1 Opening and Closing Your Eyes

This is a great exercise to help you look awake and alert.

**Step One:** Relax. Take a deep breath (if you can). Summon your energy.

**Step Two:** Open those baby blues. Hold them that way for a full five seconds. You can do it!

**Step Three:** Return to the starting position.

**Step Four:** Catch your breath, then repeat the whole exercise three more times. Within weeks, your friends will notice how much more responsive you look.

## 2 The Wrist-Twister

I created this exercise to give your hands more mobility.

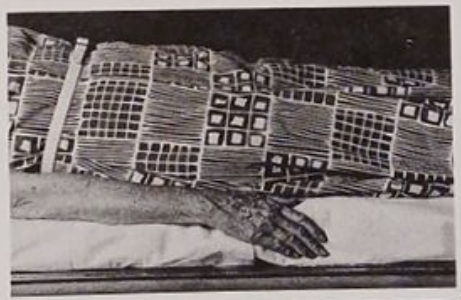
**Step One:** Lie back. Don't waste your strength.

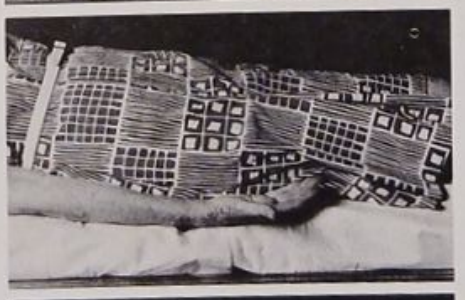
**Step Two:** Rotate your right hand (or your left one if you're left-handed) 90 degrees in a *clockwise* direction. Don't strain!

**Step Three:** You're doing great! Can you return your hand to the starting position? Try it. . . .

**Step Four:** Just like Step Two (Remember Step Two?). Only this time rotate your hand *counterclockwise*. That's it!

**Step Five:** Go back to the beginning position and repeat. Who knows: If you still have a firm grip—and can manage to hold your eyes open (see EXERCISE 1)—you may soon surprise acquaintances by watching TV—and changing channels all by yourself!





## 3 Shaking

Here's a vibrant new exercise that's so easy you may find yourself doing it without even trying. It goes like this:

**Step One:** Lie there as still as you can. That's the spirit!

**Step Two:** Okay! Start shaking. Very good! Shake as long as you feel like it.

**Step Three:** All right. Try to be still again.

**Step Four:** Repeat the exercise until overcome by fatigue.

## 4 Just Lying There

How few of us realize that the simple activities we engage in every day are wonderful opportunities to get exercise! Lying there, just like I'm doing in the accompanying picture, is the perfect example of such an activity. I call it the ultimate exercise. Make it a habit!

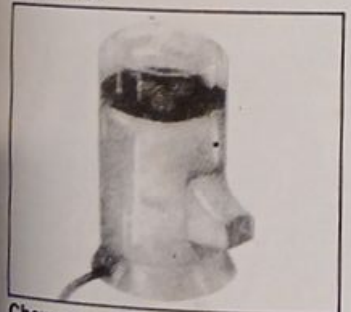
Well, that's about it. Thanks for finishing my article. I hope you have the self-discipline to do my exercises and that they help you as they've helped me win much happiness and many new friends.

Helen "Hell on Wheels" Whaley

## MARKET PLACE

**Calling all senior "zitizens"**
There's nothing like a rich, red acne to make you look years younger. Turn those pallid, tattle-tale aging spots into bright, youthful carbuncles with the exclusive Poc-o-Pit Pimpl-Kwik Acnemizer. Just because you're a "whitehead" doesn't mean you can't have blackheads, and look like a teenager again. Exclusive facial injector painlessly penetrates skin, pumping tiny, precisely measured doses of dirt and other irritants into pores. In just days, your face will bloom with a lush rash of real acne. Acnemizer comes with six months' supply of Superzit Pusmax cream. Oldtronics, Inc., Dept. 1790-J, Ball Point, Long Island, N.Y. 14598.

**Hickory, dictory, dotard**
Faithful replica of a turn-of-the-century grandfather clock has an imprecision Polish movement that gets the time "all mixed up." Spares you the embarrassment of forgetting appointments, arriving late—just blame it on "that consarned old clock." Shows pictures of your grandchildren on the hour and half hour. A marvelous conversation piece for those long silences when you can't remember what you've been talking about. $95.00. Second Childhood Products, Dept. OLHJ 40, Lake Mushmunch, N.Y. 10465.



**Chew up a storm**
You can eat all the foods you used to love, anything at all, even if you don't have "the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but" with the miracle Mr. Masticator electronic chewing machine. Just cook up your favorite meal, then put it in the handy toploading hopper, and push the button. In just seconds, that hard-to-chew steak, those pulpy vegetables, even that jaw-bending taffy, is reduced to a tasty slurry you can spoon down in a jiffy. All the flavor stays in, all the tedious munching goes out. $49.95. Autodent Inc., JS-9009, Mayfly, N.J. 87098.

photo by Vince Aloia

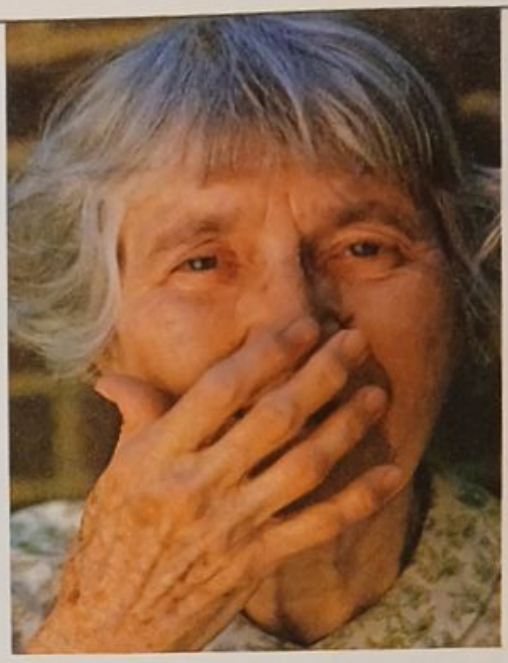
In these times of rising prices and spending cutbacks, a number of studies show old people are choosing Putrina Pooch Treats dog food as their primary source of protein. Why? Because it's a cheap, nutritious way to beat inflation. And they like that tangy, mouth-watering cheese flavor, just like dogs do.

They also know that dog food contains all the vitamins and minerals they need to stay perky and alert and keep their hair full and glossy. Because Putrina contains no cereal—only rich, wholesome beef by-products and other animal parts.

With Putrina Pooch Treats, you don't have to worry about your mom's eating habits. She's getting a treat dogs like. And knowing how much you love your pet, is it all that bad she's "treated" like a dog?

**Putrina**
Pooch Treats

# Guess whose hands are 12 years older?



"My hands are 12 years older than hers!" says Mrs. Beverly Lerner, on the left. "She's only 93. I'm 105! My secret? When I work up the strength to wash the dishes, to the best of my recollection, I always use Gray Liquid. It's one of the reasons my hands stay young looking. It's so mild, I think it helps."

Gray LIQUID

**helps keep hands young looking.**

# How Old Do You Think I Am?

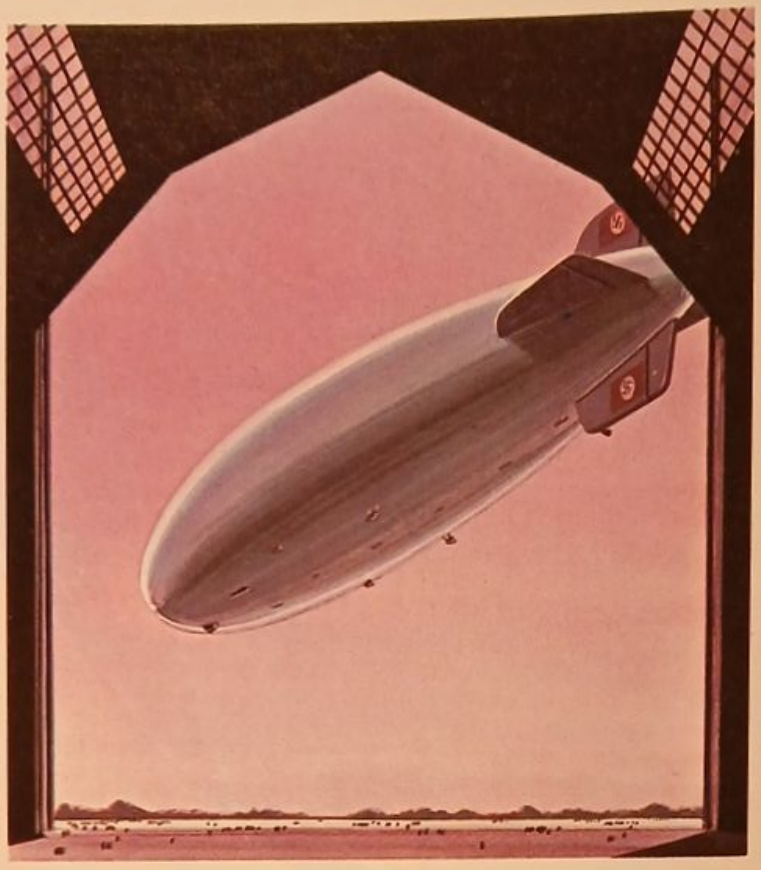
Thirty? Twenty-three? Seventeen? Well, guess again! Actually, I'm eighty-seven years old, but you'd never know it, due to a new series of products developed by the world's leading cosmetics researchers and known in the United States as the **Ponce de Leon Collection.**

These remarkable beauty aids include Ponce de Leon's "Hair of the Dog," Ponce de Leon's "Lash Roundup," Ponce de Leon's "Ultra-Cheek," Ponce de Leon's "Lips of Memory," and Ponce de Leon's "Fairy Tooth."

You, too, may join the cult of enlightened, mature women in many countries who take pleasure in the secrets of Ponce de Leon. Let your mirror witness the transformation that occurs the moment you start using our classic collection. It's a transformation so dramatic it steals away the years, yet so incredibly natural that it won't rob you of the lingering traces of a hundred laughs, a thousand smiles—the mementos of the gamut of emotions of a woman who's lived and loved and cared.

Bring **Ponce de Leon** into your life. It's never too late.

WIR FLIEGEN NACH AMERIKA MIT DEM
ZEPPELIN
BRUCE McCALL

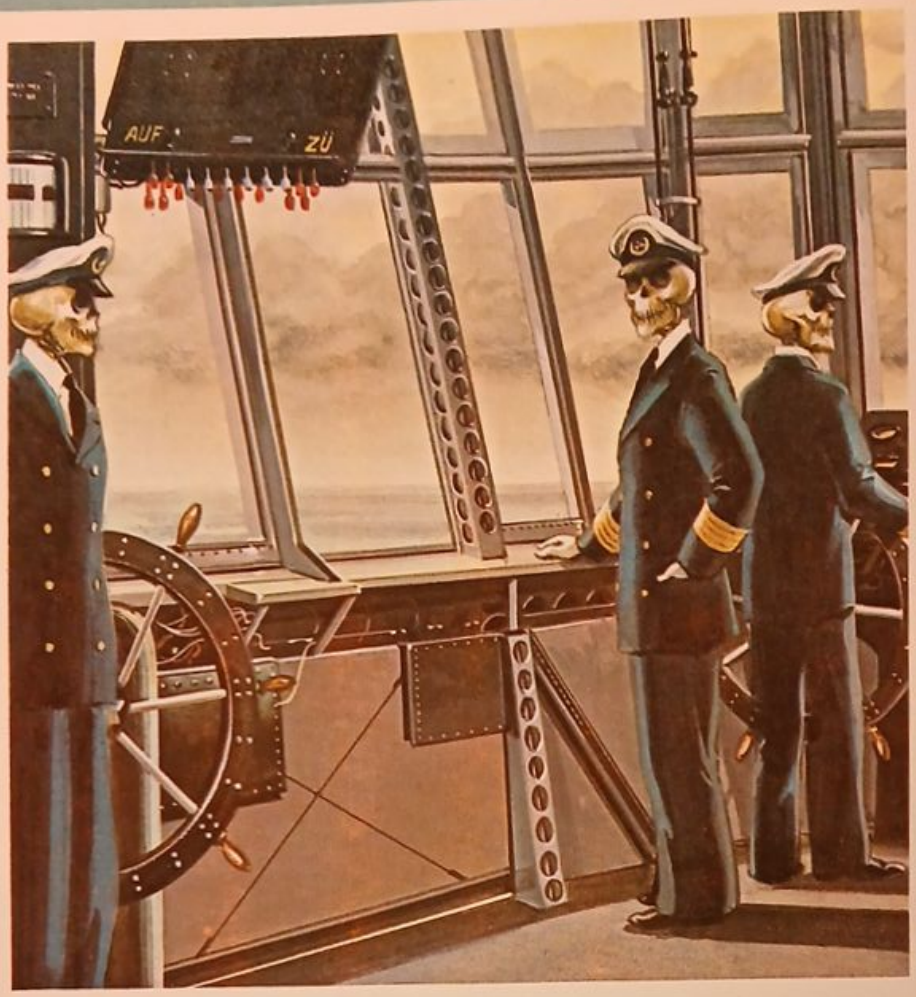


## AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

Langsam und lautlos, wie durch Zauberei, hebt der mächtige Zeppelin ab. Unten auf der Erde stehen deine winkenden Freunde und Angehörigen und beobachten, wie die gigantische Silberwurst der Lüfte sich gegen den Wind dreht, um die grosse Reise anzutreten. "Macht Euch keine Sorgen," schreist du ihnen durch das grosse Fenster zu. Dummes Volk, ein paar von ihnen heulen!

## DER ATLANTIK!

"Ist das da unten die R.M.S. Titanic?" fragst du einen von der Mannschaft. "Was für eine Frage, wo dieses Unglücksschiff schon vor 25 Jahren gesunken ist!" Der Mann hat hur ein Lächeln. Auf einer Zeppelinreise bekommt man viele seltsame Dinge zu sehen. Zwischendurch ruft Grete: "Ich glaub, ich seh die Lusitania!" Was für ein Gelächter, was für ein fideles Zeppelin-Abenteuer!




# WILL
# AN BO
# LUXUS-L

## SOBALD SIE
## HAT SICH IHR LEBE

### HERR KAPITAN!

Möchten Sie den Kapitän und seine Mannschaft kennenlernen? Sie reden nur selten; sie scheinen wie Geister durch diese schwebende Reisenwelt des Zeppelins zu gleiten. Aber sie lächeln fortwährend ... denn sie wissen, was Ihnen bevorsteht!

### KOGNAK?

Einen Kognak nach dem Essen? Aber sicher! Der Steward scheint aus dem Nichts aufzutauchen, als hätte er Ihre Gedanken gelesen. Und wenn Sie ihn nicht mehr brauchen, ist er plötzlich verschwunden. Alles ist ruhig. Die Wolken ziehen vorbei. Dennoch beschleicht Sie eine seltsame Vorahnung!

MEN
HRES
CHIFFES!

T BETRETEN,
MER VERÄNDERT!

## FASZINATION!

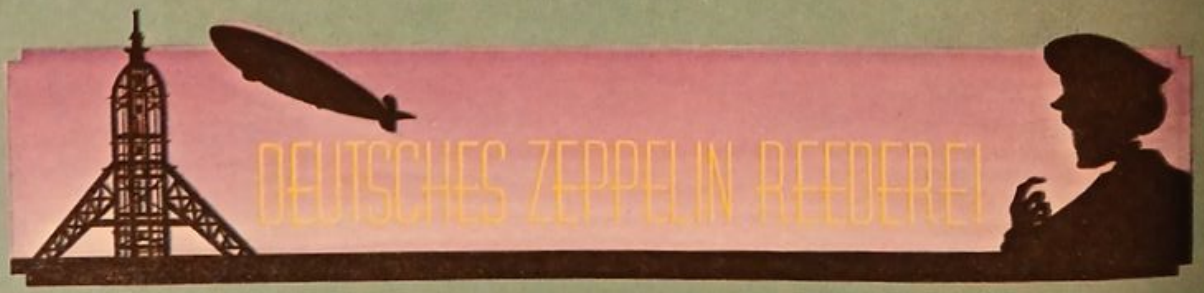
"Schau, Guntherchen, das stürmische Wetter kommt direkt auf uns zu!" Fasziniert beobachtet es Guntherchen, während der lächelnde Navigator etwas von bösartigem Himmel und heftigem Blitz murmelt. "Kann der Blitz in unsern glückliches Zeppelin-Heim einschlagen?" fragt Gunther. Aber der Navigator ist weg.

## "MMMMM—MILCH!"

Wer ist der unerwartete Fremde in der Kabinentür? Nur der Steward! Schau, gute warme Milch und ein lächelndes "Gute Nacht." Bald ist das mächtige Luftschiff dunkel. Begleitet vom Gebrumm der Dieselmotoren träumt man durch die Nacht; lebhafte, farbige, fantastiche Träume, die in ein feuriges Morgenrot übergehen!

## ZIGARETTE?

Das Essen ist vorüber, der Kaffee serviert; und da unser Bestimmungsort nur noch ein paar Kilometer entfernt ist, lass den Donner ruhig grollen and die Blitze zucken. Der Chef-Steward ist schon mit einem Streichholz zur Hand, als Sie sich eine Zigarette aussuchen und scherzen: "Man sollte ja annehmen, Herr Chef-Steward, dass bei all dem feuergefährlichen Wasserstoff angezündete Streichhölzer . . ."

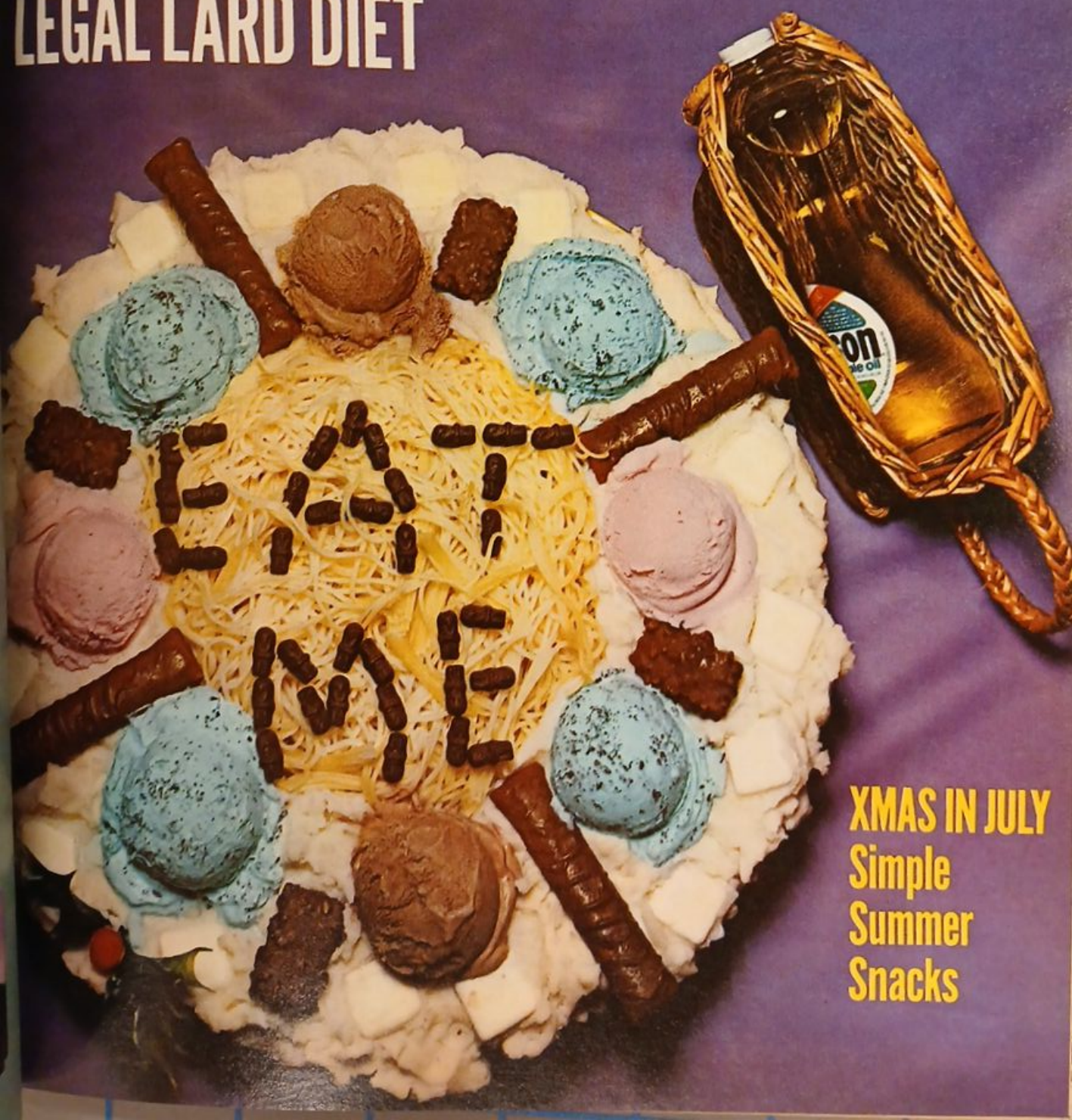


AMERICA'S LEADING BOOKMAKERS
LINK WATERCRESS, LEPROSY, AND INCEST

# Weighty Waddlers

magazine | june 1974 | 50 cents

## LEGAL LARD DIET




XMAS IN JULY
Simple
Summer
Snacks

# AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO ALL YOU TUBBIES

## NEW FOODS ARE ALLOWED!*

Starting with this issue, we will be presenting recipes that include foods heretofore not generally used on weight-production programs. What has happened is that Weighty Waddlers' medical advisory staff has scientifically revised the Weighty Waddlers program to provide greater variety in a nutritionally balanced eating plan designed to help people continue to gain massive amounts of weight. Therefore, such previously borderline foods as tripe, scrapple, succotash, Hubbard squash, fishballs, sweetbreads, pemmican, pigs' knuckles, okra, nougat, jerky, brains, sowbelly, hominy, blackstrap, cornmush, plum duff, kidneys, cod cakes, lentils, peach-grunt, blintz, and shad will be allowed.* These foods are LEGITIMATE and will still help you gain weight if they are eaten in unlimited quantities. The LEGITIMATE designation—LEGITIMATE is not a reference to the law but rather a transparent attempt to invest the snake oil cartel responsible for this rag with some vestige of medical qualification—will appear in advertisements whose products fall into this category. This does not mean, however, that any products will be designated ILLEGITIMATE. We will continue our policy of slapping the word LEGITIMATE on any ad that pays its way. What do we care? The name of the game is growth. What's so bad about inflation? Eat enough of anything, you'll turn into a blimp. Anything you find in these pages is LEGITIMATE, even if our books aren't. There is also a new Sustenance Plan. Foods approved for this plan are occasionally advertised in the magazine and will be designated SUSTENANCE. Such designations in advertisements do not imply endorsement or approval of a product by Weighty Waddlers. On the other hand, it doesn't mean we exactly dump all over them, either.


# Weighty Waddlers

magazine / june, 1974 / volume six hundred and fifty, number five hundre

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Sitting patiently in wait for the ice cream man, a pizza delivery, and the oven timer to go off, founder Jean Beeftrust grins to herself in anticipation.

# ASK Jean Beeftrust

*Dear Jean:*
*How envious I was of all the happy, stout people I would see, always joking and ordering second and third helpings, always with one another, their carefree laughter flowing as thickly as butterscotch syrup. I so wanted to be them—and guess what? I AM.*

*Yes, I am an enormous fatty thanks to you, Jean Beeftrust, and your Weighty Waddlers plan. I used to swim around in my size 26½ and now I'm splitting my 46. Though I admit, it didn't come easy. There were times when I didn't think I could make it. In the beginning, I was very shy about grabbing food from other people's plates, but now I'll walk through a restaurant and grab handfuls of french fries like it was nothing.*

*I've put on 230 pounds, and I owe it all to you. God bless you.*

*Portia Witlock*
*Ivyland, Pa.*

Dear Portia:
How very thrilled I was to read your letter. It seems to me that you should be entitled to join our special over-achiever division. No sense stopping at 230 pounds. Contact our Mr. Clovis in the accounting department and he will send you the new applications and proper billing. And happy birthday to you if you have a birthday coming up.

Wurst wolfing aboard a Weighty Waddler's private barge. Here, new members (slimmies) are being taught the secrets of bulk eating.

*Dear Jean:*
*Even as I write this letter to you, I have a mouth full of butter. I am, needless to say, devoted to you and your teachings. But what I want to know is, is there any way to keep eating and put on more weight while you sleep.*

*Don O'Neil*
*Palm Springs, Calif.*

Dear Don:
I was very pleased with your witty and splendid letter. Yes, there is such a plan. It is currently being employed at our special fatty farms exclusively, in Iowa, Georgia, Detroit, and Genoa, Italy. I plan on visiting Palm Springs soon, and if you're still there, let's get together and eat ourselves into unconsciousness.

*Dear Jean:*
*I have been a member of Weighty Waddlers for over five years now, and have, proud to say, an extra 380 pounds to show for it. But I have a problem—my husband. He is not a strong man, and has through weakness, selfishness, and neglect let himself waste away to a paltry 150 pounds. He has failed and he knows it. But his failure has turned to insecurity and further, as with so many slimmies, to meanness. He is so far from the fat, jovial man I married, I hardly know him at times. I don't want to leave him, Jean, but he's started something new that I doubt I can live with—he's trying to get me to share his failure by hiding all my ice cream, cookies, and chocolates.*

*If you have a solution, please help me.*

*Mrs. Alice Jackson*
*Elk Landing, Minn.*

Dear Alice:
Without any question, your letter shows that you are a brave and wonderful fatso. Probably the best advice that I can give to you is to sit your husband down and tell him in the calmest, most reasonable voice that if he ever again touches a morsel of your delicious food, you will chop off both his hands with a meat cleaver, and while he's letting that sink in, punch him as hard as you can right in his scrawny solar plexis for all the food he's already taken. You are too great a person to put up with that sort of nonsense.

Eat something, then turn the page

# TIGHT AS A DRUM

**The family that grows together, grows together. This one weighs almost one-and-one-quarter tons!**

*BEFORE: Back in 1972, a puny 375-pound Tiny tackles a pint-sized snack. Illegitimate eggs, once Tiny's favorite, cost him precious pounds.*

*AFTER: A fat 'n' sassy 614-pound Tiny, eighteen months later and ten years younger, proudly says good-bye to his feet forever.*

*Midge at a measly 283 pounds, before she began her long climb up the fun rungs to her present 483 (still 100 pounds away from goal). "Midge was always miserable," testifies husband Tiny, "smoking, drinking, having these weird fantasies about dead people."*

Eighteen months ago, Tiny Pickins and his wife Midge were desperate. After twenty years of marriage, they'd hit rock bottom—only 689 pounds between them.

"Skinny wasn't what we were," says Tiny, "we were disgusting. No one got out of our way on the sidewalk, no one would go out on town with us, the kids were always getting sat on by their friends."

"We tried to fit in," adds Midge. "All our fat friends would call us funny names like 'Beanpole' and 'Twiggy.' We laughed along with them, but inside, we weren't laughing. Inside, we were burning at our moorings. Sometimes we got into arguments. Look at Hitler, they'd say. Look at Ho Chi Minh. Show me a slimmy who's ever done anything good for the world. We couldn't answer."

Admits Tiny, "Life was just one skinny hell for the whole family. We felt like dried peas in a pod."

And this for a couple who had to be hefted into their honeymoon suite by a dump truck!

Then one day, when they'd almost given up hope, someone suggested Weighty Waddlers. For Midge and Tiny, it was a turning point. "And, thank Almighty God," sighs Tiny, "it was our last."

They were uncertain at first. They'd tried everything before. Miracle starch diets. Crash pasta diets. Oil diets. The controversial Royal Canadian Navy ballast diet. Tiny had even contemplated a colon-impasse operation like the unsuccessful one performed last year on Don Knotts. Nothing had worked. But with the Weighty Waddlers program . . . it was like coming home. It took effort. Hurling down two dozen hush puppies after a breakfast of Brown garbanzo Betty with fudge-ripple frosting isn't easy. And that essential pound of lard takes willpower, especially when it's sandwiched between a few portions of cream of wheat souffle with candied hog-jowl strudel and some man-sized plate-

Double anything you eat *seems to be the motto of Slim and Winnie, a fine pair of butterballs at 289 pounds and 219 pounds, respectively.*

fuls of marshmallow cream corned Willie fritters with peanut butter pandowdy and yam popovers. But soon the pounds started climbing and the waists began to widen. "Now," chuckles Midge, "I'm so huge, even if I wanted to leave Tiny, I couldn't!"

Tiny chuckles along. And well he might. As they and their pretty children grew sleek and fat, so did the number of tax exemptions they could claim. By last April, they were already up to twenty-three between the four of them, and this year they expect the figure to be nearer thirty-five. The Federal Government winds up owing *them* money—a lot of money. And the Pickins family are not ones to squander a windfall. As soon as the first check arrived from Uncle Sam, they moved to a larger house, installed double doors and bedside fridges every-where—and let out the shower curtain. Yet another side benefit for the faithful followers of our Weighty Waddlers program!

CHOW CHOW, BAMBINO. *Perhaps the most dramatic increase in the whole Pickins family is little Tina, only five years old but almost 240 pounds. Once the "picky Pickins," Tina will now eat anything, including the juicier occupants of her nursery.*

Eat something, then turn the page

# FATTIE FASHIONS

## THE RISING PLUMP LINES OF FALL

Since disappearing from the silver screen over forty years ago, Greta Garbo has had a long private struggle to put some pink meat on her skinny bones—and she's almost there. But in between her in-between-meal snacks, Ms. Garbo has been happily lost in a new career of designing clothes that say and do the most for today's inactive fatso on the recline. Under an exclusive contract with Omar of Omaha's Gross Couture line, Greta has designed a total look that starts with the hair. "Short. Short as possible. It accents the fullness of the face and anything longer than 'short' burns up far too many calories to take care of . . . heavy eye shadow to highlight your double chins, color them pink and violet . . . rich happy shades . . . dresses, use bright, vivid colors. Red is always perfect. . . . Dress size should be several sizes too small, with the seams splitting . . . again, the accent is on emphasizing your fullness . . . show as much skin as you can. Bare midriffs always work . . . if you have it, flounce it. Skirts are always worn above the stocking line or just simply leave the stockings around the ankles . . . You may never see your feet, but others do. Wear shoes that have more than three colors in them. Picture your legs as giant salad forks plunged into multi-colored yams

*continued on page 108*

"I want to be a loaf." *Ex-film superstar Greta Garbo kiddingly threatens cameramen who've come to her new fall fashion show. Since putting on 130 pounds, Greta claims she never gets depressed or sulky anymore and simply adores designing clothes for fatties. Her goal is another 130 pounds.*

# BELLY LAFFS

A friend of ours is so skinny that if she went to the malt shop for a malted with a straw stuck in it, she'd fall down inside the straw.

Submitted by Freda Munch

A Weighty Waddlers regular went into a diner recently and asked for two dozen portions of french fries. The counterman brought him two dozen portions and the bill. The bill was for $48.00; in other words, each portion of french fries cost $2.00. Chubs paid up and went to work. The counterman, who didn't have much to do, leaned across the counter in an attempt to be friendly or perhaps just pass the time of day. It doesn't really matter which.

"We don't get many fat people in here," he said.

"No," said our good ol' boy with a grimace, "and at these prices, you won't get many more fat people in here."

Submitted by Hyman Ormus

Then there was the couple who were so skinny that they looked like umbrellas, so when they went into this restaurant, they were both checked as umbrellas.

Submitted by Laura Ingels Muffin

Bum walks up to us on the street the other day. "Gimme a dime, buddy," he says. "I haven't had a bite all week." So we ate him.

Submitted by Ava Dupois

One Weighty Waddlers devotee has been so successful in achieving her goal that now she has her own zip code. What's more, she pays more than $4,873 in road taxes, hasn't had her far side photographed yet, and once went out on a blind date with Shea Stadium.

Submitted by Elephants Gerald

Bum walks up to us on the street the other day. "Gimme $47.50 for three helpings of corn pone and blood pudding, half-a-dozen flapjacks, two pounds of assorted macaroons, a portion of Limburger, and five packets of lard, buddy," he says. Reply we: "But three helpings of corn pone and blood pudding, half-a-dozen flapjacks, two pounds of assorted macaroons, a portion of Limburger, and five packets of lard only costs $32.50."

"Yes, I know," says he, "but I'm double-parked."

Submitted by Corinne Mush


# It Grows on You

Is there one meal or snack that you enjoy more than the others? There shouldn't be. Every time you eat, it should be a Thanksgiving feast with all of the trimmings. You only get to grow around once in this world. You only get one chance to make your place in the sun bigger than anyone else's. That's why you need Weighty Waddlers to put its weight behind you. Millions of your fellow Americans who have joined our program have made their lives fuller and grander experiences. You will receive our daily bulletin, which reports on all of the fixed-price "eat-all-you-can" dinners. You will be taught the secrets of speed eating and new methods of sharpening your teeth. You will learn to speak with your mouth full by reciting passages from the great literary masters while you have devil's food cake in your mouth. You will be assigned a special toll-free number to call in case you ever get that feeling that you *can't eat another bite*. Plus tons more!

Don't delay . . . join today. And get ready to let out your shower curtain! Remember, for every slim person you see, there's a fat, jovial person waiting to climb in and sit down.

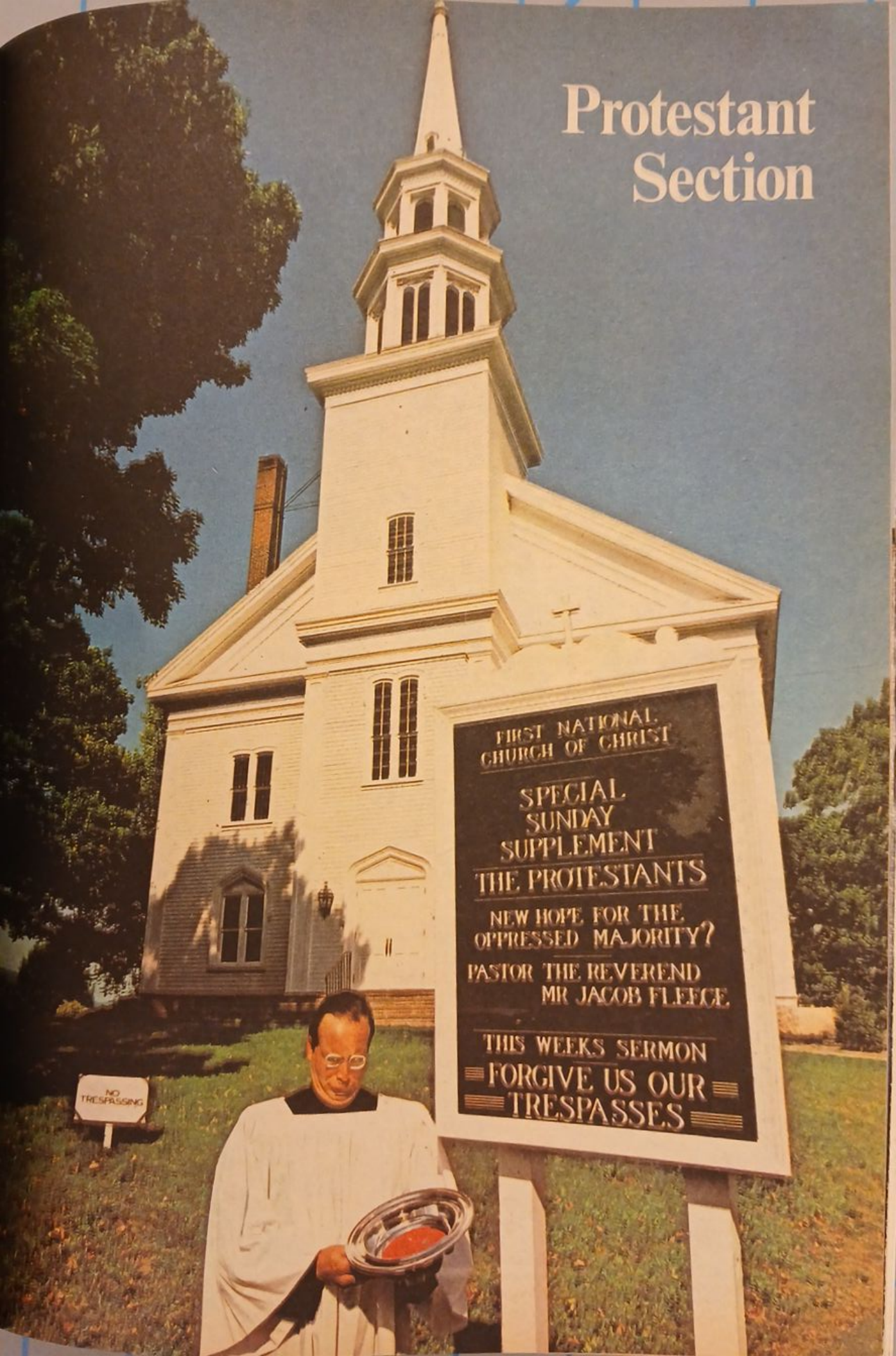
**There are Weighty Waddlers clubs in these locations.**

Butte, Montana
Des Loines, Iowa
Mallomar, Calif.
Cheesequake, New Jersey
Noshsquash, Wis.
Obee City, Utah
Hersey, Pa.
Breadbasket, Nebr.
Oleo, Ky.
Suet City, Iowa
T Bone, Texas
Pepperidge Farm, Vt.
Lardo, Texas
Sowbelly, Ark.
Caramel, Calif.
Oreo, Fla.
Fatback, Mo.
Twinkie, Me.
Frito, New Mexico
High Price Spread, Montana
Colossal, Mass.
Heavy-on-the-Mayo, Ireland
Llleegggallamb, Wales
Bellyville, Ont.
Calorie, Alberta
Poori, India
Katesmith, Australia
Pudz, Poland
Gravy-on-the-Pie, Great Britain
Deaubois, France
Devil Doc, Viet Nam
Mousse, Belgium
Pancreas, Greece
Fritters, W. Germany
Arbuckle, Scotland

**Or write to: Weighty Waddlers**
**Box 90000**
**Colossal, Mass.**

FOTO FUNNIES
WHERE ARE THE GODDAMN PIECES YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO WRITE?
I DON'T KNOW.
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN, "YOU DON'T KNOW"?
I DON'T KNOW.
WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE RUNNING HERE?
GET OFF MY BACK.
THIS CREEP NEVER DID THE TOOTH CARE PIECES FOR THIS ISSUE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
SO WHAT?
OH NO, THAT'S TERRIBLE.
WHAT'LL WE DO?
JUST CHANGE THE ISSUE THEME TO SEX...
BUT YOU BETTER HURRY.
MATH IS MY MEAT. NOT THIS JUNK. I'M NOT ALWAYS OBJECTIVE ABOUT IT.
SO WHAT, WHO IS?
OKAY, IT'S DONE. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
IT'S A CRAZY IDEA, BUT IT JUST MIGHT WORK.
WHO DO YOU ANSWER TO IN THE END?
YOU ANSWER TO YOURSELF THAT'S WHO YOU ANSWER TO.

# Protestant Section



# Great Moments in Protestantism #1

Martin Luther nails his ninety-five feces to the church door in Wittenberg, 1517.

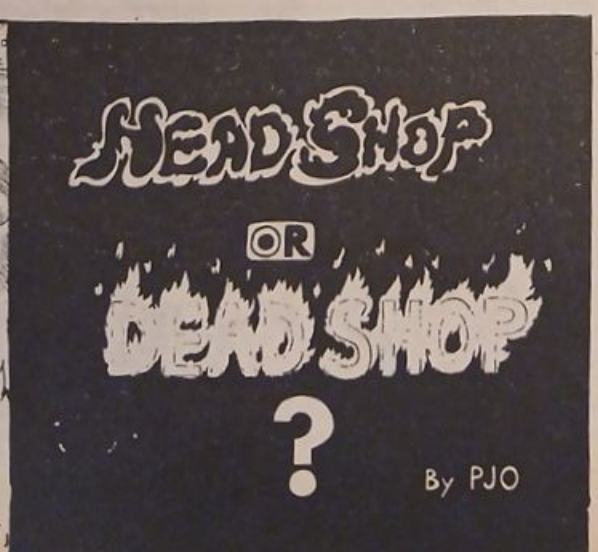
# The New Good Word for Everyone Who's Modern

At that time Jesus and His disciples were given an invitation by the King announcing the wedding of his beautiful and wise daughter, whose value was far beyond that of pearls, to the excellent son of a neighboring King. When Jesus and His disciples arrived at the front door, they were shown to the main wedding feast table by the King's chief maître d'. Jesus, able to read the minds of all of the people there, knew that among the guests were tax collectors, robbers, fornicators, and sheep thieves, and to them He spoke thus: "The kingdom of heaven is like five foolish servants and five drowsy virgins who found themselves bewildered by the commotion of the marketplace and all fell down a well. They realized their peril and all began to shout for help. At that time a man and his slave were passing by and heard the cries. 'Who are you down in this well?' called the master.

'We are trapped, please help us,' the ten answered back.

'My slave will throw you a rope. Who shall he pull up first?' It was decided among the ten that the virgins should be raised first and then the servants. The master's slave pulled up the five virgins, who thanked the master and fled to their beds, for the hour was late. Then the slave pulled up three of the servants before he grew weary and begged his master that he might stop. The master granted the slave his wish and both headed on to their home. And the two servants were left in everlasting darkness where they moaned and gnashed their teeth. Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it. Many are called but few are chosen." Thus spoke the words of the holy gospel. Praise be to God.

Illustrated by Jeff Cox




Jewes we kille
To ſerve God's Wille.

Illustrated by Gil Elsner

# In the Shade of the Withered Fig Tree

In the Shade of the Withered Fig Tree,
There is room There for you and for me;
Where the blind and the lame and the halt and the odd
Seek the Pearl of Great Price in the Oyster of God.

In the Lap of the Lord I shall sit,
When the bright burning Martyrs are lit;
While the Lord reads aloud from the Book of His Love
Writ in Blood with a quill from the Tail of the Dove.

Should we Saints ever weary or tire
Of our parts in the Heavenly Choir,
We will gird up the Loins of our Spirits and go
To delight in the Pains of our Neighbors below.

From the tempest-toss'd bark of this Life,
We are gathered like Lambs to His knife;
And untroubled by doubts about Life, Death, or Birth,
We put Heaven on High and make Hell here on Earth.

A Mormon's wives
Ye Deville swives.

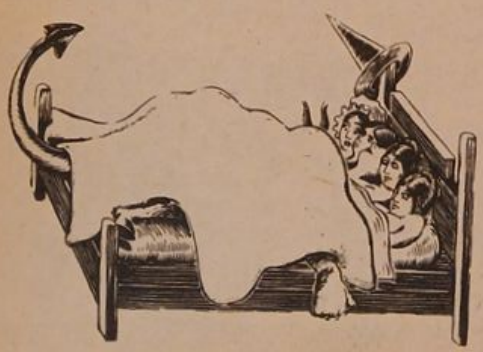
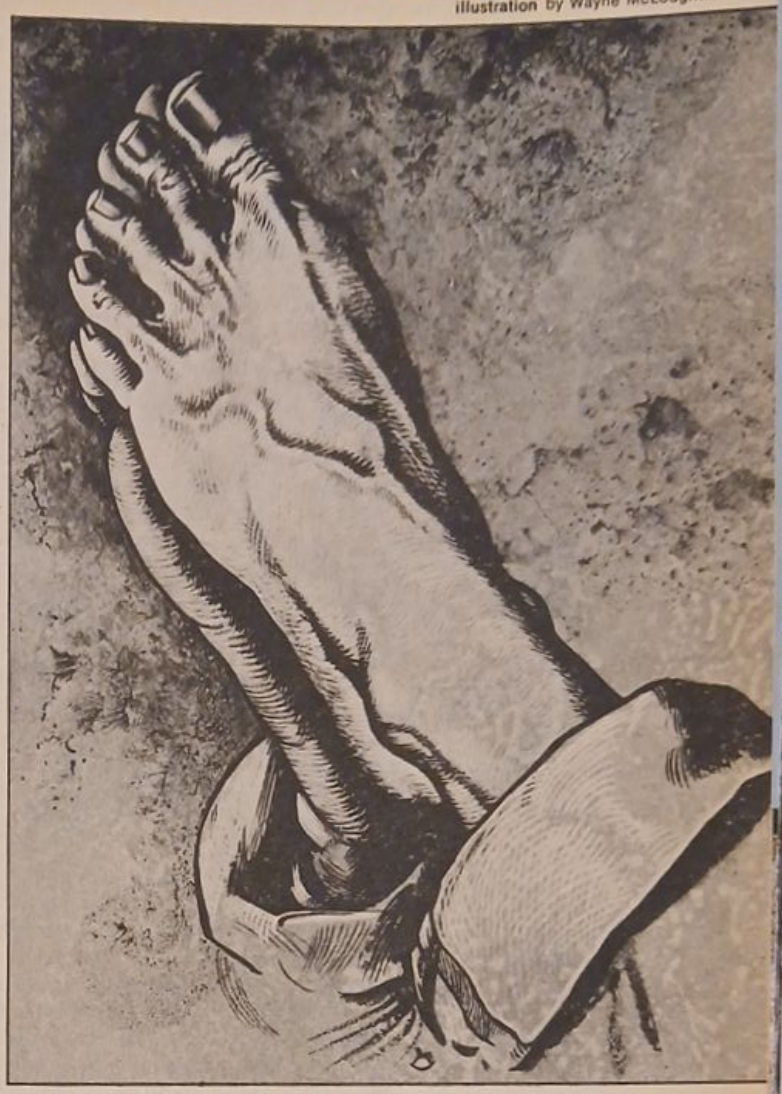


illustration by Wayne McLoughlin



# On Trays of Gorham Silver

Oh Jesus come to tea with me and in my midst
do sit,
Under my rural roof we'll be or out by the
barbecue pit.
It matters little where we're served the bakery
pastries we deserve
On trays of Gorham silver.

For nothing is too good for You from French éclairs
to cordon bleu
From napoleons to mocha cake, I'll buy them all
for my Savior's sake.
And when we settle down to dine, I hope I don't
take too much time
Pouring tea in cups by Lenox.

Then after that grand time of day and all the plates
get cleared away,
We'll sit upon the porch and sway and I'll ask You
questions if I may.
But interrupt myself to say
You are the Perfect Guest
Because of all mankind You still love me the very best.
And if You love me from now till then, I know You'll
stop by soon again,
For we must do this more often.

Ye Pope to shun,
A Battle wunne.

# I Never Metamorphosis I Didn't Like

Awaking one morning from an uneasy sleep, Joseph K. found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic Wasp. He lay on a hard, bony back, and when he lifted his head a little he could see only a flat, muscular belly, as white as the sheets, and utterly devoid of hair. His legs, pitifully thin and scrawny, stretched away before his eyes, their kneecaps glowing pink in the distance like spring roses.

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. The familiar walls of his room stood all about him. On the table were the ledgers and documents he had pored over the previous evening until almost midnight. As his eyes roamed the room, he became aware of a further change. Raising his fingers to his face, he clutched several times at places where the boundaries of his nose were usually to be found. He found nothing until by chance he encountered a tiny protuberance he could barely see even by squinting, straight, and covered with innumerable freckles. The misty aspect to his vision he had mistaken for sleepiness, he discovered to be due to a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles so securely in place that they seemed to be a natural outgrowth of his skull.

Dear God, he exclaimed to himself, how demanding is this career I have chosen! Up so early in the morning, studying so late at night, hardly time for meals, let alone to visit the theater or step out with the ladies. Those other clerks, see how they loll around, flirting with the tellers; what strain were they under? And did it make any difference to the boss that he worked like a donkey while they played the fool? Not a jot! Well, wait until the day his diploma arrived. Then he would place his lips upon the old windbag's ear trumpet and give him what for! Now, however, he must rise, for his train left at seven.

Yet he did not rise, although the hands of the clock that regularly woke him at six already indicated half past eight. What had come over him? Hours ago the chief clerk would have made his rounds, frowning at K.'s empty desk and consulting his watch. He was in a stew, but the persistent thought went through his mind that there was no need for him to rise before noon! Should he say he was sick? But what doctor could he summon to certify his condition? His nose was dry, his stomach sweet; the aches and pains he usually experienced in his bowels, back, and shoulders were quite absent. On the contrary, he would like to spring from his bed and do forty push-ups. How pleasant it would be to sail all day upon the bay despite the icebergs! Later he would buy a blazer or an oil painting.

An Idolator slain,
Chriftendom's gain.

This would not do, he thought, and resolved to rise. His huge, bony legs would not budge, however, and repeated attempts at swinging them to the floor only left them waving about in the air in the most ludicrous fashion. Accordingly, after a moment of reflection he began to work the top half of his new bulk from the bed, using his arms as cautious forelegs.

Hardly had he embarked on this arduous operation, his useless huge legs flopping this way and that behind him, than he heard the doorbell ring and immediately recognized the voice of the visitor. It was the chief clerk himself! In his agitation he lurched from the bed and fell with a crash to the floor.

As he tried to stand on his impossibly long legs, which refused not to buckle, he heard them moving anxiously towards the door. "Joseph K.," said his father, "the chief clerk is here on account of your lateness" — and meanwhile the chief clerk himself was greeting K.: "We hope, Mr. K., that you are not so incapacitated as to be unable to afford us entrance to confirm your disability." He knew not what to do. His chest seemed so broad his legs could never support it, and he was so much taller than before that his head swam with dizziness. In

*(continued)*

# Wise Up!

## Is God a "Dope"?

Are earthquakes, floods, and famines part of his design or is he just plain clumsy?

DECEMBER 8, 1974

Freemasonrye's trowel
Stabbf Chrift's bowelle.

# Wise Up!

"Lo, I have eyeballed the wet clocks and given the sundials a look-see, and I put it to you, it is time you wised up."
—Judges 14:34

Volume LV | December 8, 1974 | Number 24

# Why is God Such a Dimbulb?

HAVE you asked yourself that question? Many sincere people have. People who have seen illness strike a friend, or read in the newspapers of terrible natural disasters, wars, and other saddening events.

How many times, on learning of a tragedy, have you exclaimed, "If God can turn out planets and stars like so many BBs and flora and fauna like yard goods, why can't he put the kibosh on these fool hurricanes and such not?"

After much consideration, some people conclude that there is no God, or that some of his faculties—like seeing, hearing, and thinking—have become seriously impaired over the eons. Others, made bitter by personal loss, suppose that God is a nasty trickster who gets his "kicks" by making things hot for us in this life.

Did God deliberately put us in "a world of hurt"? And if so, why should we "say to the Lord that he is jake and send him singing telegrams of praise" (Deut. 56:14)? Wouldn't you think that anyone who suggested that you worship a vicious criminal who had just robbed and stabbed you was a "nutball"?

Perhaps you are now wondering where you can turn to find answers to these disturbing questions. Yes, there is such a source. The Bible (Clean Sweep Translation of the Holy Scriptures, $9.95) offers clear and convincing explanations of Jehosophat God's strategy throughout human history from the creation to the coming millenial jamboree picnic where the wicked and unbelieving ants who have infested his garden will be cast out forever and denied even the crumbs from the mocha cake of his loving-kindness that will supplant the evil devil's food of this corrupt era.

When we survey Biblical history, we quickly realize that the Bible is a record of the human family every bit as accurate and all-inclusive as the family album or scrapbook which you may have in your home. If someone said to you, "How can I believe that you really had an Aunt named Jane or that your daughter married a man named Frank," after you showed him a collection of

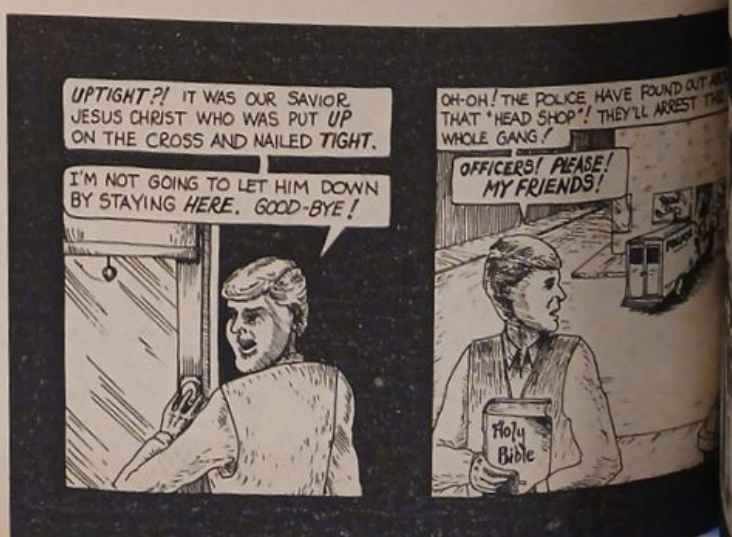


frustration he attempted an answer, con-
scious he was on trial before his whole
family. "Oh, sir," he cried, "I do assure
you this is but an attack of giddiness
brought on by the studies I have been
pursuing in order to augment my useful-
ness to the firm!" He had a shock, how-
ever, as he heard his voice. His voice is
was, beyond a doubt, and his words, yes
with a horrible goatish bleat that arose
like a cry of triumph from the depths of
his throat and descended upon conso-
nants and vowels alike to mangle their
meaning and leave them reverberating
senselessly between his lungs and his
adenoids.

There was an ominous silence out-
side the door. K. heard his mother
sobbing quietly and his sister
comforting her. The chief clerk
spoke low: "That was no human voice."
K.'s father began calling through the
house: "Fetch the doctor! Fetch the
locksmith! Fetch the speech therapist!
Fetch the wheelwright!" K. decided to
make one great effort. Bracing his legs
against the doorjambs, he threw open
the door and stood before them all,
scarcely able to get his head beneath the
lintel, and twisting his broad shoulders
to get them through the opening.

His mother went white, then regaining
her color, began to smile. His sister,
open-mouthed, blushed deeper and deep-
er, so that K. glanced down to see if his
modesty was in some way compromised.

Hindoos charm
A soule to harm.



But of them all the most flustered was the chief clerk, who after a moment of bewilderment, swept off the hat he had not yet deigned to remove and said: "Forgive me, sir, Mr. K., I had no idea . . ." All K.'s concentration now was on appeasing the chief clerk and he tottered towards him, entreating forgiveness. At this very moment, the front door burst open, and three men in dark suits and bowler hats marched importantly up to K. "You are Joseph K.?" asked their leader, a fat man who clearly held sway over any room he was in. K. nodded. "All charges against you have been dropped," said the fat man, proffering a roll of documents. "What charges?" cried K. "I have done nothing wrong!" "Indeed you have not, as far as we are concerned," replied the leader, looking K. over approvingly, "and even if you had, the charges would still be dropped." Then with a bow to his mother, the three left as suddenly as they had come.

All present in the room turned their smiles on K., in particular the chief clerk, who came forward to congratulate him. "Forgive us," he said, "for arousing you so early, but I feel sure that a visit to the office some time today might be to your advantage. An opening has appeared on the board." As K. started to protest, he held up a respectful hand. "Please," he smiled, "the question of stock can be raised at a *(continued on page 456)*

photographs and newspaper clippings, you would be astonished by his doubt.

And yet many thoughtful people still doubt that the Bible is "true"! Why is this? Could it be that Satan is sowing the weed of doubt in the truck garden of faith planted in our minds by Jehosophat God? This is a serious matter, for "They who get wind of God's word, but are slow on the uptake, shall have their ears pulled from their heads and made into conversation pieces, and their livers shall be served unto them in chafing dishes made out of their kneecaps" (Ezekiel 34:9).

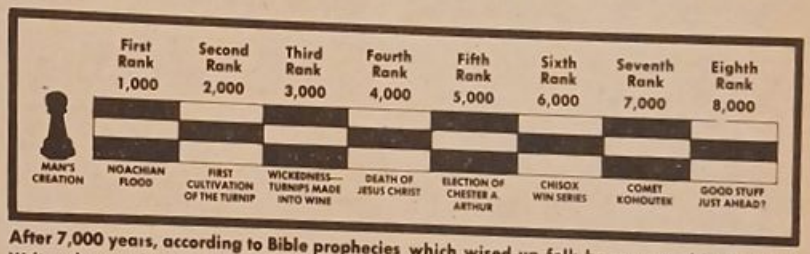
The Bible shows clearly that at every step of the way, from Eden to his dealings with Israel to the preachings of Christ, God has gone to great trouble to establish clear "rules," but he has always let man "play" however he likes. The reason for this is simple: It wouldn't be any "fun" for God, if he made all the "moves." Anyone who has played solitaire knows that it quickly becomes tiresome; and trying to have a game of chess with yourself is not enjoyable because you always know what you are going to do next!

Because God is all-powerful and all-seeing, it is even harder for him to be able to derive any satisfaction from the "game." If man did not have free will to make "wrong moves" that often result in wars, famines, and other calamities, what would be the purpose of his existence? And as for earthquakes and similar natural calamities, who can "blame" God if in his anger at man's continual "cheating," he sometimes "tips over the board"?

**Many intelligent people believe that persons who do not heed the word of God are brought back to life as slimy and repellent creatures. There is no proof of this, but it is something to think about.**

Man does have choice, and one of the most important choices he can make is the role he takes in life. Some might feel that they would prefer to be powerful, moving everywhere to influence things, but with such power comes great risk, and it is written: "The pawns will win the game" (Matthew 5:5).

Perhaps this is why so many thousands of wised-up people have chosen to commit their goods and their lives to God's plan and become Jehosophat's Bystanders so that they shall be "queened" at the Eighth Rank and enter into God's Kingdom while others who were more reckless are taken and placed back in the box forever.




**After 7,000 years, according to Bible prophecies which wised-up folk have spotted in the Holy Writ, a thousand year picnic—with lots of bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwiches and no alcoholic beverages—await those who succeed in attaining the Eighth Rank.**

Ye Dervifhe doth turnne
Chrift's Croffe to fpurne.

Stories for Youth

## Oh, Little Star of Babylon

Part Three

*Thammuz and Dagon Journey to Visit the Anti-Christ Child*

*Our Tale So Far: Despite the cold and stormy weather, Thammuz and his little sister Dagon set out to discover the meaning of the bright star which has appeared in the sky beyond their village.*

"Oh, Thammuz, I am so cold," said Dagon to her older brother.

"Try to be brave, Dagon," replied Thammuz in a manly voice (though, in fact, he had only turned eleven a week before). "for I'm sure it will be warm enough where we are going presently."

"Oh, I shall be brave," said little Dagon. "I won't complain again. It's only that I wish the Star we seek would come a little closer. It seems to move so slow." And thrusting her hands deep into the folds of the sheepskin coats they wore in an-

*Continued inside*

## For Next Week

*Learn the Lord's Prayer backwards*

Amen. Ever and ever for glory the and power the and kingdom the is thine for. Us against trespass who those forgive we as trespasses our us forgive and. Bread daily our day this us give. Heaven in is it as earth on done be will thy. Come kingdom

*"Our Father, Who aren't in Heaven . . ."*

# My Sabbat School Reader

Perfect Attendance Pentacle

Bronze—one year
Silver—two years
Gold—three years

### illsdale Satanist Church

2621 South Cove Blvd
Reverend E. L. Cartwright, Necrominister

SERMON

TODAY'S TEENS—NO RESPECT FOR EVIL!

This Week's Hymn . . .

### "Lucifer Loves Me, This I Know"

Lucifer loves me, this I know,
The Book of Astaroth tells me so.
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak but he is strong.

Yes, Rimmon loves me,
Yes, Belial loves me,
Yes, Abaddon loves me,
The Book of Astaroth tells me so.

### Words to Learn

Congregation: All the people who come to the church service.

Sacrifice: Something we give to Satan to thank Him for all the

### Knowing about Your Church

Part LXIV: The Altar

The Altar is where the High Reverend of Satan in your church kneels to say his prayers to the Devil in Hell. One of the grown-up ladies in the congregation lays on top of the altar in her bathing suit to remind us that grown-up ladies are one of the wonderful gifts that Satan gives us. Also on the altar is a billy goat. During the service all the worshipers come up to the altar and give the billy goat a kiss on his fluffy tail.

The Altar is an important

Skepticks prove God's juft love.

GOD WANTS YOU TO DIE AND GO TO HEAVEN

## *HEAVEN OR HECK?*

The choice is yours.

DID YOU ACCEPT JESUS CHRIST'S DIVINE CERTIFIED CHECK TO COVER ALL YOUR DEBTS TO GOD OR DID YOU MAKE JESUS PAY IN CASH WITH HIS BLOOD MONEY FOR YOUR SINS?

date_____ ☐ YES ☐ NO

**TAKE THESE VOWS TOD**

1. I will stop reading my horoscope in the newspaper.
2. I promise not to buy any more Alice Cooper records.
3. If Jesus comes back tomorrow, I swear not to be Jewish and crucify him on the cross again.
4. Not a word about this to my parents so they won't have me "deprogrammed" and sent to st with my aunt in Michigan for a "long rest."

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50 cal.

*June 1974*

# Digester's Reader

NY


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*53rd year: Over 30 million copies brought up monthly*

Hey, my man, get a two-quart can! Fill it to the brim with old sloe gin!
Drink it in and do it again! O.K., brother, you're set to get behind some . . .

# Soul Drinx

Yes, baby, Soul Drinks are IN! They are IT! Can you dig where they're coming from? From the SOUTH to your MOUTH! That's right! Cos these babies are BLACK! These ain't no half-assed honkie-jive lily-white watered-down wad-wasters! These are drinks with SOUL! These are the libations of liberation! Right there in your fist is the symbol of the black man's FOUR HUNDRED years of STRUGGLE against OPPRESSION, baby! Right there you got the spirit that makes him BLACK! The spirit that makes him COOL! The spirit that makes him STRONG! The spirit that makes him SCREAMING MAD CRAZY DRUNK! WHOOOOEEEEE!!! These mothers are DYNAMITE! These gonna BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF! You get behind some Soul Drinks, my man, you ain't gonna be WRECKED—you gonna be TOTALED!!!!

Alright. TCB. First off—don't tie a NOOSE on the JUICE that gets you LOOSE! Put out, baby! You customize a Caddy, boy, you blow your wad. Same with Soul Drinks! It says sloe gin, it means the best! It says gasoline, it means supreme! It says fur-trim, it means the real thing! Don't mess up a Tina's Twat with no cheap old Dynel! Don't blow that Medgar's Moment with skinny chitterlings! No sir! The BEST and the MOST when you're the HOST! If a round of Soul Drinks don't cost you a c-note, you're just another TIGHT-ASS OFAY!

And dig—a real Soul Drink is always made with SLOE GIN! That's right. Know why? Cos SLOE got SOLE! Ain't no scotch or rye or bourbon or PR rum in a Soul Drink cos that likker is just plain jive-ass oreo booshwah bullshit! Sloe gin is THE ONE AND ONLY! Anyone who says different is gonna find his head took off with a FIRE AX!

O.K. LET'S GET DOWN!!

### 1. Motherfucker

This mother's a mother, motherfucker! Your head's gonna be copping a plea before this baby's off the bar!

1 quart sloe gin
1 cup bacon drippings
2 eggs
1 cup lighter fluid
2 scoops pistachio ice cream
1 cup molasses
1 pint Pagan Pink Ripple
1 can shoeblack
1 bottle ketchup
1 old Puma Walt "Clyde" Frazier basketball shoe

Drink half the sloe gin. Fry the eggs in the drippings. Mix drippings and rest of sloe gin. Place in the "Clyde." Mix the shoeblack and molasses with a tire iron. Place in glass. Strain gin and drippings into glass, through toe of "Clyde." Mix the ketchup and the Ripple. Add. Mix the ice cream and lighter fluid. Add. Float the eggs on top, stick an olive in each egg, and you got one BAD Motherfucker staring back at you! To make a Flaming Motherfucker, use twice as much lighter fluid and hit the whole thing with a blowtorch. (Some brothers call this a Downtown Newark.)

### 2. Shirley Jism

Here's why they put the COCK in COCKTAIL! Your woman's gonna swallow this down while it's still steaming, baby! HOT and HEAVY!

1 quart sloe gin
2 cups bacon drippings
½ lb. finest ham hocks
½ lb. finest sowbelly
½ lb. finest chitterlings
2 pork chops
1 cup black-eyed peas
½ lb. marshmallows
1 cup cayenne pepper
2 12-gauge shotgun shells
1 shotgun

Drink half the sloe gin. Shoot the sowbelly twice at point-blank range. Fry it in the drippings with the chops, chitterlings, and ham hocks. Keep frying it till it makes a mush. Boil the peas. Add everything in the frying pan. Cook till a tire iron will stand upright in it. Add the sloe gin. Garnish with strips of mink and used brake linings. MMMMM! MMMMM!

### 3. Hot Buttered Honkie's Ass

This is IT, baby! The baddest! You get through with this mother, you ain't WASTED—you're D.O.A.! Alright!

1 pint sloe gin
1 fifth scotch
1 5-lb. loin of pork
1 jar Elmer's glue
1 cup coal tar
1 bag chicken feathers
1 banana
2 lbs. butter
1 spray can gold paint
2 cups used collard greens
1 car aerial

Drink the scotch. Break the bottle on the edge of the table. Stab the pork with it for ten minutes. Throw the pork on the floor. Jump on it. Whip it with the car aerial. Cut it into little pieces. Glue them back together. Stab it some more. Throw it on the floor. Jump on it. Dip the banana in the tar. Pour the rest of the tar over the pork and sprinkle with feathers. Throw it out the window. Mix the butter, collard greens, and sloe gin. Spray everything with gold paint. Stick in the banana and YOU GOT IT! □

photograph by Dick Frank

# The Fatima Letter

by Doug Kenney

**Editors' Note:** On October 13, 1917, near the small village of Fatima, Portugal, approximately 70,000 people witnessed ten-year-old Lucia Abobora's visitation by the Holy Virgin Mary.

Contemporary reports vary on minor details, but even the anticlerical press agreed that at 11:57 A.M., Lucia was greeted by an apparition in a tree "made wholly of light" who spoke a few words to the young shepherdess and vanished. Following the miracle, the sun turned pale, emitted rays of rainbow-colored light, spun three times on its axis, and "power-dived" in a zig-zag fashion to earth.

Subsequently, Lucia Abobora sealed a letter addressed to the Pope containing a number of secret prophecies marked "Not to Be Opened until 1960."

Although the letter was read some fifteen years ago, only *National Lampoon* has succeeded in breaking the conspiracy of silence surrounding this remarkable document of faith.

J.M.J.

Lucia Abobora, Age 10
October 14, 1917

Dear Pope John the XXIII,

Yesterday the Holy Virjin Mother Mary of God appeared to me and said to say a rosary every day for the conversion of Russia and for all poor sinners in horrible Agony in Hell where it is even worse and will never get out.

also She told me to tell You that Lucia Abobora has been very good all year, even better than last Christmas when she got coal in her piñata even though it was her brother Francisco who tied the burro to the clean clothesline. Then she said to tell You on December 7, 1941 the Jappanese will drop bombs on the Harbor of the Pearls (?) and that later unconverted Communists will persecute a great President for His beleifs and as Punishment She will make the market drop to 192 by Summertime. The last Almond Brother will die then too when he reads it in the "Wall Street Journal."

also You will die on April 11, 1962 at three (I forget which) and everybody will think you were a very good Pope and You will go to Heaven.

Francisco won't, though, because he didn't confess yet that he snuck Momma's hot empanadas and keeps hitting me all the time. The Holy Virjin said Francisco will have to spend 1,030,000,000,000 years in Purgatory for his hitting me and talking in catechism class. No recesses also. Jacinta, my sister, will go to Heaven if she gives me her three best Holy cards.

Also in 1974 a man will try to jump across a cliff in a big Roket but will fale and discover gold at the bottom. Ali will flirt with Foreman for the first aight rounds and take a dive in the ninth. In the same year a Great Nation famous for it's Italian cooking will be sold into Slavery but won't Care. Also England where the Queen is.

Our Lady of Spain and Portugal says too that as Punishment for there still being Russian Communists Her Son's Father is going to Send us war famen, irthkwakes, tidol waves, pestalents and plaigs starting as soon as Sonny Bono is canceld. I don't Know what that last thing means.

That is all She said except keep up the good work and no Irish Popes - She said You'd like that one the best.

Yours Truely and Holy,
Lucia Abobora, Age 10

# EARL D. PORKER, SOCIAL WORKER

## ...AND THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE

BY MARY KAY BROWN

LAMB 2.49 lb
TONGUE 2.49 lb
WEINERS 2.49 lb
VEAL 2.49 lb
T BONE 2.49 lb
CARP 2.49
CHOPS 2.49
be my own ♫ Come maby
PARDON ME.
my heart ♫ ♫
EXCUSE ME, PLEASE.
HI THERE! HOW ARE YOU TODAY?
HI THERE! MY NAME IS GUY
WILL THAT BE ALL?!
OUT
thank you!
HAVE A NICE DAY!
EXCUSE ME
GET OUT OF MY WAY.
HI THERE! HOW ARE YOU TODAY?
YOU FORGOT THE CATFOOD, EARL.
THE END

VOL. 3 NO. 11

foto novella 258

# HISTORIA DE AMOR ¡HOMICIDAS Y BRUTALIDAD!

| EN MONEDA NACIONAL | |
|---|---|
| Antilla Holandesas | 0.90 Florin |
| Bolivia | 6.50 Pesos |
| Costa Rica | 3.00 Colones |
| Dominicana | 0.35 Pesos |
| Ecuador | 11.00 Sucres |
| El Salvador | 0.90 Colon |
| Estados Unidos | .45 Dolar |
| Guatemala | 0.35 Quetzal |
| Honduras | 0.70 Lempira |
| Mexico | 3.00 Pesos |
| Panama | 0.45 Balboa |
| Nicaragua | 2.50 Cordobas |
| Peru | 15.00 Soles |
| Puerto Rico | 0.45 Dolar |
| Venezuela | 2.00 Boliveras |

## ¡LA MUJER INFIDELIDAD!

con
Alano "Al" Goldstein
Pedro Kleinman
y
Lynn "Samuelle" Lawrence

Director Artistico: D. Kenney
Argumenta: P.J. O'Rourke y Don Dean Latimer
Fotografia: Miguel Gross y Marco Hecker
Realización: Lización Lerner

EL HUSBANDO ESTÉBAN CAMERO HOMO Y DISCOVERO ROSICRUCIA CRISCO LOSTO EN PONDEROSA...

¡LA TELEVISION ES DONDI DRANO! ¡INFANTA NO HABLA "SESAME STREET"! ¡NO ACCEPTA BONO COLLEGIO!

¡CARRACAS YUBAN ES HULA PINTO MINISCULAS!

¡OOO-LO-LO...! ¡CHERE BONO MOTOROLAS!

MIA FARRO NODOZ

¡BRASSO PIMENTA!
¡BONGO!

ROSICRUCIA Y INFANTA FABRO DOLOR SUBMERSABLE...Y DON COLÓN!
¡PREMIER TITO!

¿PROFUMO?
1000 PESOS

AFTRA LOS CERVANTES MINUETTES, ROSICRUCIA CONCENSA A BUENA VISTA LOS ETCHINGOS DEL DON COLÓN...
...ES LA PENTCASA MIA

SEÑORA COLÓN NO COMPRENDE MIO...

¡Y PONCE DE LEON!
¡IYYYYYY! TU MUCHO CANASTA Y PERVERTIMENTO!

IPANA MUCHO GRANOLA

¡...Y UNA CYMBAL DEL AFFECTION POR EL INFANTA "ROBERTO CLEMENTE"!

GUACAMOLE PLUGOLA TU VOLVO RHUMBA...

COLON TABULA RASA, LA MUJER INFIDELIDAD RAPIDO REMORSA...

GUANO

...Y REPENTA

POLKA MALLOMAR MIA CON CARNE GARGANTUA Y ZAPATA LA PEZ EN LOS MUCHOS DISGUSTOS...

¡¡REVOLTA CACA-SUCRÉ VOMITA DISREPUTA SLUTO EXCOMUNICADO MUCHO PRESTO BINGO!!

EN ROSICURCIA RETURNA DOMESTICO...

¿¿QUANTAS PESOS COSTA DEL NEUVO MONTEVIDEO?!

TORQUÉ?

ES MIA SAVANAROLAS DEL BANCO PORCO.

¡HORA BRASSO!

¡¡ ¡BRAQUE!

¡MEO MACHISMO INSANO PAR DUELLO MUERTE! ADDIDAS!

¡BOO-JOO!

¡BANJO! ¡BANJO!

LOS DOS HOMBRES GLADIOLA MORTÁL.

¡TU MADRAS JUMPO LOS NEGROS!

¡BAMBI!

¡BAMBI!

¡TU MADRAS ES BLO-HABE POR LOS BURROS!

¡IYYYY! MUY HUSBANDO ES MUERTA PIÑATA!

¡CRAJOLA!

...ES HOJO TERMINALIDAD.

¡ZAPPA!

OOOO

NINA PINTA SANTA SANGRIA...

LAS DIAS RAPIDO, ROSICRUCIA ES DEFENDANDA EN JUDICIAL CRIMIÑAL...

...Y POR LOS DOS HOMICIDAS BRUTÁL, TU ES CONDEMNO A LA SOFA ELECTRICAL!

FIN

# JESUS CHRIST ASTRONAUT

## By ERIC VAN DÄNKEN

### From the forthcoming BANKBOOKS OF THE AUTHOR

**Translated by Dean Latimer**

On February 12, 1953, a dank mist clung to the grey, forbidding mountains of Galilee. It was in these very wastes north of the Dead Sea that Jesus Christ, two thousand years before, had sought refuge for inspiration and meditation, safe from the evil and ignorant machinations of the Jewish Sanhedrin of Jerusalem! And now Hans Schliepmann, the brilliant amateur archaeologist, was laboriously retracing Our Savior's faint, forgotten footsteps through the trackless wilderness, hardly daring to hope that on this day, after so many disappointments in the past, he would find what he knew was there.

Suddenly the ground gave way! The fifty-four-year-old Schliepmann sustained a nasty spill some sixteen feet down the side of what appeared to be a mere tumbled rockfall. Ignoring his cuts and bruises, however, he set his grinning Arab assistants promptly to work, clearing away the rubble from the ditch into which he had unwittingly stumbled. "Das vas der luckiest schpill ever getooken py man," was what Schliepmann told me later. "First all ve finds is *potsherds*, though. Pah! I *schpvit* on potsherds! Der schientister-man, he fits two, three potsherds into each odder, unt he says '*Ja!* Das ist ben ein Neo-Babylonian immigrant kultur, circa 580 B.C.! Me, I vouldn't wipe mine *tuch* on potsherds. I dig up any zem, I grind zem unter mine *boot*, like *zo*! Potsherds! *Feh!*"

Having delivered this lively *ex cathedra* assessment of tradition-bound archaeological shibboleths, Schliepmann went on to describe the magnificent discovery that victoriously justified a long, thankless career of enthusiastic excavations around the Holy Land: *a pair of sandals once worn by Our Lord Jesus Christ!* "I find dem next py dis vierd metallik doohickey I don't know vot it's for," he explained to me, showing a curious artifact indeed, of which more presently. "But looky here," he went on in hushed tones, as if fearing eavesdroppers. "See, der name, der *name* is burnt onto dem leather schlippers: *Jesus*! Vot more I got to say?"

What more, indeed! The hermetically-sealed minds of self-styled "archaeological scientists" and others with vested interests to jealously protect—those who inevitably must resent the discovery of this invaluable trove by a "mere" amateur, when all *their* highly-financed and officially-recognized excavations have failed to unearth anything more impressive than broken dishes and cuneiform laundry lists—these "authorities" may nervously repudiate Schliepmann's discovery as just another "unauthorized dig," but those with understanding unclouded by institutionalized dogma—can they not only regard Schliepmann's artifacts as hargard Schliepmann's artifacts as hargbingers of a revolutionary new dimension in our understanding of Man and his past?!

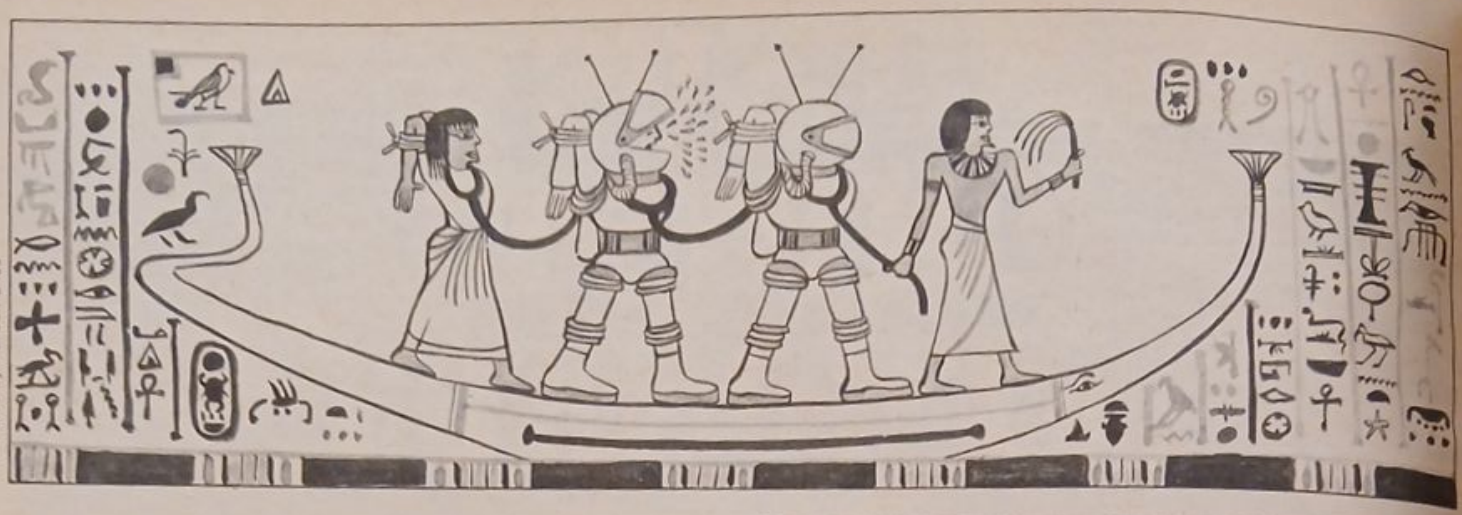
Regard the sandals, first of all, of which I possess the only existing photograph. Frantic objections will inevitably be raised here, by anxious apologists for both the scientific and religious[1] establishments, as to their authenticity, of course. (How strange that these supposedly antithetical disciplines should unite so solidly every time a disinterested third party proposes to ventilate the Truth. How strange, and how very revealing!) "Where were these artifacts uncovered?" they will quibble. "At what precise level of stratigraphy? In how close a contiguity to what, if any, other artifacts of which historical period? What equipment did Herr Schliepmann employ? Which system of classification was used? What were his 'professional qualifications' to presume to *make* a find of this unparalleled magnitude? What *prestigious university* or *respected industrial megolith* lent their indispensable *imprimatur* to this unorthodox undertaking?"[2] What cant! What errant dissimulation! When grey-bearded scientists and dark-frocked clergy so blatantly conspire in a splitting of such immaterial hairs, then even an "unauthorized outsider" may detect the rank stench of corruption. What *are* these people trying so desperately to suppress?

Easy as it is to object to Schliepmann, it is, thankfully, even more easy to dispense with objecting to him since Truth may be determined by simple inspection of the sandals of which I possess the only existing photograph! Ordinary deductive logic, shorn of all doctrinal complications,

[1] Need I even *comment* on these "religions" calling themselves *Judeo*-Christian?

[2] And what of certain finds which *were* accomplished under such "indispensable" patronage? What of the strange "dry cell batteries" found in the -III stratum of Ba'albek? What of the peculiar teflon-like pottery found in some southwestern Pueblo settlements? What about rows upon rows of perfectly-preserved Egyptian mummies discovered in "deep freeze" storage on the Spitzbergen glaciers? Why have these officially funded excavations been so ruthlessly suppressed from public knowledge? Perhaps we must be thankful that Hans Schliepmann was, after all, "only" an "amateur"!

*continued*



Illustrated by Randall Enos

RETURN OF THE ATLANTEAN VOYAGERS after 6,000-year absence was given "front-page" treatment in the arts of all ancient societies, from whose ruins I made the only existing copies. Would they enjoy such a well-publicized reception in this "demythological" day and age?

photograph by Peter Kleinman

ANTHROPOLOGISTS BLATANTLY IGNORE disturbing technological similarities among so-called "primitive" peoples separated by thousands of miles and aeons of history. How can the pipe dream of "Independent Invention" be stretched so thin as to accommodate these ineffable and ubiquitous so-called "coincidences"? The final victory of the Diffusionists is fast approaching—with the *physical demonstration* of Atlantean intervention in human affairs!

*JSVS*: Proudly inscribed in vigorous Roman characters, these sandals strongly indicate that Our Lord was not Jewish, for otherwise surely He would have signed His Name in traditional Hebrew text. Artifact at right seems to have been crafted using metallurgical techniques supposedly unknown until Benvenuto Cellini invented lost-wax casting in the fifteenth century A.D.!

continued

impels the correct conclusion. Who would *wear* these particular sandals, after all, in 33 A.D. Palestine? One would naturally expect them to conform with the phenotypical Syro-Semitic foot, at least, and be short and broad, but quite the *opposite* actually obtains! The owner of these sandals enjoyed a foot 24.765 centimeters long by precisely 7.62 centimeters wide, for a Uniform Pedal Ratio of 3.25—whereas according to statistics compiled at the University of Nuremburg in 1940, your typical Jew exhibits a much closer ratio of 2.01. But wait a minute! Foot ratios of 3.06 and above are characteristic *exclusively* of the "Indo-Aryan" races, to wit, High Germans, Scandinavians, and some Finns! Can it be that Jesus, as so many have bravely suggested, was not a Jew at all, but an Aryan?

Look again at Hans Schliepmann's wonderful sandals. Is any other conclusion justifiable? Is any other conclusion *decent*? Would you *dare* come to any other conclusion? Huh? Would you?

And now for the other, even more mysterious artifact: a flat, strangely rectangular object, about 5.75 by 2.5 by 1.25 centimeters, weighing perhaps 54 grams. Wrought of some peculiar ferrous alloy, it was badly caked with immemorial oxidation when I saw it, just for a brief moment, but long enough to recognize that it consisted of two working sections—and one section had been pried away from the other far enough to expose within a super-sophisticated arrangement of working parts of which I possess the only existing photograph! But before I had a chance to inspect the object at length, unhappily, Hans Schliepmann left to conduct a historic dig far up on mysterious Mount Ararat in Turkey and, "oddly," was never heard from again! All he left me was this only existing photograph, published here for the first time.

To essay any informed guess as to the nature and function of this fascinating mechanism, other documented facts must here be briefly introduced. Jesus was an Aryan. This has been settled beyond question. The appearance of this tall, blond, intelligent, personable, and wise blue-eyed stranger in the Oriental world must have provoked quite a controversy among its short, dark, low-visaged, primitive, dirty inhabitants—as indeed it did! Of course, Indo-Aryan Goths were not unknown in Judea, generally figuring as top-flight military men, known for their tactical brilliance and lightning swiftness of attack in the Roman occupation forces, yet here was one that moved about unarmed, telling wonderful stories, asking probing questions, performing impossible miracles,[3] bringing national unity, making the caravans run on time, and getting rid of *money changers*! Where did he come from?

Here we come upon the important question about Jesus' ministry on earth: Was He a Cytherean spaceman?

In the year 9007 B.C., the continent of Atlantis, civilization's "fatherland mass," sank beneath the waves "after a single day and night of misfortune," as Plato clearly reports in his *Timaeus*. Only a remnant of the tall, blond, blue-eyed masters of Atlantis, proprietors of Gaia ("Earth") escaped the awful cataclysm. The facts are there in Plato for anyone to read them: how the great, wise, and beneficent Atlanteans, having developed a space age technology that rendered human labor obsolete, freed their slaves and settled them in Europe, North Africa, and Asia Minor; how they encouraged these backward and benighted Celts, Negroids, and even Semites to establish their own primitive "civilizations," and exacted only the most moderate tokens of tribute; and how the renegade (and probably part Semitic) Athenians[4] repaid their noble eleemosynary efforts by sabotaging the colossal machinery that kept Atlantis afloat in the ocean, destroying thereby the so-called "mythological" Golden Age!

On Gaia, the only Atlanteans to survive this treachery were the overseer garrisons on the Scandinavian peninsula who, cut off from their sophisticated technological culture, lapsed gradually into noble savagery. But a civilization as technological as Atlantis had surely the power to travel to other planets in this solar system, if not to the stars themselves: the second planet from the Sun they called Cytherea, and there they had long ago established an Atlantean colony.

But hold it! It seems the planet Cytherea ("Venus") has supposedly been ordained "uninhabitable" by our world's unimpeachable astrophysical community[5]: they have agreed to endow her with a ferocious surface temperature of 400 to 500 degrees centigrade, and as if that weren't enough, these solons gravely report that her atmosphere is 97 percent $CO_2$. Not 95 percent or 98 percent, mind you, but 97 percent on the *nose*[6]. This, when their very own hired cosmonauts bubblingly admit in public that from a few thousand miles above the stratosphere, Gaia itself looks entirely barren and forbidding.[7] Whom are they trying to fool? Would the Atlanteans, of all people, establish a flourishing colony on some over-heated seltzer bottle? Would they? Who's kidding whom?

Of course, the Cytherean colony, in comparison with the lately-sundered home base, possessed a relatively less developed technology: spacecraft of a size and sophistication to maintain regular intercourse with Gaia were lacking, and perforce had to be painfully redeveloped from the materials at hand on Cytherea. Anyone who tries to construct even a simple Apollo lunar landing, command, and service module system from nothing but a giant vat of hot carbon dioxide will have an inkling of the monumental dimensions of the task! It took centuries of concentrated effort. In the meantime, the feeble slave civilizations of the earth disintegrated into a wandering, rootless chaos, strewn with pitifully squalid agricultural efforts here and there—the so-called "Neolithic Era."

The appearance of Cytherean spaceships in our heavens on scouting missions prompted the artistic and technological renaissance of the Fourth Millenium B.C. Strange flying saucer-like images appeared on wall paintings in Egypt, Europe, and South America; the Pyramids were built (with Cytherean antigravity assistance)[8] in an effort to reach up and coax down those strange silent visitors who had left so long ago. The collective racial subconscious of all Atlantean-descended "Indo-Aryans" was stirred, the manufacture of bronze was remembered, and the wonderful civilizations of Egypt, Mesopotamia,

[3] No one can deny that Jesus performed at least fifty-two well-documented "miracles." Loaves into fishes, water into wine, walking on water, defoliation of fig trees, a host of cures both psychiatric and physical—all proving that He possessed some *inkling*, at least, of space age advances in physics and medicine! Again we must be thankful that the early Christians were not the "enlightened theologians" of today, who would reject these transmutations and cures as so much "hearsay"—as if the feeding of *five thousand* people from five "loaves" and two "fishes" could be termed "hearsay" just because the gospel writers possessed the only existing eyewitness accounts!

[4] *Atlantis* signifies, of course, "realm of Atlas," upon whom the succession devolved from his father *Hephaestus*, or "Vulcan," husband of *Aphrodite*, the Greek version of Babylonian *Cytherea*(!), cognate with the Sumerian "Queen of Heaven" *Anatha*, who was adopted by the Greeks as *Athena*, patron goddess of the Athenians, thus proving irrefutable grounds for my contention that the Greeks wanted to prove their Nordic inheritance even *before* the Dorian invasion of 1200 B.C.! But couldn't. And still can't!

[5] Whose world-wide "coincidental" propensity for *gabardine* topcoats speaks for itself!

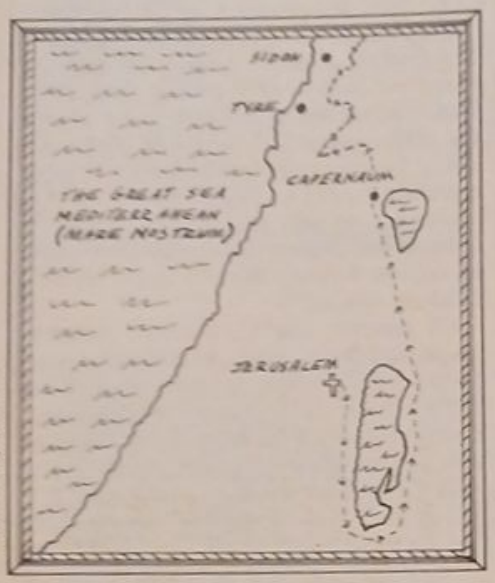
[6] If you catch my drift.

[7] One such glorified mechanic was Virgil Grissom (yes, *Virgil!*), who is reputed to have spoken of sighting the "Great Silver Wheel" at 750 kilometers—shortly before his suspicious murder at Cape Canaveral.

[8] How *else* did those three-ton blocks get carved out of those limestone cliffs, carried to Tell-el-Aramana, and hoisted into a 138-meter-high structure that just *incidentally* sharpens steel blades—*proof* that the Egyptians *possessed* steel!—amplifies the power of prayer, keeps eggs fresh forever, and provokes telepathic visions in even the subthreshold psychic? To impute all this to Hebrew day-labor merely beggars the credulity—and may well *insult* those who actually accomplished the work!

continued

SO-CALLED "FERTILITY IDOL" of the anomalously light-pigmented cannibals of *Gowaynow* seems to be a hybrid achieved through artificial crossbreeding techniques unknown as yet to modern science. But of course, it *has* to be a mere "fertility idol"!




Illustrated by Celia Bay

IT IS KNOWN AS FACT that Jesus' wanderings in the Wilderness of Judea (skeptics please ref. Matt. 4:7-11; Mark 1:12-13; and Luke 4:1-13!) took Him on an extraordinarily complicated path. Above is a representation of this path, as retraced through painstaking effort. Seen from about eighty-two miles above, it resolves into a distinct portrait, said to eerily resemble the profile of Joseph ben Caiaphas, heirophant of the Jerusalem Sanhedrin. Was Jesus carrying a radioactive tracer element on His journey, broadcasting this first "wanted poster" to Watchers high above?

SUPPRESSED PHOTO of the Moon's so-called "Dark Side," smuggled out of Russia by expatriate physical scientist Prof. Valerie Menchikoff, reveals obviously artificial formation near Sea of Socialist Vindication. Is it a sign from the Watchers, welcoming Mankind into the Age of the Universe?

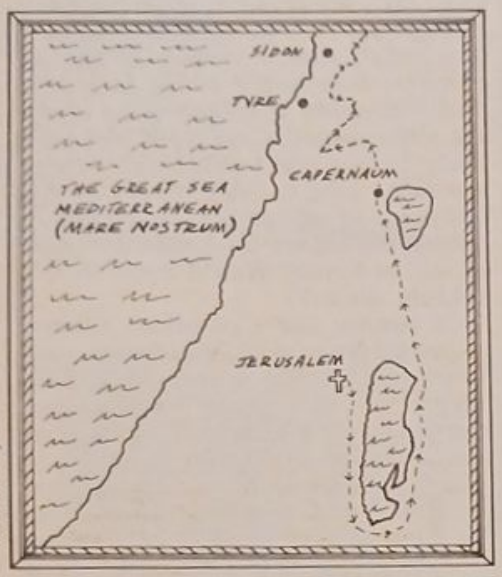
CYTHEREAN SPACEMAN, of whom I possess the only existing photograph? The authentic name of the planet we call "Venus" is actually *Cythere*, after the Assyrian fertility goddess. Its Atlantis-descended inhabitants greatly resent the appellation "Venus" being applied to their Sacred Homeland: would *we* enjoy being labeled a "Venereal population"? Nor is substitution of Venus' Greek equivalent any more acceptable to them: Will we say Jesus preached an "Aphrodisiac Doctrine"? How long will the *soi-disant* "enlightened scientists" of our planet Earth continue this impudent and malicious slander of their betters?

photograph by Peter Kleinman

THE AUTHOR AT THE SCHLIEPMANN DIG: Nearby Capernaum, Jesus' base of operations, looks across the beautiful Lake of Galilee into the awesome Dead Sea valley, 400 feet below sea level, the only phenomenon of its kind known on this or any other hitherto-charted planet! When will "Organized Science" attempt to penetrate the disturbing and well-known supernatural phenomena surrounding the Dead Sea? Not soon, we fear!

"WELCOME HOME, SISTERS OF ATLANTIS," this jolly fellow is obviously saying, waving his loincloth in a happy greeting. Visible from miles in the air over the famed Salisbury Plain (Stonehenge, etc.), our impressive "Chalk Giant" charmed the tall, blond, blue-eyed beauties of Cytherea.

SO-CALLED "FERTILITY IDOL" of the anomalously light-pigmented cannibals of Gowaynow seems to be a hybrid achieved through artificial crossbreeding techniques unknown as yet to modern science. But of course, it *has* to be a mere "fertility idol"!




illustrated by Celia Bau

IT IS KNOWN AS FACT that Jesus' wanderings in the Wilderness of Judea (skeptics please ref. Matt. 4:7-11; Mark 1:12-13; and Luke 4:1-13!) took Him on an extraordinarily complicated path. Above is a representation of this path, as retraced through painstaking effort. Seen from about eighty-two miles above, it resolves into a distinct portrait, said to eerily resemble the profile of Joseph ben Caiaphas, heirophant of the Jerusalem Sanhedrin. Was Jesus carrying a radioactive tracer element on His journey, broadcasting this first "wanted poster" to Watchers high above?

SUPPRESSED PHOTO of the Moon's so-called "Dark Side," smuggled out of Russia by expatriate physical scientist Prof. Valerie Menchikoff, reveals obviously artificial formation near Sea of Socialist Vindication. Is it a sign from the Watchers, welcoming Mankind into the Age of the Universe?

CYTHEREAN SPACEMAN, of whom I possess the only existing photograph? The authentic name of the planet we call "Venus" is actually *Cythere*, after the Assyrian fertility goddess. Its Atlantis-descended inhabitants greatly resent the appellation "Venus" being applied to their Sacred Homeland: would *we* enjoy being labeled a "Venereal population"? Nor is substitution of Venus' Greek equivalent any more acceptable to them: Will we say Jesus preached an "Aphrodisiac Doctrine"? How long will the *soi-disant* "enlightened scientists" of our planet Earth continue this impudent and malicious slander of their betters?

photograph by Peter Kleinman

THE AUTHOR AT THE SCHLIEPMANN DIG: Nearby Capernaum, Jesus' base of operations, looks across the beautiful Lake of Galilee into the awesome Dead Sea valley, 400 feet below sea level, the only phenomenon of its kind known on this or any other hitherto-charted planet! When will "Organized Science" attempt to penetrate the disturbing and well-known supernatural phenomena surrounding the Dead Sea? Not soon, we fear!

"WELCOME HOME, SISTERS OF ATLANTIS," this jolly fellow is obviously saying, waving his loincloth in a happy greeting. Visible from miles in the air over the famed Salisbury Plain (Stonehenge, etc.), our impressive "Chalk Giant" charmed the tall, blond, blue-eyed beauties of Cytherea.

*continued*

and Minoan Crete were the result.

Before long, the grateful citizens of the Earth were in perpetual communion with these god-like Cythereans. Acting out of forgiveness and charity for all humankind, the Cythereans reinstituted their benevolent rule over those who once had been their slaves. In return, all they required were regular "sacrifices" of gold, cattle, agricultural foodstuffs, and nubile youngsters of both sexes—and this more as an incentive for Earthians to increase production, than as any kind of *quid pro quo*. What price wisdom and guidance, after all?

Thus things continued, in a second long Golden Age (or Bronze Age, if you will) until the Dorian Greeks began their sabre-rattling again. What ages-old covetousness impelled these mix-blooded barbarians down out of the Danube watershed to rape the Peloponnesus, sack Crete, and worm their iron-wielding tentacles into the soft underbelly of Asia Minor where the enlightened Achaemenidae were administering a progressive Cythereian form of government? Why will no "responsible" historian step forward and try to seriously explain how the Greeks should so *suddenly* appear, equipped with formidable weapons, collonaded marble temples, and vast amphitheaters, if they weren't backed with you-know-whose fruits of usury? I wait in vain to hear such explanation because any historian who tried would immediately lose the "respect" of that academic world which has such a strange reluctance to holding classes on Saturday.

Of course, this pesky race could easily have been annihilated out of hand by the lordly Cythereans (as witness Sodom and Gomorrah—ancient resort cities of the fertile crescent comparable to today's American Catskills or Miami Beach), but the bonds of consanguinity forbade such a slaughter. The Dorians were still part white, remember. The massive expedition of Persia's Xerxes against Greece in 480 B.C. was merely organized and led by helicopter-borne Cytherean field advisors[9] who refrained from actively taking part even when the Greeks treacherously ambushed the Persians at Marathon and sabotaged their fleet at Salamis. Xerxes, then, failed the Cythereans at the last; but still they remained with humanity, dispensing counsel and wisdom until the final destruction of the Neo-Babylonian Empire by Alexander[10] the "Great" in 332 B.C.

Wisely it is said, "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts."[11] For all their celebrated "philosophy," the Greeks deprived humanity of contact with the Cythereans. Human sacrifice (with the dismembered "victim," of course, quickly resuscitated by Cytherean supersurgeons performing valuable medical experiments) was consistently neglected by the Greeks. Also, an old Greek legend had Prometheus hoaxing Zeus into accepting in sacrifice only the worthless fat-wrapped thighbones of cattle, a deception the Greeks practiced religiously (and passed off as crown roast in their ancient Deloscatessens). With Greeks in control of the civilized world from the Nile to the Himalayas, is it any wonder the offended Cythereans withdrew into the skies again? Aren't communists just like Greeks? And didn't the largely Nordic United States of America withdraw from Southeast Asia?

But in 60 B.C., of course, the hard-working, patriotic, and orderly Romans appropriated the Seleucid Empire from the decadent Macedonians. This was the signal for the Cythereans to resume their visits—giving us another chance, as it were. This time they decided to go about things differently: They would send an agent, just one man working alone, to teach us the fundamentals of civilized behavior. That agent was Jesus.

But why Judea? Here is a mystery indeed, but not an intractable one. The Cythereans were just too forgiving and charitable for their own good. They thought that if the Cytherean agent named Jesus could bring orderly, patriotic hard work to the planet's lowest barbarians—the Jewish race—then the example would automatically edify all civilized nations.

Of course, it was a risky business, which brings us to that enigmatic piece of space age hardware from Hans Schliepmann's excavation. The answer to the riddle is now perfectly clear: It was an emergency touch-tone phone! Should the Sanhedrin under Joseph ben Caiaphas (a desperate rogue!) actually lay hands on Jesus, a toll-free call to the Cythereian rescue squad hovering far above in an antigravity machine would bring immediate assistance.

"So what went wrong?" I shall be asked. At every step in my revolutionary ontology I am beset with trifling queries like this, designed to undermine my exposition. A seeker after Truth must be on guard at all time against the ruses of those who would discredit him, for their own aggrandizement or for the blood pay of an international conspiracy too vast to touch upon here. Socrates was such a one even if he might have been Greek.[12] Like Socrates, I anticipate these blows before they fall! It's *obvious* what happened to Jesus' telephone: He left it in the ditch with His sandals—*right where Hans Schliepmann found it!*[13] Did not Jesus realize beforehand that he faced certain death by torture on that fateful trek? Well, omniscient as we would all like our Cytherean hero to be, the answer is no. Jesus clearly expected to raise up the whole population of Jerusalem against the lazy, evil, and untidy Sanhedrin on His first day there, as His "putsch" in the temple signifies. When no rebellion coalesced, He was sad and disappointed. Perhaps His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane was an anguished effort to remember where He left the phone. The actual seizure and arrest naturally made Him angry at the Jews and His perfunctory railroading through a "Roman"[14] court caused Him (not to mention Cytherean public opinion) to resent Earthian humanity in general. As a result, there were the Middle Ages.

Middle of *what*, that is what I'd like to know! If they're the last thing that happened before us, why are they called "Middle"? What gives? Where are the Cytherean spacemen, anyway? Why don't they come back? And where do you think oil comes from? How did something so valuable get way down under the ground like that? Just because the solar flare cycle is focusing tremendous energy on the enormous ruby deposits of the Bolivian Andes, forming a giant natural laser beam to melt the polar ice caps and make the world get warmer. Warmer. Getting very warm. Nope . . . cooler . . . cooler . . . . You're ice cold! You'll never find it there! They'll never find you here! Just tell us where you got the book and nothing will happen. Come on, Heeb, who gave it to you? *Give it here*, Ikey. You four-eyed yid-zos are always reading . . . always in the house reading. Why don't you go outside and play sports, huh? You think you know it all, don't you? Just because I went to Business College. Well, you don't! You don't! You don't! You don't! You don't! Fucking Kike. When my spaceman gets back there's gonna be trouble. Heh-nah, heh-nah, my spaceman's back! He's kinda big and he's awful strong. Heh-nah, heh-nah, my spaceman's back! □

[9] Who *were* the curious "Magnetes" whom Herodotus credited with aiding Xerxes' army? The lodestone was not to be discovered for over a thousand years yet. Must we meekly accept the insulting explanation that this is a mere error in transliteration?

[10] Obviously a legal change of name was effected: witness "Alexander's" department store in New York, United States; and we *know* who owns the department stores in the United States (*e.g.*, Bergdorf Goodman, Nieman Marcus, B. Altman, etc.).

[11] Just look what happened to Jacqueline *Onassis'* first husband's younger brother's son, Teddy! And you *know* who runs the Mayo Clinic.

[12] Since "Socrates" isn't a Jewish name, he very likely wasn't Greek at all.

[13] Go ahead, Clip-Tip, refute *that* one.

[14] *Roman* is the Hebrew word for "traffic" and Jesus probably misunderstood.

Tales of the Adelphian Lodge

# The Night of the Seven Fires

by Chris Miller

The moment he woke up, Pinto discovered two terrible things. The first was that he had a hangover. Not one of his usual ones, though these were bad enough, but a veritable Hiroshima among hangovers. His stomach felt like a swamp; his tongue like a small dead animal, bloated and putresced; his forehead as if it had been struck by an ax. He made to bring a hand to his forehead, to see if perhaps it *had* been struck by an ax.

That was when he made the second discovery: His hand wouldn't move. In fact, his arm wouldn't move. Nor would his other arm. *He* couldn't move. Below the neck, he couldn't move a thing! A terrible sense of dread took him. What had he done last night?

He opened his eyes. Light speared them like hatpins, but he squinted, blinking away his tears, and . . . wait, this wasn't his dorm room! He was lying on a bed, a raggedy army blanket thrown over him, in what appeared to be one of the small bedrooms on the third floor of his fraternity house. . . .

And then he remembered: The Fires! Last night had finally been the Fires, his fraternity initiation . . . and now he was paralyzed from the neck down? Become one of those poor assholes you read about each year, maimed during hazing?

He repressed panic. He had to keep his wits, piece together his fragmented memories of last night, figure out what happened. He remembered pushing off from the house around ten o'clock, having been paired with Stu the Jew. . . .

By ten-thirty, the road north of Hanover was deserted. The civilized quaintness of Dartmouth College, with its green-shuttered dormitories and stately halls of academe, lay well behind them, and now, to both sides, deep pine forests loomed. New snow had fallen during the day and a fat, fluffy blanket of white covered everything, augmenting the winter's several previous snows to make drifts that in places reached five feet. A full moon lit the scene with a strange iridescent cast. The New Hampshire night was muffled, crisp, and incredibly cold.

In his hand, Pinto carried a map. Identical mimeographed maps had been handed each pair of pledges that evening, as they'd stood about the pre-Fires keg back at the house earlier, hurling down beers for courage and against the cold. According to it, he and Stu had almost reached the turn-off that led to the first fire, and the start of their fraternity's legendary initiation rites.

There was much that was legendary about the Adelphian Lodge. For one thing, it was the only house among Dartmouth's twenty-four to which the freshman class each year at the nearby girls' schools were actually warned not to go. On the other hand, when a party weekend came along, everyone who was anyone had at least to make an appearance at the Adelphian, which was to Dartmouth social life what the Yankees had been to the American League pennant for the last fifteen years. The principles for which the Adelphian Lodge stood, and which had brought about its fame, were stated in their Credo, a large, hand-lettered sign that hung behind the bar: *Sickness is health, blackness is truth, drinking is strength.* And if there was a single event which embodied the entire Adelphian *zeitgeist*, it was the Night of the Seven Fires.

Pinto didn't know everything that would go on at the Fires, but he knew the main thing. It was booting, a process of drinking and throwing up, drinking and throwing up, until no one could stay on their feet anymore. In this fashion, they would be transformed from pledges into brothers. What was more, the pledge who threw the overall most colorful show of the night would be awarded the pledge prize.

Pinto was after that prize. He had been in training for it since October, when he pledged the Adelphian Lodge, spending hours by the keg nightly, learning to quaff multiple beers and then accurately boot them into the concrete gutter that ran the perimeter of their basement barroom. After four months of this, he felt ready.

His only serious competition, he figured, would come from Mumbles, La Pic, or Bags. Certainly not from Stu the Jew, trudging along beside him. Ordinarily, competing with tall, muscular Stu—in anything—would have intimidated Pinto. But not tonight. Stu's training time had gone into sports and booking rather than booting and one look at the half-scared, half-defiant expression he now wore showed that he was looking forward to tonight's activities about as much as he would to a hernia operation. In fact, quite a few of the pledges had looked scared shitless back at the house earlier. But Pinto didn't feel that way. He whooped and slid giddily on the snow, hardly able to wait.

The turn-off appeared abruptly, only a very few tire tracks marking its existence. The narrow roadway, a dirt road actually, wound up the sloping sides of Balch Hill, into the very middle of the dark, ominous woods. During spring and fall, it led to several secluded parking places where Dartmouth men with cars were wont to take their dates. Tonight, however, it was a gauntlet, the route of the Seven Sacred Watchfires of the Adelphian Lodge, each fire with its contingent of brothers waiting poised to torment them with a variety of devices and stratagems. Looking up the roadway, Pinto could almost understand the fears of some of his pledge brothers.

At that moment, a low moan escaped the lips of Stu the Jew. Pinto glanced at him, surprised. He'd known Stu was unhappy, but not *that* unhappy.

"Stu, you okay?" His breath made white puffs of vapor against the night.

Stu didn't answer. He simply stared up at the woods, muscles bunching and knotting in his cheeks. Pinto, try-

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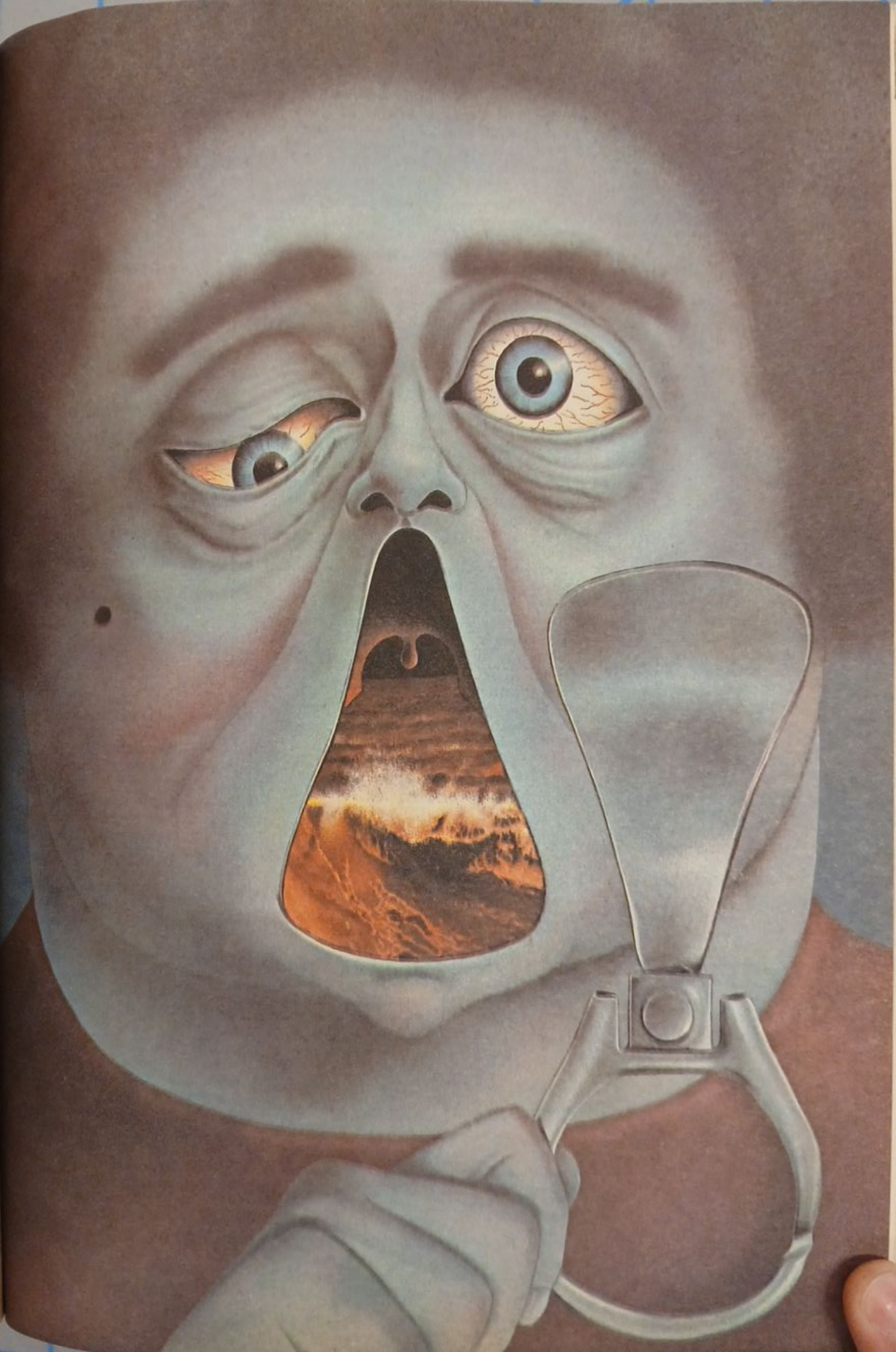


ing to help, drew a flask of brandy from the pocket of his parka and held it out to him.

Stu recoiled incredulously, as if he were about to be keelhauled and Pinto had offered him a glass of water. "Are you shitting me? With all we're going to have to drink?"

Shrugging, Pinto put the flask away. The way he figured it, they'd be booting all night, so what the hell did it matter how much they had to drink? But let Stu do it his own way. "Ready?"

Stu nodded reluctantly. Stepping off into deeper snow, they started up the hill.

The first fire revealed itself to them in a shower of sparks rising from behind an upcoming ridge. As they moved closer, they heard voices, then laughter. Among the laughs was one that was unmistakable.

"Hey, that's Otter," Pinto told Stu. "Come on, this fire won't be bad at all."

Stu looked as if he doubted that, but resumed walking. The road hooked sharply around the ridge and there, primitive and terrific, was a great, crackling bonfire. Its flames leapt and danced, casting a broad circle of light that gradually gave way to crazily dancing tree shadows. Perched on a stump was a quarter-keg of beer, gravity-tipped, and standing around the keg were several figures holding beer cups. Pinto recognized Otter, Mouse, Terry, and Pale Pete. Two other figures were obscure behind the flames.

"Hi, guys." Pinto headed excitedly toward them.

The brothers spun to confront them, their faces assuming looks of mock horror.

"What?" cried Mouse. "What did you say?"

Pinto halted uncertainly. "Uh, I said 'Hi, guys.' "

"Anh! Anh! That's what I thought he said!" Charlie Boing-Boing bounded from behind the fire, staring at Pinto as if what Pinto had said was "I eat farts."

"On your *knees*, pledges!" ordered Mouse, hands on hips.

Pinto and Stu exchanged looks.

*"You heard him!"* yelled Charlie Boing-Boing. *"On your knees and call in!"*

Pinto and Stu fell rapidly to their knees and began to bellow: *"Most unworthy neophyte . . ."*

"Hold it, hold it, one at a time," directed Terry. "You first." He pointed to Stu the Jew.

*"Most unworthy neophyte, Stuart Lawrence Richman, begs to announce his most humble presence at the Adelphian Lodge!"* shouted Stu.

"What? What?" Mouse was aghast. "Did you hear that?"

"Tsk tsk," said Otter. "Appalling."

Stu looked bewildered.

"This isn't the Adelphian Lodge!" screamed Charlie Boing-Boing. "You fucking asshole!"

"Oh, right, right. *Most unworthy neophyte, Stuart Lawrence Richman, begs to announce his most humble presence at the Adelphian Fires!"*

"At the *first* Adelphian Fire," corrected Otter.

*"Most unworthy neophyte, Stuart Lawrence Richman, begs to announce his most humble presence at the first Adelphian Fire!"*

*"Most unworthy neophyte . . ."* began Pinto.

"Oh, hush," said Otter. "That's enough of that."

"All right, pledges, on your feet!" directed Mouse.

Pinto and Stu stood up and Terry handed them each a beer. Stu looked at it as if he had never seen one before.

"Now, boys," said Otter, in his friendly, cool, California way, "before we start, I'd like yuh to say hello to muh girl."

"Hi," said a voice. Pinto squinted through the flames. There, dressed in a pert blue parka with a furred hood, was Joy Tabasco, Otter's girl friend. A girl . . . at the Fires? Otter was amazing.

"All right," said Otter, "now that both you gentlemen have a beer, why don't you chug them?"

Well, this was it. Pinto and Stu exchanged glances and brought their beer cups to their mouths. The frosty fluid made a ribbon of cold down Pinto's throat.

"Two more beers for the boys," said Otter agreeably.

Terry had them waiting. That they were in sixteen-ounce cups, twice the volume of the glasses with which he'd been training, wasn't bothering Pinto at all. He chugged his second beer rapidly down and a moment later Stu finished his. They were immediately handed two more. They chugged. This time Pinto overtilted a bit and twin rills of beer made icy lines on his cheeks.

"You're supposed to get it all in your mouth!" Mouse darted about making small jumps, like an angry cartoon character. "Asshole! Asshole!"

"Now, Mouse." Otter placed a hand on either side of Joy's hood, as if to cover her ears. There was general laughter.

"Well, time we got down to some serious booting," Otter said. "Hope yuh made it down to the Italian restaurant okay. I'd hate for yuh to be chokin' on lumps in front of muh girl."

The brothers had solicitously warned the pledges to eat nothing more solid than spaghetti that day. "Sure did," said Pinto, and Stu nodded.

"Good," said Otter. "Terry, give Pinto a fresh beer."

Dependable Terry appeared with a fresh beer.

"Now, chug!" ordered Charlie Boing-Boing.

Pinto swung the cup to his mouth and began swallowing deep draughts. He wished he could just open his throat and pour the stuff down, as he had once seen a fat hood he'd known in high school do. He really wanted to drink and boot well for these guys. Cold as he probably was, he felt warmed by a sense of imminent belonging. Otter was terrific. Terry was terrific. They were *all* ter . . .

*Glorp!* Something thick and gloopy slid into his throat and caught there, like a giant wad of phlegm. Pinto gagged . . . and booted! He booted everything he'd had to drink since seven that evening, a gallon at least, in a single great arc of roaring foam and twining pink spaghetti strands that narrowly missed Charlie Boing-Boing's left ear and splatted spectacularly against the trunk of a tree.

"Power boot!" exclaimed Mouse.

"Fantastic!" cried Charlie Boing-Boing.

"What form!" enthused Terry. "Did you see how it held together?" He shook his head in connoisseur-like respect.

"Uh heh heh heh heh heh." Otter laughed his peculiar steady laugh and looked at Joy, who managed a restrained giggle. She had gone quite pale.

Pinto spat several times, clearing his mouth. "What the hell was *in* that?"

"A raw egg," said Pale Pete, smiling shyly. He was the house nice guy, always ready to lend a hand or clear a confusion.

"Now—Stu the Jew!" announced Otter jovially. Everyone turned to face Stu.

Stu went paler than Joy. "Uh, an egg, huh?"

"That's right." Otter bobbed his head forward and back on his long neck, grinning his otter's grin. Everyone else nodded and smiled too.

"Well . . ." Stu took the proffered cup and began to sip it delicately.

*"Drink!"* yelled Mouse.

*"Chug!"* howled Charlie Boing-Boing.

Stu tried, but his mouth had made a tight, protective slot and beer began running down his cheeks.

*"Open your mouth, asshole!"*

Stu shuddered visibly, but opened his mouth. Instantly, he froze, drop-

ping his beer cup on the ground.

The brothers leaned forward expectantly. Stu's face wore a horrible expression, like a mask of tragedy, only with foam. He stayed that way for what seemed like a long time, then slowly closed his mouth . . . and swallowed.

There was a pause. The brothers held their breath. Joy peeked between her fingers. Gradually, Stu's body relaxed. He opened his eyes and managed a shaky smile.

"Anhhhhh!" Charlie Boing-Boing turned his back disgustedly and walked into the woods, where he could shortly be heard taking a leak.

"No boot?" said Terry. "Gee."

"Boooo." Everyone looked at Otter. "Boooo," he repeated. "Bad show."

"Booooo," said the rest of the brothers. "Booooo, hisssssss."

Stu looked halfway between crying and punching someone out.

"You were supposed to boot, Stu," explained Pale Pete helpfully. "Like Pinto."

"That's right," said Terry. "Here, Pinto, have a gentlemen's beer."

The brothers raised their own glasses in toast and Pinto, swelling with pride, took the cup and drained it easily. Terry beamed and slapped him on the back.

"Aw, well, shit," was Stu's comment.

"Wow, great fire, huh?" said Pinto, after they'd been walking for a time. He felt fantastic.

Stu said nothing.

Pinto persisted. "Wasn't that amazing, Joy being there?"

Stu stopped short. "I won't give them the satisfaction," he declared. "Fuck 'em!"

"Huh?"

"I won't boot for those guys. Why should I?"

Pinto regarded Stu curiously. He didn't understand. Why *not* boot for them? Shit, his only regret was that he hadn't gotten to boot *more*. Oh, his boot had been a five-star boot, he wasn't doubting that, but there would be many splendid boots that night and if he wanted the pledge prize he'd have to score on quantity as well as quality. So why was Stu so totally out of the spirit of things?

"Listen, Stu, I think you *better* boot. You're gonna get sicker than shit with all that stuff in you. What if you pass out in the snow? You're too big to carry."

Stu started to give Pinto a hard look, but then began to list to one side and had to grab a tree to stay upright. Abruptly, his angry expression collapsed, to be replaced with a look of utmost wretchedness. "I better level with you, man. I've never told this to anyone before, but I *can't* boot."

"You *can't* boot?" Pinto didn't know what to say. It was as if Stu had suddenly announced he was blind or impotent.

"I've *never* been able to boot. Even when I was sick with the same virus that had everyone else booting their guts out, I couldn't boot. Pinto, what the fuck am I gonna do?"

So *that* was it. "Jesus, I don't know, man. Maybe if you just relaxed more, let it come."

"Oh, swell. Relax more. Thanks a shitload."

They resumed walking and moments later found the second fire in a clearing behind a stand of tall pines. "Good luck, man," whispered Pinto as they fell to their knees at the clearing's edge.

*"Most unworthy neophyte . . ."*

*"Hey, knock off the yelling, you shitheads! Get over here!"*

They stood up fast and got over there. Five brothers awaited, the presiding brother proving to be Willy Machine, a quiet senior of Buddha-like imperturbability whom Pinto had never particularly imagined to be a booting specialist. Nestling in the snow at their feet were numerous bottles of red wine.

"Pinto and Stu?" Willy looked surprised. "We thought you were Bags and Huck Doody."

Bags and Huck Doody hadn't been

*continued*

*"Actually I'm not even a real Modo. I'm only a Quasimodo."*

"Oh, go on with you," said Scotty modestly. He dipped Pinto's hot dog into the jar a few times. When he handed it back, it was dripping creamy white stuff.

Stu glanced at it, shuddered and returned his eyes to the ground. Taking the wiener gingerly by its dry end, Pinto returned it to Stu's bum and began probing for entry. Abruptly, it slid in a little.

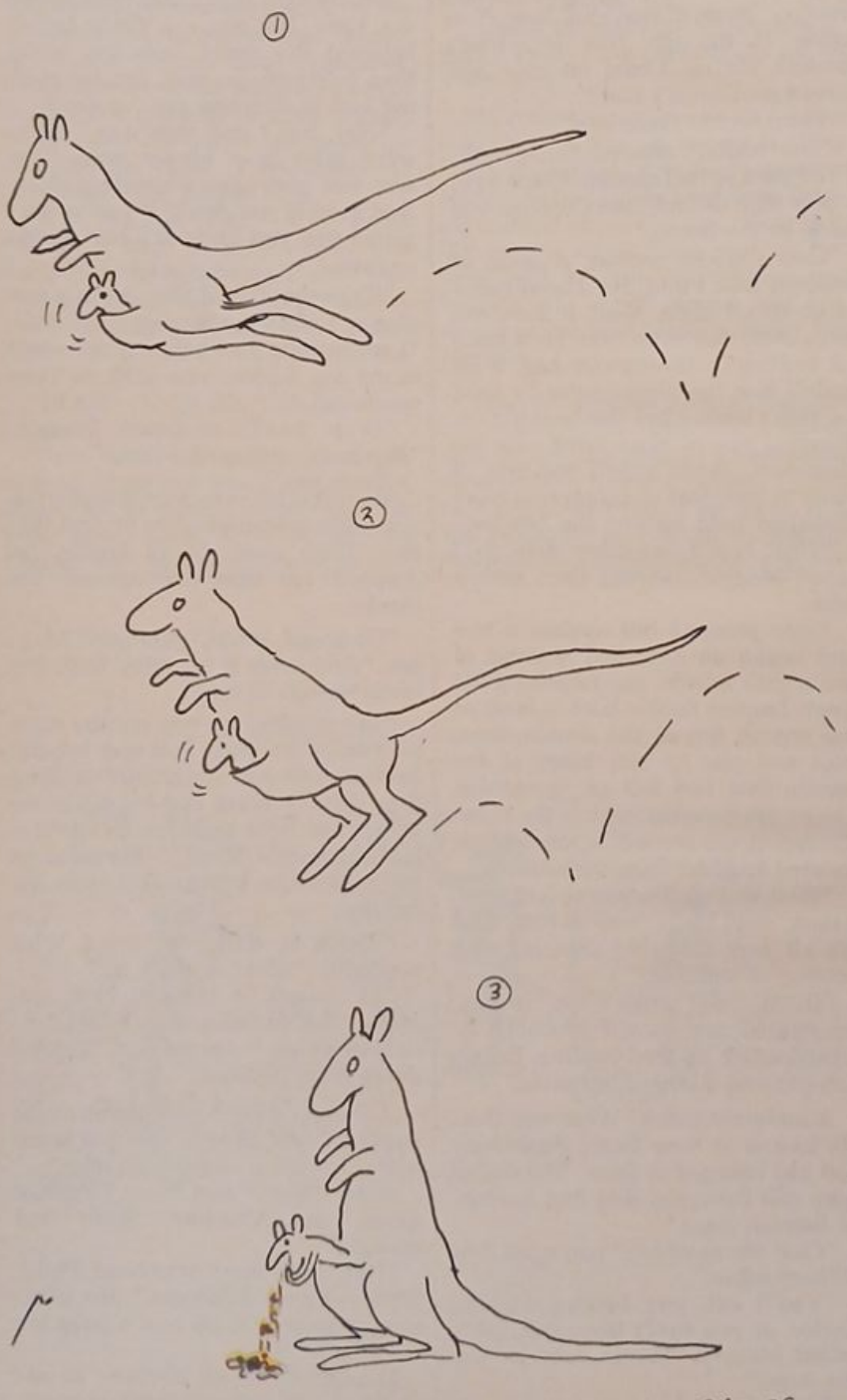
"Ga!" cried Stu. His sphincter closed even tighter, stopping all forward progress.

"Come on, man," Pinto pleaded. "Let me get it over with."

"I'm *trying*," gritted Stu.

"Hey, we haven't got all night here," said Magpie. "*Jam it in!*"

"Okay, okay!" Holding it in place with one hand, Pinto swung his other hand in a long arc and smacked the hot dog hard as he could with the flat of his palm. The wiener slid into Stu's asshole like the greased plunger of a dynamite exploder. Stu began to rumble. "*Gnorg!*" he cried, then "*Bluuuuuurrrrrchhhhhh,*" but before Pinto could tell what was happening something struck him a tremendous blow on the forehead and . . .




And that was all. He couldn't remember another thing. Lying now in the strange bed, drenched with sweat, he realized that he still had no idea where his paralysis had come from. So much for piecing together memories; his panic came uncorked and he bellowed for help until the door to his room flew open and Otter, Scotty, and Dumptruck burst in.

"Hey, you bastards, what'd you do to me? I can't move. I'm paralyzed!"

"Uh heh heh heh heh heh," laughed Otter. "He thinks he's paralyzed."

"Hey, man, don't worry." Dumptruck swept away Pinto's blanket. "Look."

Pinto raised his head. His arms and legs were tied securely to the mattress with sheets. "What . . . why . . .?"

"You don't remember?" Dumptruck was incredulous. "Pinto, when Stu finally booted, the hot dog shot out of his ass like a rocket and knocked you cold. We had to carry you back. You were thrashing around so much when we got you here, we decided to tie you into Otter's bed, so you wouldn't get hurt."

"Slept with muh girl last night," put in Otter.

Pinto brought his freed hand to his forehead and found a bump big as a golf ball. So *that* was what hit him. And he wasn't paralyzed! And . . . wait a minute. "Truck, when Stu finally *booted*?"

"You didn't see it?" cried Dumptruck. "It was the most incredible boot in the history of the Adelphian Lodge! It must have lasted a minute and a half! It was *this wide*!" He gestured with his hands to show just how wide.

"I got *drenched*," remembered Scotty dreamily. "It knocked three of us down, like one of those water cannons they use in East Germany. It must have gone fifty or sixty feet!"

"Pinto, it was *magnificent*!"

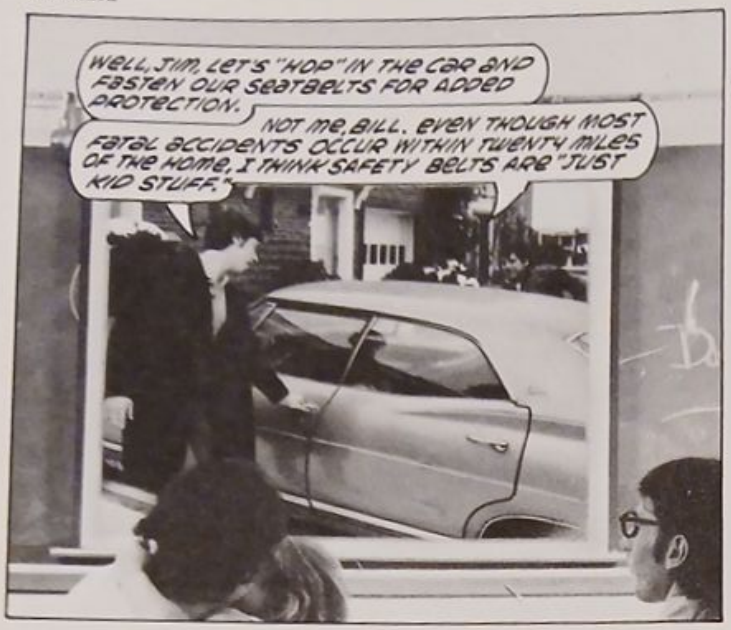
Pinto was having a terrible sinking feeling. "The pledge prize . . . ?"

"Went to Stu the Jew, of course! Pinto, he actually *put out the fire*! That's never been done before!" Dumptruck was hardly able to contain himself. "We've been calling alumni all morning! Black Mike and T Bear from the class of '55 are sending a wreath!"

Pinto felt crestfallen. He'd tried so hard.

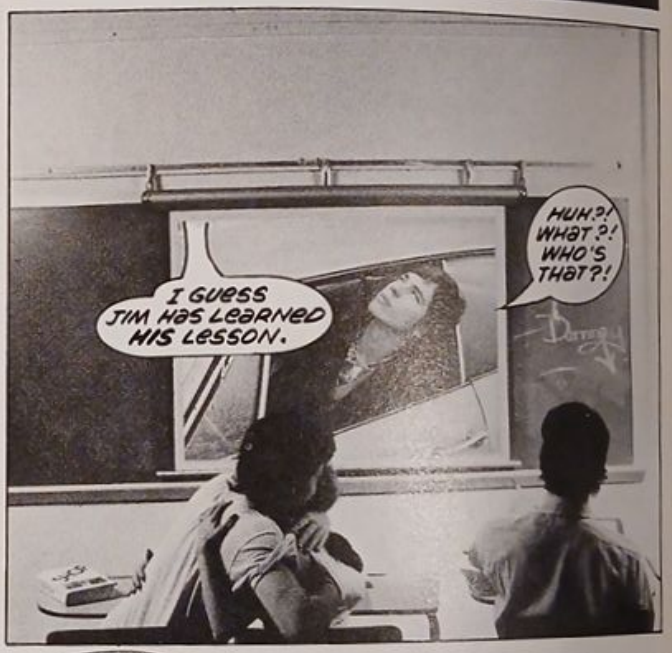
"But, hey, Pinto, don't feel bad," said Otter. "You were terrific last night and just so you don't think we didn't notice, we brought you a consolation prize." He brought his hand from behind his back and held out Pinto's prize:

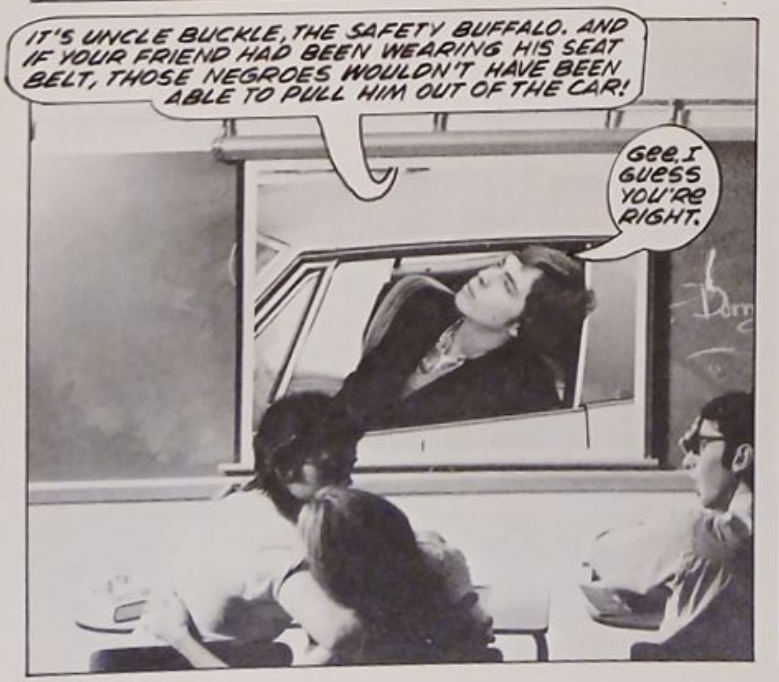
A glass of beer. □

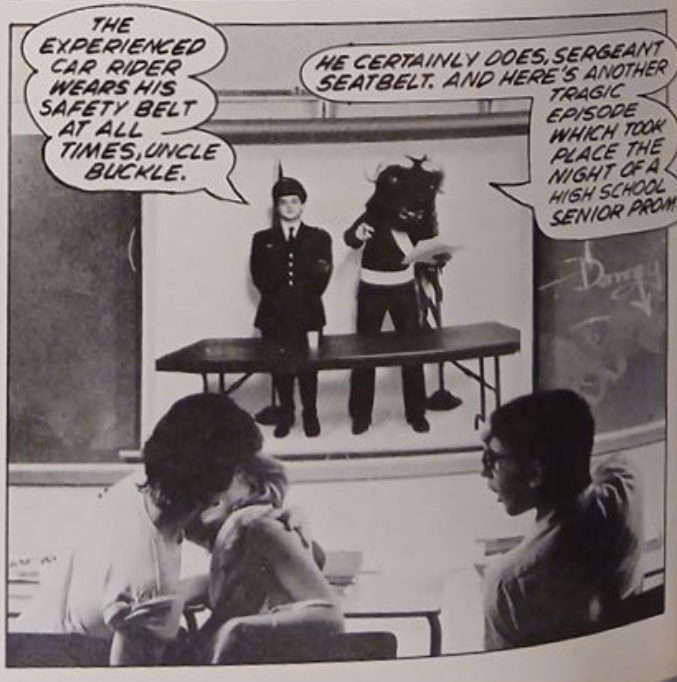

WELL, JIM, LET'S "HOP" IN THE CAR AND FASTEN OUR SEATBELTS FOR ADDED PROTECTION.
NOT ME, BILL. EVEN THOUGH MOST FATAL ACCIDENTS OCCUR WITHIN TWENTY MILES OF THE HOME, I THINK SAFETY BELTS ARE "JUST KID STUFF."

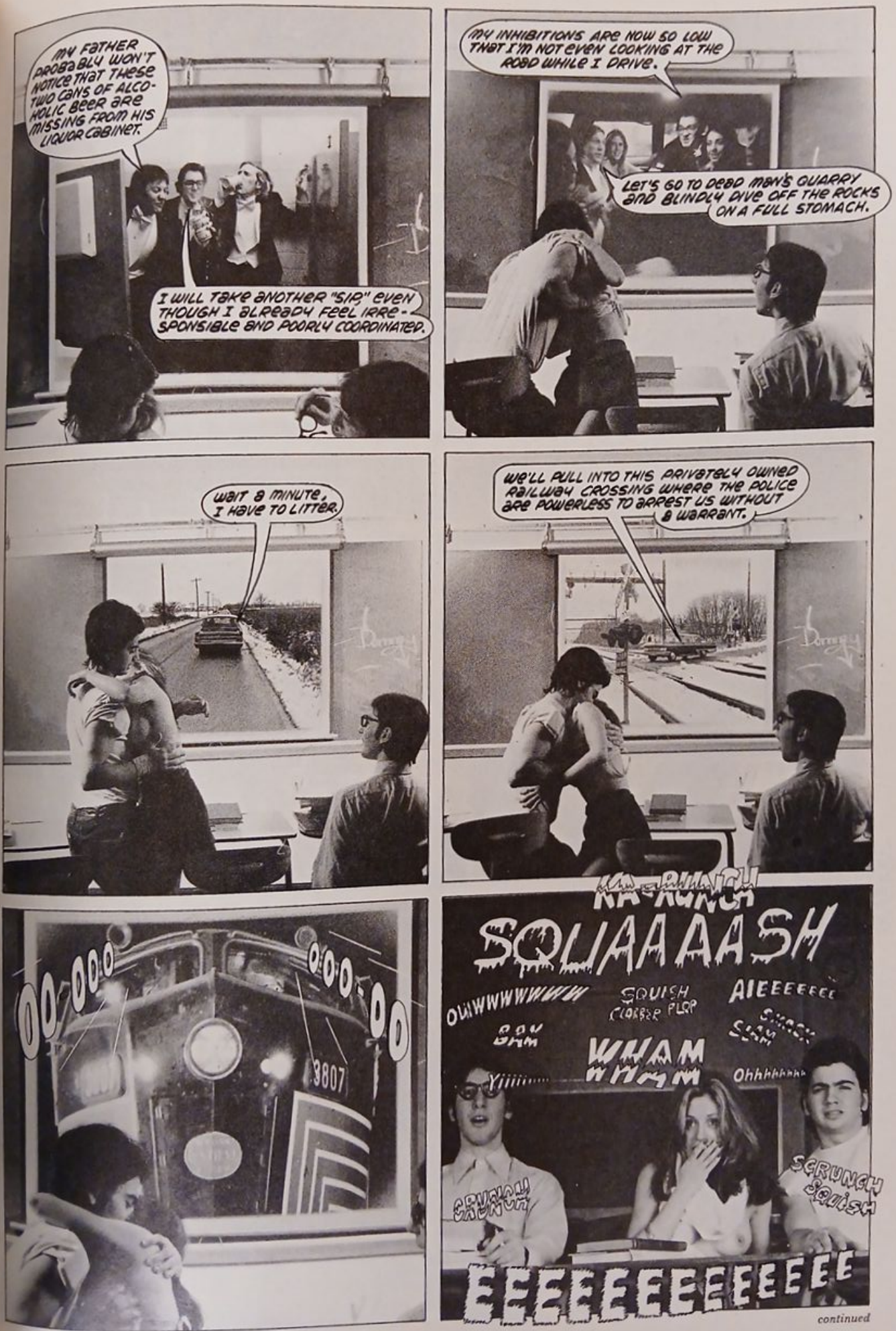
GOSH, BILL, THIS LOOKS LIKE IT'S THE BAD PART OF TOWN.
I'LL BET THERE ARE OFTEN CRIMES HERE.

YOW!! NEGROES!! SAVE ME!!


I GUESS JIM HAS LEARNED HIS LESSON.
HUH?! WHAT?! WHO'S THAT?!

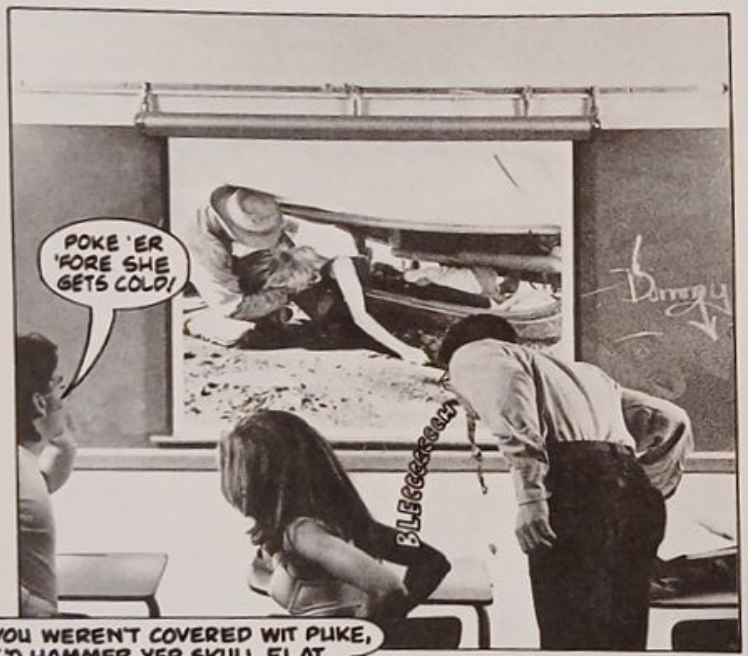

IT'S UNCLE BUCKLE, THE SAFETY BUFFALO. AND IF YOUR FRIEND HAD BEEN WEARING HIS SEAT BELT, THOSE NEGROES WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PULL HIM OUT OF THE CAR!
GEE, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.


THE EXPERIENCED CAR RIDER WEARS HIS SAFETY BELT AT ALL TIMES, UNCLE BUCKLE.
HE CERTAINLY DOES, SERGEANT SEATBELT. AND HERE'S ANOTHER TRAGIC EPISODE WHICH TOOK PLACE THE NIGHT OF A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR PROM:


MY FATHER PROBABLY WON'T NOTICE THAT THESE TWO CANS OF ALCOHOLIC BEER ARE MISSING FROM HIS LIQUOR CABINET.
I WILL TAKE ANOTHER "SIP," EVEN THOUGH I ALREADY FEEL IRRESPONSIBLE AND POORLY COORDINATED.
MY INHIBITIONS ARE NOW SO LOW THAT I'M NOT EVEN LOOKING AT THE ROAD WHILE I DRIVE.
LET'S GO TO DEBO MAN'S QUARRY AND BLINDLY DIVE OFF THE ROCKS ON A FULL STOMACH.
WAIT A MINUTE, I HAVE TO LITTER.
WE'LL PULL INTO THIS PRIVATELY OWNED RAILWAY CROSSING WHERE THE POLICE ARE POWERLESS TO ARREST US WITHOUT A WARRANT.
3807
KA-RUNCH
SQUAAAASH
OUIWWWWWWW
SQUISH
CLOBBER PLOP
AIEEEEEEE
SMASH
SLAM
KAW
BAM
WHAM
WHAM
Yiiiiiiii
Ohhhhhhhh
CRUNCH!
CRUNCH
SCRUNCH
SQUISH
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

continued

*continued*


POKE 'ER 'FORE SHE GETS COLD!
BLEEEEEAH

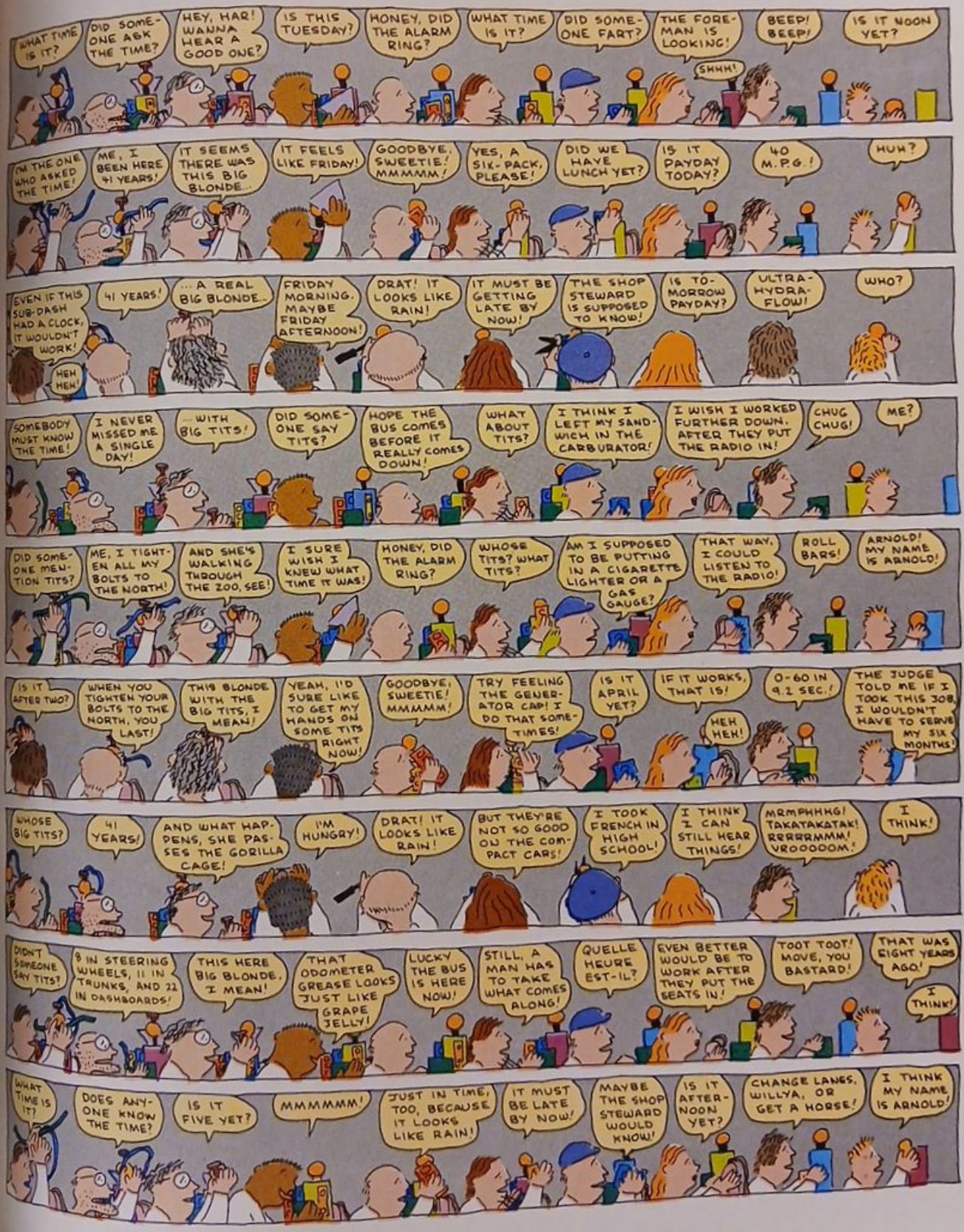
FORTUNATELY, THESE TEENS WERE ALL GOOD AT HEART --BUT I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AWHILE BEFORE ISSUING THEIR WINGS --THERE'S NOTHING "HEAVENLY" ABOUT HAVING AN ACCIDENT!
HEY, MAN, YOU BARFED ON MY GIRL FRIEND'S FEET!
JESUS CHRIST! ALL OVA MY BRAN' NEW CHA-CHA PUMPS!!!
UUUUUUUUUH

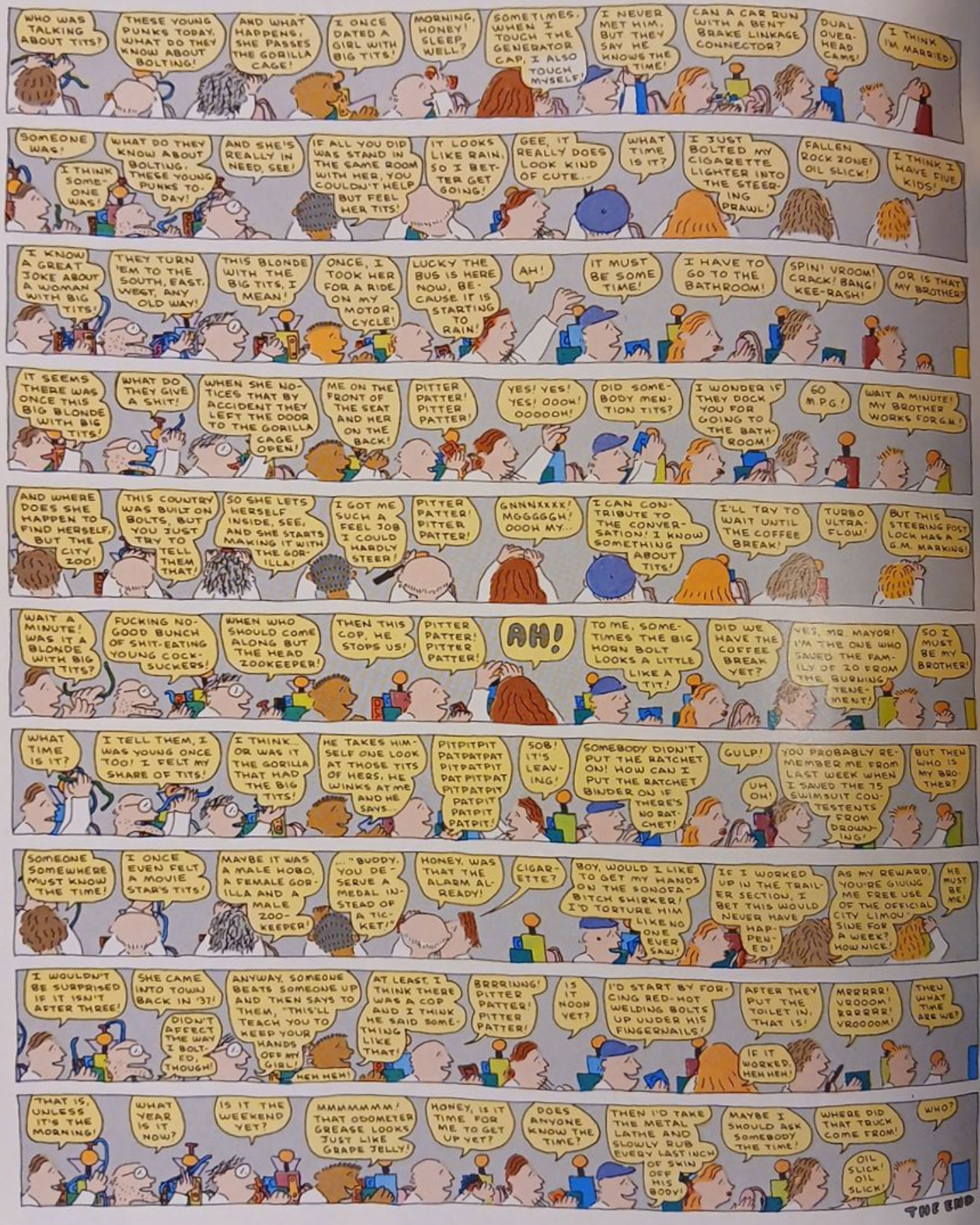
IF YOU WEREN'T COVERED WIT PUKE, I'D HAMMER YER SKULL FLAT.
YER GOING INNA FUCKIN' JOHN AN' WASH YER FUCKIN' FACE
AN' DEN I'M GONNA KNOCK YER TEETH OUT YER ASSHOLE.
THE END
(For these young people. How about you?)

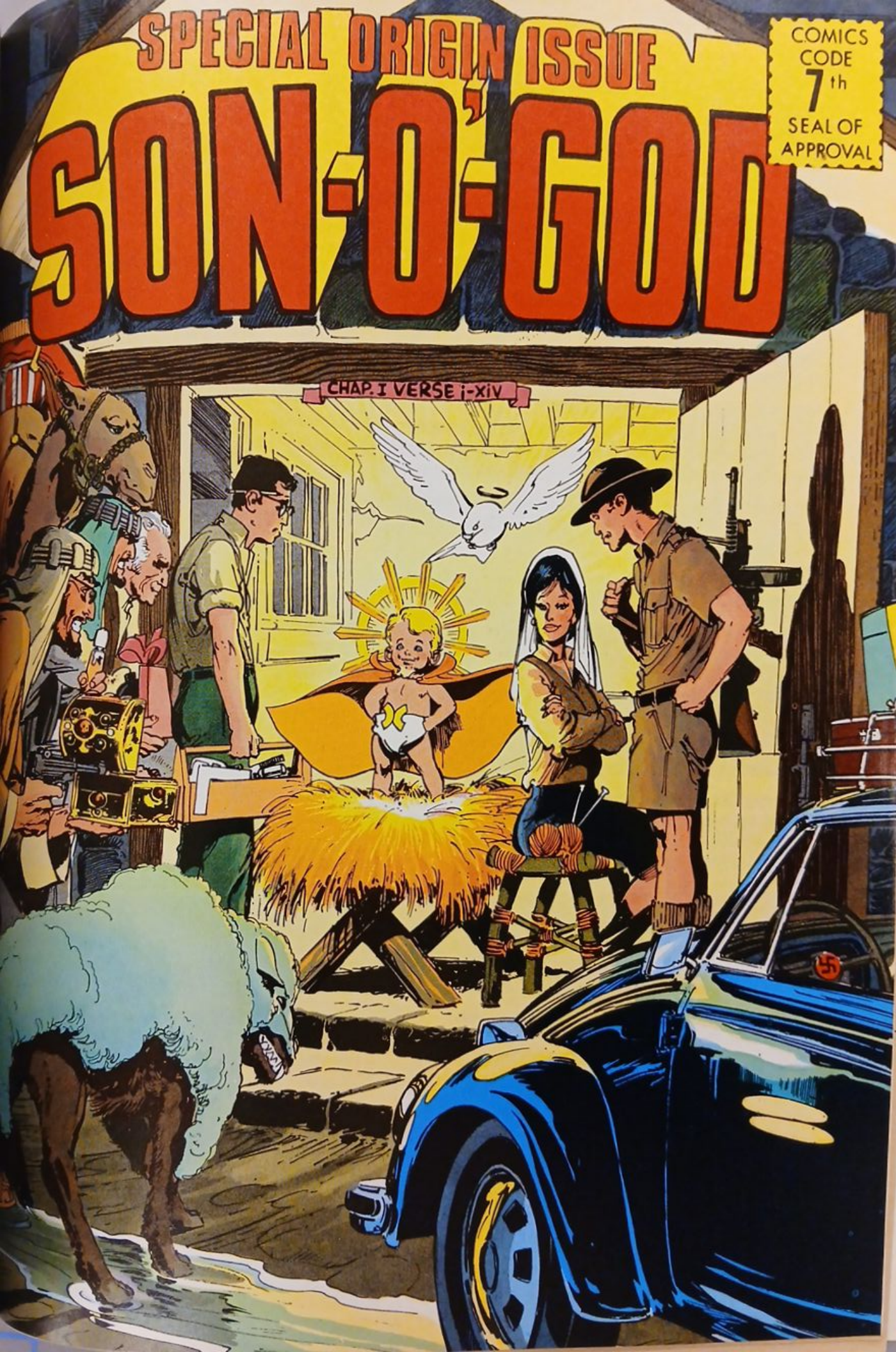
OH, LAWDY, DEY'SE GOT DE TUNA-BURGERS IN DE LUNCHROOM AGIN.

# ASSEMBLY LINE COMICS!

by ED SUBITZKY




WHO WAS TALKING ABOUT TITS?
THESE YOUNG PUNKS TODAY, WHAT DO THEY KNOW ABOUT BOLTING!
AND WHAT HAPPENS, SHE PASSES THE GORILLA CAGE!
I ONCE DATED A GIRL WITH BIG TITS!
MORNING, HONEY! SLEEP WELL?
SOMETIMES, WHEN I TOUCH THE GENERATOR CAP, I ALSO TOUCH MYSELF!
I NEVER MET HIM, BUT THEY SAY HE KNOWS THE TIME!
CAN A CAR RUN WITH A BENT BRAKE LINKAGE CONNECTOR?
DUAL OVER-HEAD CAMS!
I THINK I'M MARRIED!
SOMEONE WAS!
I THINK SOMEONE WAS!
WHAT DO THEY KNOW ABOUT BOLTING. THESE YOUNG PUNKS TODAY!
AND SHE'S REALLY IN NEED, SEE!
IF ALL YOU DID WAS STAND IN THE SAME ROOM WITH HER, YOU COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL HER TITS!
IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN, SO I BETTER GET GOING!
GEE, IT REALLY DOES LOOK KIND OF CUTE...
WHAT TIME IS IT?
I JUST BOLTED MY CIGARETTE LIGHTER INTO THE STEERING PRAWL!
FALLEN ROCK ZONE! OIL SLICK!
I THINK I HAVE FIVE KIDS!
I KNOW A GREAT JOKE ABOUT A WOMAN WITH BIG TITS!
THEY TURN 'EM TO THE SOUTH, EAST, WEST, ANY OLD WAY!
THIS BLONDE WITH THE BIG TITS, I MEAN!
ONCE, I TOOK HER FOR A RIDE ON MY MOTORCYCLE!
LUCKY THE BUS IS HERE NOW, BECAUSE IT IS STARTING TO RAIN!
AH!
IT MUST BE SOME TIME!
I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM!
SPIN! VROOM! CRACK! BANG! KEE-RASH!
OR IS THAT MY BROTHER?
IT SEEMS THERE WAS ONCE THIS BIG BLONDE WITH BIG TITS!
WHAT DO THEY GIVE A SHIT!
WHEN SHE NOTICES THAT BY ACCIDENT THEY LEFT THE DOOR TO THE GORILLA CAGE OPEN!
ME ON THE FRONT OF THE SEAT AND HER ON THE BACK!
PITTER PATTER! PITTER PATTER!
YES! YES! YES! OOOH! OOOOOH!
DID SOMEBODY MENTION TITS?
I WONDER IF THEY DOCK YOU FOR GOING TO THE BATHROOM!
60 M.P.G.!
WAIT A MINUTE! MY BROTHER WORKS FOR G.M.!
AND WHERE DOES SHE HAPPEN TO FIND HERSELF, BUT THE CITY ZOO!
THIS COUNTRY WAS BUILT ON BOLTS, BUT YOU JUST TRY TO TELL THEM THAT!
SO SHE LETS HERSELF INSIDE, SEE, AND SHE STARTS MAKING IT WITH THE GORILLA!
I GOT ME SUCH A FEEL JOB I COULD HARDLY STEER!
PITTER PATTER! PITTER PATTER!
GNNNXXXX! MGGGGGH! OOOH MY...
I CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE CONVERSATION! I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT TITS!
I'LL TRY TO WAIT UNTIL THE COFFEE BREAK!
TURBO ULTRA-FLOW!
BUT THIS STEERING POST LOCK HAS A G.M. MARKING!
WAIT A MINUTE! WAS IT A BLONDE WITH BIG TITS?
FUCKING NO-GOOD BUNCH OF SHIT-EATING YOUNG COCK-SUCKERS!
WHEN WHO SHOULD COME ALONG BUT THE HEAD ZOOKEEPER!
THEN THIS COP, HE STOPS US!
PITTER PATTER! PITTER PATTER!
AH!
TO ME, SOMETIMES THE BIG HORN BOLT LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE A TIT!
DID WE HAVE THE COFFEE BREAK YET?
YES, MR. MAYOR! I'M THE ONE WHO SAVED THE FAMILY OF 20 FROM THE BURNING TENEMENT!
SO I MUST BE MY BROTHER!
WHAT TIME IS IT?
I TELL THEM, I WAS YOUNG ONCE TOO! I FELT MY SHARE OF TITS!
I THINK... OR WAS IT THE GORILLA THAT HAD THE BIG TITS!
HE TAKES HIMSELF ONE LOOK AT THOSE TITS OF HERS, HE WINKS AT ME AND HE SAYS...
PITPITPIT PATPATPAT PITPATPIT PAT PITPAT PITPATPIT PATPIT PATPIT PATPIT!
SOB! IT'S LEAVING!
SOMEBODY DIDN'T PUT THE RATCHET ON! HOW CAN I PUT THE RATCHET BINDER ON IF THERE'S NO RATCHET!
GULP!
UH OH!
YOU PROBABLY REMEMBER ME FROM LAST WEEK WHEN I SAVED THE 75 SWIMSUIT CONTESTENTS FROM DROWNING!
BUT THEN WHO IS MY BROTHER?
SOMEONE SOMEWHERE MUST KNOW THE TIME!
I ONCE EVEN FELT A MOVIE STAR'S TITS!
MAYBE IT WAS A MALE HOBO, A FEMALE GORILLA AND A MALE ZOOKEEPER!
... "BUDDY, YOU DESERVE A MEDAL INSTEAD OF A TICKET!"
HONEY, WAS THAT THE ALARM ALREADY!
CIGARETTE?
BOY, WOULD I LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE SONOFA-BITCH SHIRKER! I'D TORTURE HIM LIKE NO ONE EVER SAW!
IF I WORKED UP IN THE TRAILER SECTION, I BET THIS WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED!
AS MY REWARD, YOU'RE GIVING ME FREE USE OF THE OFFICIAL CITY LIMOUSINE FOR A WEEK? HOW NICE!
HE MUST BE ME!
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF IT ISN'T AFTER THREE!
SHE CAME INTO TOWN BACK IN '37!
DIDN'T AFFECT THE WAY I BOLTED, THOUGH!
ANYWAY, SOMEONE BEATS SOMEONE UP AND THEN SAYS TO THEM, "THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY GIRL!"
HEH HEH!
AT LEAST, I THINK THERE WAS A COP AND I THINK HE SAID SOMETHING LIKE THAT!
BRRRRING! PITTER PATTER! PITTER PATTER!
IS IT NOON YET?
I'D START BY FORCING RED-HOT WELDING BOLTS UP UNDER HIS FINGERNAILS!
AFTER THEY PUT THE TOILET IN, THAT IS!
IF IT WORKED, HEH HEH!
MRRRRR! VROOOM! BRRRRR! VROOOOM!
THEN WHAT TIME ARE WE?
THAT IS, UNLESS IT'S THE MORNING!
WHAT YEAR IS IT NOW?
IS IT THE WEEKEND YET?
MMMMMMM! THAT ODOMETER GREASE LOOKS JUST LIKE GRAPE JELLY!
HONEY, IS IT TIME FOR ME TO GET UP YET?
DOES ANYONE KNOW THE TIME?
THEN I'D TAKE THE METAL LATHE AND SLOWLY RUB EVERY LAST INCH OF SKIN OFF HIS BODY!
MAYBE I SHOULD ASK SOMEBODY THE TIME!
WHERE DID THAT TRUCK COME FROM!
WHO?
OIL SLICK! OIL SLICK!
THE END


SPECIAL ORIGIN ISSUE
SON-O'-GOD
COMICS CODE 7th SEAL OF APPROVAL
CHAP. I VERSE i-xiv

# Learn religion straight from *God*

**Thanks to the magic of the computer, for just $11.95.**

When you Dial-a-Prayer, do you get a busy signal? Want to improve your chances for an uptown train on Judgement Day? Uncertain where the path of your belief lies? If you're discouraged at your lack of devotional improvement, you need the advice of a proven professional. But where can one go for such advice?

The Pope makes fewer and fewer house calls these days. Even the Wailing Wall has been turning a deaf brick.

Well, brothers and sisters, NOW . . . due to a recent miraculous discovery in computer technology and automation, it is possible to receive expert advice direct from the Judeo-Christian Heavenly Being of your choice. ELIMINATE THE MIDDLEMAN!

Not face to face, of course. But in the next best form—by way of direct, one-to-one written communications straight from the shoulder.

Your lesson from GOD runs 8,000–10,000 words, and will show you in illuminating detail how to find enlightenment.

For over a year now, GOD and a group of communications experts have been programming a computer with everything GOD knows about religion. At the same time, the group also worked out a series of questions through which every man can profile his religious life.

The advice you receive is the creation of GOD and computer to responses received from your questions.

With regular reference to the lesson you receive (in a fire, flood, and plague-resistant cover) from GOD, you too will be able to make friends, impress people, and decimate your enemies in a very short time. Act now.

## THEY DID IT!

St. Dismas: "It's a steal!"

Mary Magdalen: "Sure turned the trick for me!"

Adolf Eichmann: "A real gas!"

Moses: "This is no bullrush!"

St. Joan of Arc: "It really burned me out!"

## QUESTIONNAIRE

**CAUTION: Please pay your VERY BEST ATTENTION when completing this questionnaire. The value of the guidance you receive will be in direct proportion to the value, honesty, and accuracy of all your answers. (Besides, we'll know if you lie.)**

Dear GOD:
To help you make my enlightenment more meaningful, here is some information about myself.
CIRCLE APPROPRIATE ANSWER

1. My age is:
   A. under 20 years
   B. 20–35 years
   C. 36–50 years
   D. over 50 years
   E. waiting for the last rites

2. I am a:
   A. Male
   B. Female

3. My religious persuasion is:
   A. Catholic
   B. Jewish
   C. Protestant
   D. Not sure

4. I go to a house of worship:
   A. Never
   B. Once a year
   C. Once a month
   D. Once a week
   E. Once a day
   F. I live there

5. I go to Church or Temple because:
   A. I like the music
   B. To look at the stained glass windows
   C. My family makes me go
   D. Hebrew and/or Latin make me laugh

6. I consider myself basically a:
   A. Sinner
   B. Saint
   C. Martyr
   D. In between

7. I share this much of my daily bread with GOD a year:
   A. $1,000 or more
   B. $100
   C. $10
   D. $0

8. I use this money to
   A. Buy Christmas presents
   B. Plant a tree in Israel
   C. Balance my tax forms
   D. All of above

9. The sin that tempts me most is:
   A. Adultery
   B. Murder
   C. Pride
   D. Possession or use of graven images

10. I feel closest to GOD:
    A. Watching Pat O'Brien movies
    B. Making love
    C. Firing machine guns
    D. Shooting heroin

Send $11.95 to Compreligious Inc., Heaven, Neb. $$$$$

Name _____

Street/Apt./Cell Block _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

NO C.O.D. Please allow two weeks for delivery.

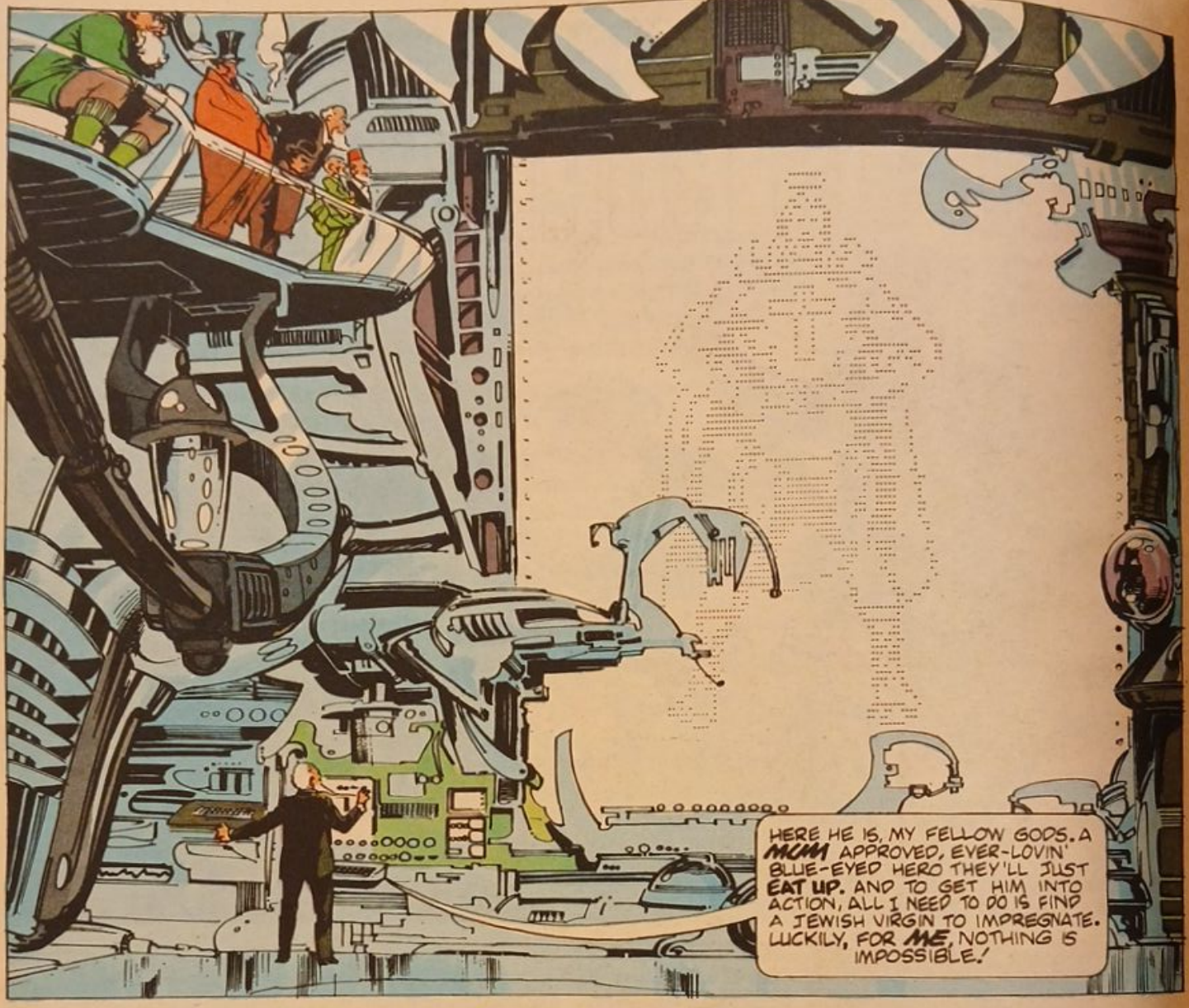
# SON-O-GOD IN A SAVIOR IS BORN!

IN THE BEGINNING WERE THE WORDS-- MANY WORDS-- AS THE FATHER GODS CONVENE FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE HEAVENS ON IMMORTAL BUSINESS...

BOYS, BOYS. IT'S MY TURN AGAIN! TWO THOUSAND YEARS I'VE WAITED SINCE I BLEW IT WITH THE LAST KLUTZ I SENT, BUT THIS TIME I CHECKED WITH MUM.* AND HAVE I GOT A MESSIAH FOR YOU!

*THE MONOLITHIC UNIVERSE MACHINE.

ACCORDING TO SEAN KELLY · ILLUMINATED BY NEAL ADAMS


HERE HE IS, MY FELLOW GODS. A MGM APPROVED, EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED HERO THEY'LL JUST EAT UP. AND TO GET HIM INTO ACTION, ALL I NEED TO DO IS FIND A JEWISH VIRGIN TO IMPREGNATE. LUCKILY, FOR ME, NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE!

AND SO, IT CAME TO PASS UPON THE EARTH...
C'MON, MARY! ENOUGH ALREADY! IT'S TIME WE WERE MARRIED. I LIKE YOUR FATHER, I LIKE YOUR MOTHER...
I DUNNO, JOE. YOU'RE KINDA OLD FOR ME. HERE BIRDIE, HERE PRETTY BIRDIE...
WE WOULDN'T GO TO THE POCONOS ON OUR HONEYMOON. I GOT A FRIEND, A SHIP'S CAPTAIN. WE COULD GO TO PALESTINE EVEN!
THANKS A LOT, JOE. BUT I DON'T THINK SO... HERE NICE BIRDIE, HERE NICE WHITE BIRDIE.
LOOK, MARY, TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, I GOT TAX PROBLEMS, I COULD USE A DEDUCTION, THERE'S A WAR COMING, I COULD USE A DEFERMENT, ALSO I LOVE YOU, WHAT CAN I SAY...

JOSEPH, I HAVE A FEELING YOU SHOULD CONSIDER US ENGAGED!

YOU'VE MADE ME THE HAPPIEST MAN IN FLATBUSH! MY FRIEND THE CAPTAIN CAN MARRY US ON THE BOAT. HE DEALS IN WHOLESALE WEDDING VEILS AND HE'S A RABBI ALSO!

SOON, ABOARD THE S.S. EXODUS.
GAG! RETCH!
SEASICK? HOW COULD SHE BE SEASICK? WE HAVEN'T LEFT THE DOCK YET.

AVAST, MATEY! IT LOOKS LIKE THE BRIDE HAS A LITTLE EXTRA CREW ABOARD FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE!
NOT NECESSARILY, MATEY. JEWISH GIRLS GO ALL TO FAT THE MOMENT THEY'RE MARRIED!
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND VIRGIN!

MR. AND MRS. DAVID? RIGHT. YOU'RE POSTED TO THE GALILEE FRONT, BETHLEHEM SECTOR. THIS WORD CAME FORTH FROM VERY HIGH UP. YOUR CAR IS READY. SHALOM!
ORDERS? POSTED? WE'RE TOURISTS, ALREADY!
DON'T KVETCH, JOE. I GOT A FEELING THIS IS BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US.
Welcome to PALESTINE

WHAT IS THIS WITH THE DONKEY?
I DUNNO. THEY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARABS SHUTTING OFF THE GAS...

THEY SAY THEY'RE FULL UP, BUT I THINK THEY DON'T BELIEVE WE'RE MARRIED. I DID SEE A LITTLE GARAGE OR SOMETHING OUT BACK WE COULD TRY...
NO VACAN

WHILE CERTAIN SEPHARDIM WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT, A STAR IS BORN:—
HEY! THAT LIGHT IN THE SKY! WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO ADVERTISE?
WHO KNOWS? HURRY UP WITH THAT EWE, IT'S MY TURN NEXT!

AND HE CAME UNTO HIS OWN, AND HIS OWN DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT. MR. AND MRS. DAVID ONLY KNOW THAT THEIR STRANGELY BEGOTTEN SON IS... SOMEHOW... DIFFERENT...
MOM, CAN I HAVE A HAM SANDWICH AND A GLASS MILK?
WOULD YOU MIND HITTING THIS CHEEK, TOO? I KINDA LIKE IT.
AND, IN THE EIGHTH GRADE...
BUZZ OFF, BENNIE! YOU CREEP!
GOODBYE, LAURA LEVY, I'M DYING FOR LOVE OF YOU!
HEY! THIS IS GONNA HURT!
JESUS CHRIST!
SHA-LOM
BENNIE TAKES THE NAME...
AND IS TRANSFIGURED INTO SON-O-GOD!
WHY ME?
GET THAT TRASH OFF THE TRACKS!
GOD? WHY ME?
HONESTLY, KIDS TODAY!
DRIVER, RUN HIM OVER!
CRUCIFY HIM!
MEANWHILE, IN HEAVEN...
HAHAHAHAHA
HOHOHO HOHO
TEEHEE TEEHEE
YUCKA YUCKA YUCKA
JEHOVAH, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN!

# Stand Up

by Gerald Sussman

*A letter from Norman Lear, creator of "All in the Family," "Maude," and "Sanford and Son," to Fred Silverman, head of TV programming at CBS:*

September 11

Dear Fred:

For a long time I've had a dream to do a situation comedy based on the life of Lenny Bruce. And for a long time, it was an impossible dream. But today I think our audiences are ready for an intelligent, highly marketable, highly entertaining treatment of this unique personality. Let me tell you why. Without blowing my own horn, it is true that my shows have made great breakthroughs on TV, tackling important themes without alienating audiences (or sponsors!). Look at the main characters of my shows. Everyone is negative on the surface, but deep down inside they have a tremendous audience ID. Archie Bunker, Fred Sanford, Maude . . . these are real people, not sugarcoated saints. And who fits better into this essential gestalt than Lenny? On the surface, a negative image, but deep down, an incredibly warm, lovable, romantic person, a many-sided, multileveled performer, and a very funny man to boot.

As you well know, Lenny was a much-maligned man. He was not a drug addict. He was the victim of the media's insatiable addiction for sensation-mongering. He was not "sick" —society was sick. The movie *Lenny* does a good job showing this and gives us a good foundation to build on (have you peeked at its grosses?).

Fred, I cannot restrain my enthusiasm when I talk about Lenny. He has incredible built-in audience ID and affection. Firstly, if you examine the works and lives of all the great satirists from Aristophanes to Lenny himself, you'll find that their essence, their essential gestalt, has always been deeply rooted in a sense of ethics and morality. Lenny was an extremely moral person, outraged by the hypocrisies of society. He was very similar to Hawkeye and Trapper of the "M*A*S*H" show, using his satiric scalpel on the pompous assholes of the Establishment. And what does that make him with our audience? A fresh, highly appealing underdog, a good guy if there ever was one. He was a satirist, a comedian who held up his crazy, cracked mirror to society and made us laugh at our foibles.

But all that is part of *our* iceberg, the part the audience doesn't have to see. If they just see the tip, they will get the message of what kind of a figure Lenny was.

Enough of the heavy philosophy and ethics. Lenny was first and foremost a funny, funny person, a warm, loving person with a great family for TV adaptation (and future spin-offs, eh, what?). His crazy adventures as a young comedian, with that nutbar family (Honey, his dumb blond ex-stripper wife, Sally, his show-biz mother, and pretty Kitty, his daughter) is just a natural for the greatest sit-com since the Hebrews crossed the Red Sea.

P.S. I also want to do this show for a personal reason. I've always thought that Lenny was the most important comedian we've had for the last fifty years. In a sense, he was responsible for breaking down a lot of the barriers that enabled me to do my shows. You remember that line of grafitti that said, "Lenny Bruce died for your sins"? In my case, it's true. Call me pisher if you want, but the bottom line is, I want to do this show for Lenny, as well as for the big bucks. I feel I owe him one.

Let me hear your reactions soon,

Always the best,

Norman Lear

*Letter from Fred Silverman, head of TV programming, CBS, to Norman Lear:*

September 15

Dear Norman:

This is to confirm our verbal agreement made at Chasen's on September 13. We are ready for a full commitment on the Lenny show. Everyone right up to Big Brass thinks it will be the hit of the year, possibly the decade. Absolutely no doubt that you are right, the time is right, and the audience is right for a show of this breakthrough caliber.

Norman, I am getting that tingly sensation on the back of my scalp like the kind I get when I take too many Contacs, and that means I'm really excited about this show. I've never discussed a show with so many fantastic possibilities in the field of meaningful humor and sheer entertainment value. And don't ask about spin-offs! The rest of the Bruce family? Richy Pryor? George Carlin? Don't ask. Let's come to that bridge when we cross it, as they say. First things first. Just give us an outline of what the show is and where it's going and we go right to film. We have to see some character and premise ideas because of the sensitive nature of the project, which I'm sure you understand. Our sales people want to know what the fuck kind of show they're peddling to the sponsors. But don't let me hold you down. It's your baby and you run with it.

Stay well and write good,

Fred Silverman

*Excerpts from writers' conferences on the Lenny show, September and October. Writers present were Saul Danenbaum, Arnie Seligstein, Hal Kushner, Glen Fortinberry, and Gary Buck:*

"I didn't know Lenny Bruce. Did anybody here know Lenny Bruce?"

"I know an old parking lot attendant who knew Lenny. He gave me a big story about how Lenny used to carry on in his parking lot. He used to sneak around and piss on all the cars. In broad daylight. Once the guy caught him pissing on a brand new Rolls Royce, so Lenny whipped his dick around and got him right in the face. That's when Lenny started pissing on people."

"It's probably a bullshit story. All those fucking Lenny stories are exaggerated. He probably smoked a little grass and popped a few pills. In those days it was a big deal."

"We should give him some kind of weakness, a little vice . . . it's good for audience ID."

"He could drink a little. He could lock himself in the bathroom and drink scotch and sodas."

"A little drinking might not be bad. It's realistic. He has to do it because of all the pressure on him every night to improvise. He's like a jazz musician."

"Maybe he could be a heavy eater, a guy with a sweet tooth, a candy addict. We could work in some very funny shit about dieting. A chubby guy playing Lenny would get very big audience rapport. Don't forget, Lenny was supposed to have weighed over 250 pounds when he died."

"What about something more visual? What if he were an epileptic? Whenever the pressure is too great he goes into a fantastic seizure."

"He could be a funny epileptic. We'll get Jerry Lewis to coach him."

"This may be a little blue-sky, but what if he knew he had cancer, and the doctor told him he had about three years to live. It's eating him up inside, but it doesn't show outside. So he knows he has to pack all his life into the next three years. He doesn't tell anybody, not even his wife or mother. This gives us the momentum for a really crazy, fast-moving show, because he's always so hopped up."

"If the show runs past three years we can always write in a cure for him."

"It's a very deep slice for audience rapport, but I'm not sure it plays right for a sit-com. It's too deep. Give him something like a light drinking problem or an ulcer."

"A young guy with an ulcer who loves spicy food."

* * *

"Wasn't Lenny supposed to be bisexual?

"No, that was Honey.

"No, both of them were."

"We could have two great characters . . . their neighbors . . . but instead of regular swapping, they do homo swapping."

"Right. Lenny just moves in. He knocks on their door and wants to borrow a cup of jokes. That's his crazy way of introducing himself. The neighbor, the husband, is a dead ringer for Marlon Brando, and he and Lenny fall in love. And Honey falls for his wife, who looks like Marlon Brando, too."

"And then Lenny wants to get his nose broken so he can look like Marlon Brando."

"And then Marlon Brando does a guest shot on the show and breaks Honey's nose by mistake."

"What about the butter?"

"The butter?"

"You know, the butter scene in *Last Tango.*"

"That's funny. Write that down so we don't forget it. We'll do a butter scene with the couples and Brando that'll make the audience shit."

* * *

*Memo from Norman Lear to his writing staff:*

November 10

Re: The Lenny Show
Dear Staff:

You have now been working on ideas for the Lenny show for about two months and so far we are still in the finger-fucking stage. Stop wasting your time, my time, and CBS's time with ideas and bullshit that will not work for prime time family TV. I think you're unconsciously trying to retain Lenny's so-called negative, controversial qualities and you're missing the essential gestalt of the man and the show.

In order to get the show moving in the right direction, I made some guidelines for you to follow. I read it to Fred Silverman over the phone and he agrees with me 100 percent.

The following subjects are taboo or semi-taboo in the development of the Lenny show:

*No-Nos*

No drugs (except the usual stuff, like aspirin, and even here we have to be careful).

No obscene words or obscene references to the Church, politicians, etc.

No obscene sexual references (i.e., Lenny being so horny he could fuck mud, etc.).

No references to sexual promiscuity, homos, and other perverts and perversions.

No references to Lenny as a "sick" humorist. Lenny was not sick. Society was sick. Besides, this is 1975 and we don't need sick people. We need healthy people who can see a little of the brighter side of life.

No shpritzing and tummeling with Yiddish slang, or hipster slang, like "balling." Lenny's importance goes far beyond ethnic virtues. *He was a universal character, a genius.*

If you're thinking of how far you *can* go, think one f-stop past Archie Bunker, *and that's it.*

*Letter from Norman Lear to Fred Silverman:*

November 25

Dear Fred:

Here at last is our outline of the Lenny show, consisting of our main character profiles and the nut of our story premise and themes.

### CHARACTER PROFILE OF LENNY

Lenny is a born performer. He's always "on," and yet he's always himself, a warm, sensitive person with a boyish, lovable streak that most people find irresistible. All his life he's wanted to make people laugh. When he was a kid and he did something bad or didn't get what he wanted, he would try to ingratiate himself with his parents by imitating a duck or telling a joke. It was his way of giving and asking for love.

Lenny loves to pick on the foibles of people and to prick the pomposities of the phonies of this world. He does it with a sharp, machine gun-style delivery, with a gift for clever mimicry and a flair for the language that approaches a poet's. Lenny has a lifelong love affair with his audience. To him, each night of performing is the first performing night of the rest of his life—a chance to improvise a new routine, a whole new satire. In this respect he resembles the jazz musicians he knew and loved.

As talented and lovable as Lenny is, he is also very insecure. He's a bit of a shlep, like all of us. Because his great talent and need for the audience's love drives him to improvise new and funnier routines every night, he is always under great pressure. Sometimes, to relieve the pressure, he drinks (or eats too much—or some other semiharmless weakness). He doesn't get drunk—just tipsy enough to keep us in suspense. Will he battle his way out of his booziness and kill the audience, or will he keel over? We can all identify with situations like this.

Lenny is also a lovable con man and a prankster. His cons usually involve scamming money from the assholes and empty suits and giving it to poor and deserving characters. His pranks are also directed at louts and hypocrites, but they can also land him in hot water with the Establishment—*which is one of the key themes of the show.*

## LENNY'S FAMILY

### CHARACTER PROFILE OF HONEY, HIS WIFE

Honey is a big, tall, sexy ex-stripper (that's what she really was) who is now a dedicated wife and mother. She still wears fairly sexy clothes, but doesn't flaunt herself and doesn't even know her own strength in this area. She's really into the wife and homemaker thing as a career. She's actually kookier and zanier than Lenny in many ways. Visualize a bigger Marilyn Monroe, always fucking up in the kitchen, burning the liver, flooding the laundry with suds, setting the house on fire, etc. She's the goofy blond with a big heart (and big tits, no harm in that) who surprises us every once in a while with a certain kind of native wisdom and wit. She is always trying to improve herself, reading heavy books, so she can engage in "meaningful" conversations with Lenny and his friends.

She is a great foil for Lenny's hyperactive personality. Every once in a while she might do a very mild and parodistic strip number, in good fun, say for a local community fund-raising . . . just to show our male audience what a great body she has.

### CHARACTER PROFILE OF SALLY, LENNY'S MOTHER

Sally is the Number One Show Business Mother Of All Time. She's always trying to boss Lenny, to push him into bigger and better things, but always ends up getting him into zany situations and booking him into kooky clubs, or "toilets," as Lenny used to call them. But she always wants the best for him because she thinks he *is* the best, and they always end up kissing and making up.

### CHARACTER PROFILE OF KITTY, LENNY'S DAUGHTER

Kitty is a dollface, a terribly precocious girl of about thirteen or fourteen, who is just beginning to discover that she is a woman. She's our voice of today's youth, always questioning, always skeptical, a little cynical even, but at the same time, incredibly naive and inexperienced in the ways of the world. Both Lenny and Honey are crazy about her, and she loves her parents, but is also into the rebellion stage, the first love stage, crushes on teachers, etc. Her dramatic interplay with Lenny's conflicts can make for some exciting multi-level audience ID.

### THEME AND PREMISE OF THE LENNY SHOW

Lenny is an up-and-coming young comedian, a social satirist. Usually, he plays one city for a fairly long time, sometimes he can go on tour (don't worry about high budgets, we establish locations with stock shots and cut to studio interiors). Wherever he goes, Lenny is confronted by his "enemy," a member of the Establishment who doesn't dig his act and wants to censor him or stop him somehow—or else it's a guy who's against opening a park on Sundays for free rock concerts—there is always a dramatic conflict between Lenny and the square, pompous Establishment, and Lenny not only jabs

*continued*

them with his words and routines, but gets involved with helping the people who are being wronged by these squares.

Also, with Lenny being such a nut-bar, and his family being on the kooky side, they always get into big scrapes on their own. Sometimes Lenny will do a zingy con job on a stuffed shirt, an empty suit of a person, and give the money to a deserving guest shot character. We feel that Lenny will out-M*A*S*H "M*A*S*H" in this respect, and will be even more appealing and lovable because he gives so much love to his audience. Remember, Lenny is also a born actor who hungers for applause and strips his body and soul naked to get it. Yes, on a subconscious level, we even have the Christ-Martyr Syndrome tugging at our audience's heartstrings. But that's just bottom-of-the-iceberg stuff, between us.

### THE MAIN SET

In order to get around to all his club dates, Lenny and his family live in a gigantic trailer—and it's the craziest, zaniest trailer-camper you ever saw! The inside of the trailer is where most of the action takes place and it makes the junkyard of Sanford and Son look like it was designed by Mies Van Der Rohe. You see, Lenny is also a compulsive hoarder, a collector. His trailer is completely full of all kinds of nostalgic junk, old food, even a parrot who interrupts him all the time and gives away his punch lines. Lenny is always one second away from strangling the parrot.

### STORY IDEAS

Of course, a show like this is a natural for celebrity guest shots . . . Joey Bishop, Berle, Youngman, Alan King . . . the new guys . . . Pryor, Carlin, David Steinberg. . . . Say . . . one night, Lenny learns that Tony Bennett is in the audience and he's so awed that he chokes up. He can't remember his lines. He gets heckled and booed. So Bennett gets up and really gives it to the heckler and actually starts singing a song. Lenny picks it up from there and they both do a dynamite show together.

We could get Lenny involved with the Mafia. He does a routine on the Mafia foibles that everyone thinks will get him killed. The Mafia chieftains come into the club while he's doing the routine. You can feel the panic as he shpritzes them more and more. Instead they keel over, helpless with laughter, tears rolling down their faces.

Or, the FBI picks up Lenny on a mistaken identity screw-up. They think he's a notorious bank robber or something. When he gets out of jail, he actually robs a bank, just for fun (he gives the money back), just to prove how easy it is.

Lenny gets on the "Johnny Carson Show," and to make a big impression, he overturns a full goldfish bowl on Johnny, right on camera . . . with the fish jumping around all over the set. That's how crazy he is. Of course, he gets zinged right back by Johnny.

*Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:*

November 30

Dear Norman:

Read with great interest your character profile and thematic outline for the Lenny show. I'm overwhelmed by all the ideas and insights that went into your presentation. In all my years of reading outlines, I have never come across one with so much originality and built-in excitement.

You're going to hate me for putting it in this manner, but I think the show has *too much* originality. It's trying to hard. And because it's trying too hard, it's going overboard in certain areas.

I think the key problem is your dependence on Lenny as a comedian, especially as a satirist. People can't identify with a character like that. I know he's going to be warm and lovable, but it's too hard for the audience to make the transition from Lenny, the sharp satirist of the Establishment, to Lenny, the lovable, zany husband. Digest that for a while.

The stuff about his giving and needing love is a bit strong for our audience. Sounds too Freudian and heavy for a fast-moving sit-com that has to go against "Colombo" or a first-run movie.

I know you just threw in his drinking problem to balance his character and give him a little weakness and audience ID, but it *is* a bit grim for a family comedy, eh,what? Unless he only does it once and it turns out to be very comical.

You've got to be careful with the con man aspect of his character. A con man is still a crook and we're just coming down from all that Watergate stuff. A lovable con man is hard to visualize, unless he's Paul Newman or Robert Redford, and we're not getting one of those guys to play Lenny.

An insecure main character is always chancy. How insecure? Why would a sharp, witty satirist be so insecure? I don't get it.

Before I go any further I want to say that I like the character of Honey a lot. Only she doesn't have to be an ex-stripper. What does that accomplish except maybe alienate about 20 million viewers in the Bible Belt? She can still be blond, beautiful, and dumb.

I can't argue about the value of a Show Business Mother. Always a great character and I knew you'll come up with new twists for her, even if we get her out of show business.

Keep Kitty at about age seven or eight. Fourteen is too old and too suggestive. And maybe throw a kooky-looking dog into the show.

Guess what? I love the trailer. The trailer is funny and could be a real winner as our main set. Give me more characters like the parrot. They add a lot of shmeck to the show.

To sum up, I think the idea of a touring satirist up against the Establishment is just not big rating stuff. It's just not worthy of what I know you can do with Lenny. I hate to say it, but it's a sort of a lightweight idea. I think it tries so hard that it reaches too far. You don't have to reach that far. Just make him a regular comedian, maybe he has a part in a TV series, so he doesn't have to tour. He can still live in a camper, because they like the outdoors. They're ecology-minded. There's plenty of great material in the story of a young, struggling comedian trying to make it in a series. He can always get into scrapes with the producer and director and the other actors.

All of this criticism still doesn't mean that it wasn't the best outline I've read in years. I think we're more than halfway home. I just feel that you're aiming too high. This show has so many great areas to develop that I wouldn't worry so much about deep themes. Just think of it as a zany character show with a lot of original twists and it'll grow into an Emmy prizewinner with ease.

Let's talk first thing Monday.

Love and kisses,
Fred Silverman

*Letter form Norman Lear to Fred Silverman:*

December 12

Dear Fred:

After dry-humping around for a while, I think we came up with a winner of a premise, especially in taking away that "lightweight" image of Lenny as merely a comedian. Instead of being a full-time comedian, Lenny is now a lawyer. He is in his last year of law school and is only taking an occasional club date to support himself through school. He's such a brilliant lawyer that he's already taking cases, helping poor people, and being wooed by big law firms. How did this all happen? Picture if you will, in flashback, Lenny

appealing his obscenity case all the way to the Supreme Court . . . Lenny is concluding his statement to the justices. We fade out and see Lenny standing in the hallway of the Justice Building, exhausted, spent, not knowing what the verdict will be. Suddenly, Chief Justice Earl Warren emerges from his chambers and sees Lenny. In a rare gesture, he shakes Lenny's hand and tells him that no matter which way he decides Lenny's case, he has never heard an appeal so powerful. He feels that Lenny would have a great future as a lawyer, even more valuable than a comedian. Of course, Lenny is so overcome by this compliment that he vows to study law and become a great lawyer if it kills him. And when he wins his appeal with Supreme Court and it becomes a landmark decision, it's like the Fourth of July and the Mardi Gras for Lenny. A new life begins for him. And for the dramatic conflict of the show, we'd like to bring in the New York D.A. who got him on the obscenity charge. He's always out to get Lenny somehow.

Not bad for openers, eh what?

Norman

*Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:*

December 23

Dear Norman:

It's a very interesting idea, but unfortunately, it's too close to six different lawyer shows we're audience-testing at this very moment. I think you're missing the point a bit and still pushing too hard. Relax. Take a few days off and you'll come back to it like a wild animal.

Merry Xmas,
Fred

*Letter from Norman Lear to Fred Silverman:*

December 24

Dear Freddy:

How about Lenny as a comedian who is also a traveling salesman? The big trailer is their vehicle. And dig this: Lenny is the first traveling salesman who travels with his entire family. That's a chocolate marshmallow twist if there ever was one.

Lenny is one of those kooky, zany salesmen who will sell anything. He's always hooking up with some entrepreneur who gives him a supply of stuff—rubber novelties, Christmas cards out of season, shingles and aluminum siding, etc. This idea takes advantage of Lenny's outgoing personality and lovable con act, while at the same time opening fantastic avenues for comic situations. Can you imagine the crazy types he calls on in his door-to-door canvassing? And every time he flops as a salesman, he has to get a fast job as a comedian. And he can always base part of his comedy routine on what happened to him while he was selling shitty vacuum cleaners or cosmetics (one episode could involve him with a guy who is forming an "Avon Man" Company). The situations are also highly conducive to pathos, warmth, and human drama, plus accidental mishaps with the law, the Mafia, sexy divorcees who want to devour Lenny (with Honey smoldering in a jealous rage), etc., etc. Fred, I could go on forever, but I have an appointment for a manicure and a blow job in two minutes. Let's meet and talk.

Yours in Rating Heaven,
Norm

*Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:*

December 25

Dear Norm:

I'm writing this on Xmas day with the kids pulling on my shirt and biting my feet. But I won't let holidays get in the way of our timetable. Your traveling salesman-comedian idea has a gang of merit, but I'm still not sure if it's in focus. I know you're trying to get away from the Lenny Social Satirist Syndrome and make him a simpler, more digestible character, but aren't you still tying a horse to each of his legs? He seems to be going in two directions at once. I don't know, Norm. Am I talking like a putz with ears? I know you want to get as much bite and shmeck into the concept as possible and so do I, but not at the expense of diluting our character and story line where the audience can't get a good grip on it. I like some of those story ideas. What if a vacuum cleaner salesman called on Lenny and his family while they are living in the trailer? Or an Avon Lady? A trailer getting a visit from a traveling salesman is a nice switch. Am I making sense or did I have too much eggnog last night? Talk to me.

Fred

*Letter from Norman Lear to Fred Silverman:*

January 2

Dear Fred:

As per our last meeting, I am now moving away from the double-sided Lenny concept. You're right. He can't be both a comedian and a traveling salesman or a lawyer or a malted or whatever. He's got to have one job, one goal in life, one consuming passion. And now we have it. He's an interior decorator with an office in a slum neighborhood. A storefront decorator. He's still a funny guy, mind you. And we take full advantage of his wit and his zany antics—but we give him a real solid base of operations—his decorating business—assisted by Honey, the sexy simp, whom he always sends out for swatches—or some decorator's material. The first time he does it she goes to a jewelry store and comes back with a dozen *watches*, not knowing how he plans to use them in his decorating schemes. When he sees the watches, he has a fit. Luckily, the jeweler allows them to be returned, and not only that, but wants Lenny to decorate his apartment!

The nut of this story line is wonderful: Lenny gives up his comedy career and goes into the decorating business because (1) he always had a flair for it (which was actually true, Fred). (2) It's his crazy way of trying to brighten up the lives of slum dwellers, welfare cases, disadvantaged types, etc. He works cheap, fast, and depends on volume. If someone can't pay in cash, a hamhock or some chitlins will do fine. He's like a country doctor. His Jewish mother berates him for his quixotic attitude, but Lenny doesn't care. He's having fun and helping people.

Freddy . . . just picture the set . . . Lenny's storefront office and "studio" —bolts of bad-taste fabrics . . . Puerto Rican furniture . . . blueprints . . . sketches. . . .

And the characters that file into his office . . . can you picture Esther Rolle of "Good Times" (arrange a guest shot) coming in for a new bedroom scheme or a kitchen? Or, if we do it in good taste, a pair of shvugie fags who are moving from a cheap welfare hotel to a new apartment in a housing project?

And keep in mind one thing: Lenny never forgets that he was a comedian —people remember him as a great comedian and are always asking him to do bits, which he always does—*and at the end of every show, as a separate tag, Lenny can do five minutes of straight stand-up comedy . . . again, the routine could take off from what went on during the show, or it could be anything.*

Of course, his family is on the scene, bigger and better than ever . . . Honey, his big blond wife and all-around assistant who fucks things up . . . his overbearing mother . . . maybe a funny spade who does odd jobs and tries desperately to clean up the place, but never succeeds. He can be a punchy ex-fighter whom Lenny befriends because he thinks the guy will be good protection against thieves.

P.S. How do you like the title, "Interiors by Bruce"?

That's it. One set. One concept.

*continued*

One family. Clear as Catalina on a good day.

If you hate this one, I'll send you a letter bomb.

Call me immediately, please.

Norman

*Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:*

January 4

Dear Norm:

I love "Interiors by Bruce."

I love the essential weltanschauung of it.

I want to do it.

But not for Lenny. It's a natural for somebody, but I just don't feel my scalp tingling for it as a vehicle for Lenny.

But it's so good as an idea that I came twice, just thinking about it. It's a sure thing for next season or next second season and that's my word on it. But why cock around with it now when we're creeping faster and faster toward our shooting dates and our air dates? We need a sure-fire-sure-thing idea or we'll have an empty time slot to fill and we'll end up buying another fifty million dollars worth of old movies, and the network doesn't need two geniuses like you and me to do that.

Remember that direction I suggested in my first letter to you back on December 7 of last year? I said, let's make Lenny a young, struggling comedian trying to get into a TV series, or just getting into a series—getting into all kinds of scrapes with the TV production staff—plus his great, zany family in that big, zany trailer they live in, that kooky set with the parrot, the dogs, the gerbils, the junk Lenny collects, plus the neighbors dropping in. I think there's enough themes and story lines in that concept to last us until the Meshiach comes.

Be in my office at 7:45 A.M. tomorrow for coffee, bagels, and yocks. We got work to do.

Stay well,
Fred

*Publicity release from the CBS Television Publicity Department:*

April 1

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

CBS proudly announces its premiere show for the new Fall Season, "Stand Up." "Stand Up" was inspired by the life of Lenny Bruce, and is the story of a young, up-and-coming comedian who gets a small part in a TV series and is always looking for the Big Break.

Lenny is a warm, lovable guy who is always being "managed" by his bossy show business mother, Sally. Lenny's wife, Honey, an ex-ballet dancer, is now a devoted mother and housewife. She is the epitome of that kooky blond who is really not as kooky as she looks. Although she means well, she is always burning the pancakes or botching up the meat loaf. In addition, their cute and clever six-year-old daughter, Kitty, completes the family.

The family lives in a big trailer that contains the zaniest living quarters since "Sanford and Son," including a parrot who gives away Lenny's punch lines, three dogs, assorted gerbils and raccoons, and other pets. As a running joke, each week the family finds another pet hidden in the recesses of all the junk and memorabilia Lenny collects. Some of the animals are more dead than alive and Kitty has to play "nurse" for them.

In his wacky misadventures with his family and his continual scrapes with the staff of his TV show, plus his mother's determination to get him to the top of show biz, Lenny discovers that life as a comedian isn't as funny as he thought it would be—except to the audience out there!

"Stand Up" was developed by Norman Lear, award-winning creator of TV's all-time comedy hits, "All In The Family," "Maude," and "Sanford and Son." It will star Chad Everett, formerly of "Medical Center," as Lenny; Barbara ("I Dream of Jeannie") Eden as Honey; Jane Wyatt of "Father Knows Best" fame as Lenny's mother, Sally; and newcomer Melinda Devon as Kitty. In addition, Paul Lynde will appear as Englebert Van Schuyler III, Lenny's rich, eccentric neighbor.

Because of its exciting show business background, "Stand Up" will also feature many guest celebrities, such as Milton Berle, Sammy Davis, Hank Aaron, and many younger comedians and rock stars.

As a special twist, Lenny will do a five-minute monologue at the end of each show, "spoofing" what went on, and tying up some of the loose ends. Each monologue is a separate little act in itself, which will be filmed before a live audience in CBS Television City Studios. The monologues will soon be available as a new comedy album on Columbia Records called "Stand Up." In addition, the original theme and soundtrack of "Stand Up", penned by Nelson Riddle, with lyrics by Marilyn and Alan Bergman and sung by Buddy Greco, will also be available on Columbia Records.

*Memo from Henry Carstairs, Vice President, CBS–TV Audience Research, to Fred Silverman:*

Re: Audience research on the first three completed "Stand Up" Shows.

Top line figures are in for the first three finished films of "Stand Up." The shows tested were: "Mumps" (where Kitty gets the mumps and Lenny things he's caught it, too); "Studs, White Tie, and Tails" (where Lenny is supposed to do a song and dance number on his TV show and can't find his studs, can't tie his bow-tie, and gets his costume all mixed up); and "Flashback" (where Honey tells Kitty a bedtime story of how she met Lenny for the first time, when he was a mimic and a juggler and she was a ballet dancer working at the same club).

Subjects tested represent the wide demographic range predicted for a family show of this type, meaning ages ten to ninety. All shows were viewed at 8:30 P.M.

Results of our two most important tests can be projected from our top-line figures. Here are the results of our Laughter Quotient Tests:

Laughs (belly and semi-belly):–12

Chuckle-Giggle: 2

Smiles (inward-outward): 3

Our usual scores in Laughter Quotient Tests range between 65 and 95. In our Pupil Dilation (Sleep Ratio) Tests, the show scored a 96. Conversely, our usual scores in Pupil Dilation are between 3 and 7.

To give it a bottom line summary: Out of 3,500 families tested, no one laughed, fourteen people giggled a few times, and twenty-three smiled. The minus-twelve figure in the laughter category denotes the fact that 325 people expressed the opposite, and were angry with the show. The Pupil Dilation score of 96 denotes the fact that 3,200 out of 3,500 families reported definite dozing or outright slumber during the show.

Complete verbatims from the audiences denoting their reactions to the shows will be available in one week. There will also be complete results in the Warmth, Lovability, ID Factors, Sexual ID Factors, Universal Humor Factors, and other categories. Again, topline figures in these categories indicate scores similar to the two previously quoted.

If there are any questions concerning the results, please feel free to call.

Sincerely,
Henry Carstairs

*Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:*

July 1

Dear Norman:

What is it the Marines say? Death before dishonor. That's what happened to us on "Stand Up." We died. Now as far as being dishonored, or dishonorably discharged, which is more like it, that could be a very

strong possibility unless we can come up with a replacement in about two weeks and shoot it in three. I can get Research and Publicity working around the clock and tying in with us at every stage of development. We're all on twenty-four hour alert for the next four weeks, but the real heat is on you and your guys.

We have nowhere to go but up. Let's get there in a hurry. And Norm . . . don't bother with fancy typing. Xerox the first drafts and shoot them right over to me. Every second counts.

Fred

*Letter from Norman Lear to Fred Silverman:*

July 6

Dear Fred:

Here is the premise of the new show to replace "Stand Up":

A young, good-looking Chinese-American guy, say in his mid-or late twenties, lives with his father, a widower, above the Chinese restaurant that dad owns. The son, named Lenny Wong, wants to be a comedian, but his father, Sun-Yat, doesn't want to lose him to the crazy, uncertain world of show business, where the son will always be traveling and falling under bad influences, and all that. He insists that the son stay with him and work in the restaurant as his maître d', and eventually inherit the business, even though it's really just a funky little place. Of course, the son always puts down the condition of the restaurant and his dad's tight-fisted methods of doing business and his old-fashioned style in general—but he always seems to hang in there with his dad, out of love and out of respect for his elders. (Chinese family traditions are very strong and strict.)

But deep down, Lenny would really like to be the first Chinese comic to make it big in America, and he's always trying to get a booking or working on his act in the restaurant. So here we have the eternal conflict between father and son.

To round out our family, we have some wonderful characters: There is Pong Ping, the crazy cook who's always brandishing a cleaver and threatening to kill the waiters. The waiters are identical twins, Ching and Chong, and of course, they drive the customers crazy because they won't serve each other's tables. There is Murphy, the cop on the beat, who always drops in for his free lunch, and other assorted types, including a lot of very funny take-out order people. Lenny also has a cute Chinese girlfriend, Sheila Tung, who is very much into her Chinese heritage, and often sides with his father. Another terrific character is the 100-year-old grandfather and wise patriarch of the family, Lao-Tse-Wong. Lao-Tse is especially fond of young Lenny and likes to trade jokes and show business gossip with him. Lao-Tse does almost nothing but watch TV and sip spiked tea.

The restaurant is a perfect one-room set, full of funky decor, calendars, Chinese menus, and writing on the wall, etc. Dad is always at the cash register . . . Lenny can never tie a formal bow tie right (Dad makes him wear a maître d's tuxedo) and they're always having arguments on how he should dress. Once in a while we can open up the show and, say, have Lenny and Sheila take Dad Wong to a French restaurant on his birthday or to a prizefight, and you can imagine what misadventures ensue. But it's basically a nice, cheap, one-room set show, easy to shoot, easy to look at.

Fred, the reservoir of really first-rate Chinese oriented jokes and situations is enormous! My writers are having the time of their lives. They're having fun, for Chrissake! Also, audience ID is absolutely guaranteed. The public loves Chinese entertainers . . . Fu Manchu, Charley Chan, Dr. No, Kung-Fu movies. . . . It's a whole new ball game, but it has all those sure-fire classic themes you'll find in Chaplin, Keaton, Fields, the Marx Brothers, Harold Lloyd, Dame May Whitty. It's fast and funny. It's warm and wonderful. It's mysterious and inscrutable. I not only love it, I know we can do it in three weeks, maybe two and a half.

Stay well,
Norman

P.S. The name of the show is: "One From Group A, Two From Group B."

*Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:*

July 7

Dear Norman:

"One From Group A, Two From Group B" is the best.

It's ice cream and jelly and a punch in the belly.

I love it.

Do it.

Now I know why they call you Norman Lear. .

Hurry up, you're already wasting time,
Fred

*Excerpt from* The New York Times *review of "One From Group A, Two From Group B," October 22:*

". . . In a typical fall premiere season studded with assorted turkeys and bagels, I say a prayer every night and bow to Peking for the continued success of "One From Group A, Two From Group B," the finest and funniest show of many a season. Every once in a while, TV-land comes up with a miracle, and this show is it. Did I say it was funny? It's got old-fashioned belly laughs and the kind of sly humor that grows on you and can break you up hours later just thinking about it. The opening show was about a batch of doctored fortune cookies that had messages of a risqué nature that got Dad Wong in trouble with the authorities, until his son discovered that a rival restaurant owner had done the dirty work. It was an agreeably nonsensical plot that didn't take itself too seriously, but nevertheless moved briskly and allowed plenty of room for hilarious pieces of comic business.

Buddy Hackett, as Sun-Yat-Wong, the father and owner of the restaurant, is inspired, as is Sam Jaffe, as the grand patriarch of the family, Lao-Tse. E. G. Marshall as Pong Ping, the mad cook, is a refreshing surprise, and a comic actor of fantastic potential. And, most important, Wayne Newton as Lenny Wong, the rebellious aspiring-comedian son, is a revelation—reminding me somewhat of a young Chinese Lenny Bruce, which is all to the good. He is not only incredibly funny and oddly warm and lovable, but adds an extra dimension, a touch of fiery Szechuan humor to the predominantly Cantonese style of the show. . . ."

*Letter from Fred Silverman to Norman Lear:*

October 30

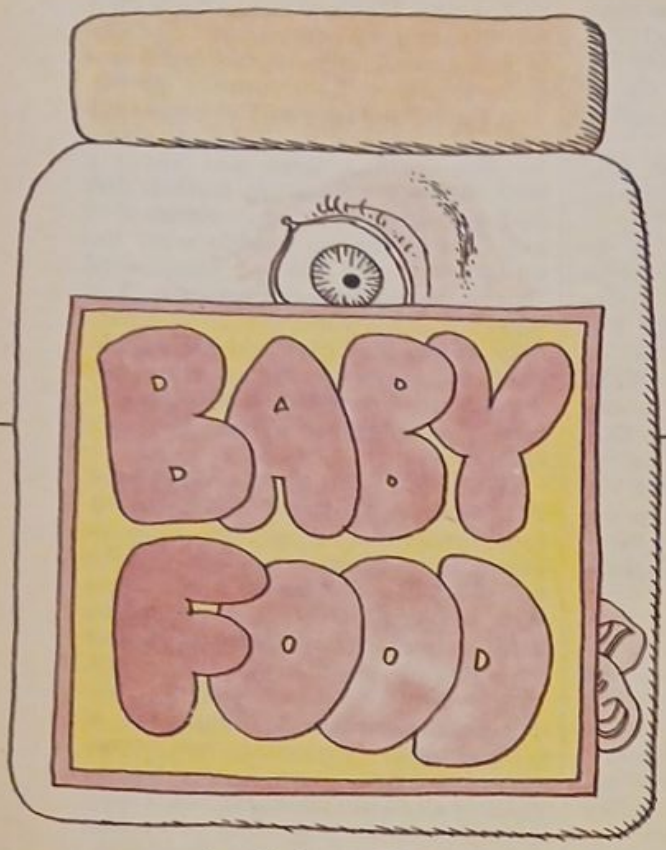
Dear Norm:

Just got the first Nielsens. Normy, babes . . . there's good news and bad news. The bad news is that a few million people were watching "Colombo" or the ABC movie. The good news is that 122 million people were watching "One From Group A." We got a Nielsen of 60, the highest in the history of the world! Bigger than the Great Flood, the Splitting of the Red Sea, the Creation of the World, whatever.

Norman sweetie baby booby . . . what do you want to do for next season? A sit-com on Germaine Greer? Xaviera Hollander? How about Juan Peron and Evita? Charles Manson? Name it, you got it. I'm smoking some kind of funny stuff my secretary Melissa just gave me and it's making me silly. Yes . . . I am dictating this letter while Melissa is putting this funny stuff in my mouth. What the hell am I saying? Norman! Get your ass over here! We're having a party . . .

Wait till we sell the show
to mainland China and Taiwan
and Hong Kong and Burma and
God . . . all over the yellow world.
You'll be rolling in won tons, you
old cunt lapper . . .

Freddie □




by Gahan Wilson

Eating babies was frowned upon during the Dark Ages and those who dared to do it were treated very badly by their superstitious neighbors.

Mankind's taste for his succulent young was served in spite of these persecutions, mostly in quaint meat pie shops whose customers were often unaware of the nature of the meat, but who enjoyed its peculiarly satisfying taste.

The poor of all nations, unable to afford the more expensive holiday meats such as goose and suckling pig, often ate the flesh of their own offspring on festive occasions.

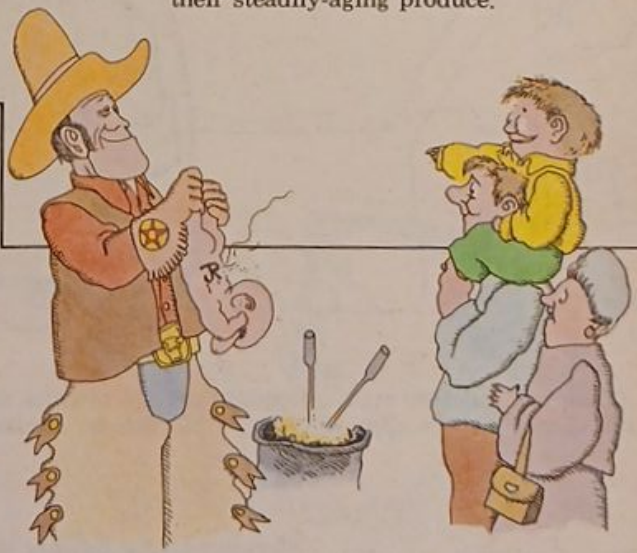
Some countries, more advanced than the rest, abandoned restrictions against child-devouring and proudly served traditional dishes. Here a Transylvanian burgher enjoys a *kinderwurst* in its colorful rocking platter.

As laws against the practice became increasingly less observed, the rich and powerful took it up with gusto. Here the head chef of the *Tour d'Or* in Paris demonstrates the newly-invented baby press to an enthusiastic Crown Prince Otto.

It was World War One that took away any lingering tinge of shame or oddity associated with infant consumption. Contrary to the grotesque propaganda of the time, the custom was not restricted to those soldiers serving under Kaiser Bill, but was practiced by all participants in the conflict, and when those heroes returned to their native lands they brought back with them the word that baby eating was "O.K."!

Though the Depression produced such amusing follies as baby eating marathons and matinee baby raffles, it also brought about tragic scenes as impoverished farmers found no takers for their steadily-aging produce.

World War Two and its attendant scarcity of meat inspired American businessmen to look into a new source of capital, and for the first time the tremendous potential of the infant market began to be explored.



In the early days of mass production there were many colorful experiments, including attempts to adapt the techniques and traditions of old-time cattle raising to this developing industry. During the fifties and early sixties baby ranches became quite a tourist fad.

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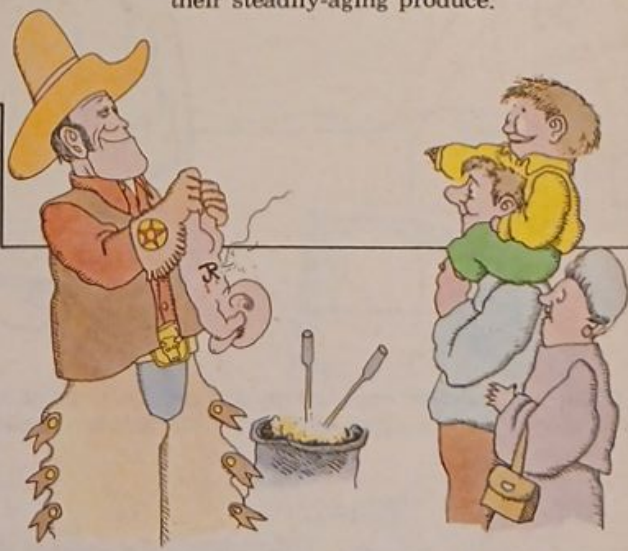


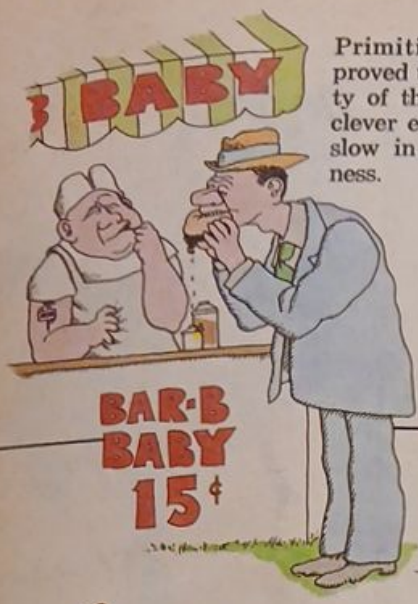
In the early days of mass production there were many colorful experiments, including attempts to adapt the techniques and traditions of old-time cattle raising to this developing industry. During the fifties and early sixties baby ranches became quite a tourist fad.

It was found that babies in isolation tended to wither and die, but, in spite of a number of false starts, ceaseless experimentation by determined scientists finally led to techniques permitting the successful raising of generation after generation of babies in little wire cages so that from birth to service preparation their tiny feet "never touch the ground."

The constantly-expanding demand has resulted in a vast new commercial enterprise—the production of cloned babies. Their growth is accelerated by floating them in huge vats of amniotic fluid as they absorb nourishment through valves set into their navels. Now and then an unpalatable mutation results, and some complain the infants have a "chemical" taste, but the inexpensiveness of these creatures insures their continued popularity.

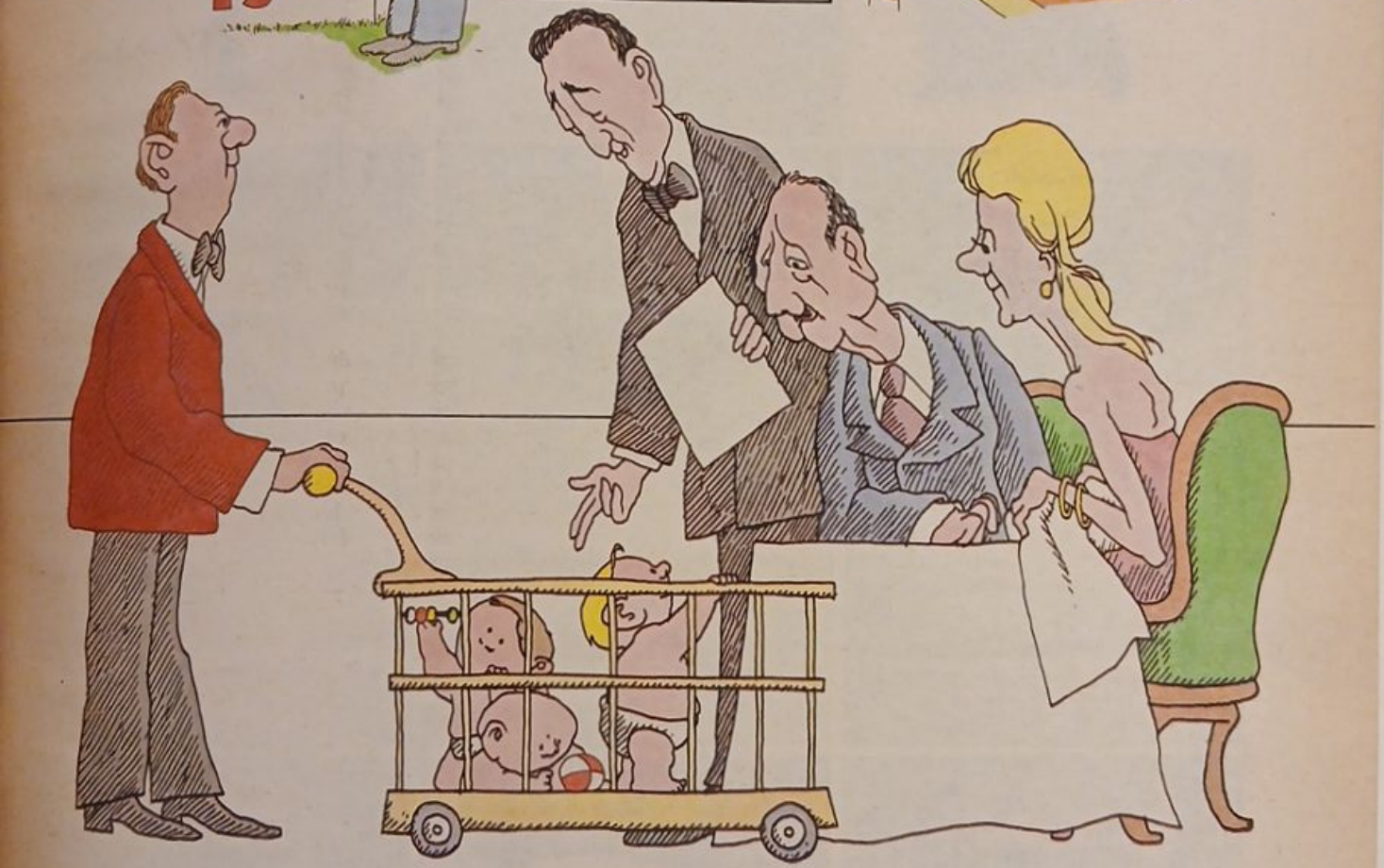
Traditional butchers easily adapted to the new product, and numerous specialty shops appeared to cater to this new demand.

Nowadays those butcher shops, however, save for the kosher and ethnically orientated, have mostly given way to the supermarkets and the demand for convenience foods.

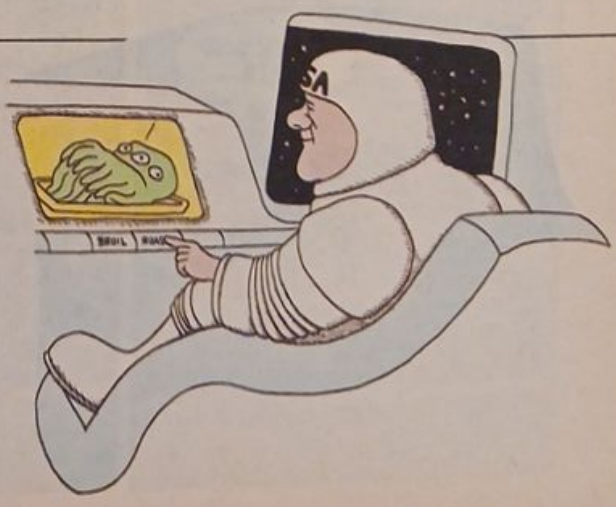



Primitive roadside stands proved the enormous popularity of this delicious food, and clever entrepreneurs were not slow in developing the business.

Now the mass market is well served by such enormous franchises such as *Baby Burger*, which serves not only their famous sandwiches, but other specialties such as *Cup O' Kiddiewhip*.



Lovers of *haute cuisine* are served by ever more sophisticated restauranteurs. Here delighted connoisseurs make a careful selection from the famous baby cart of Chicago's *Princess Enfanta*.



One of the many sacrifices made by our brave astronauts as they wander in the depths of outer space is the lack of infant human flesh—due in large part to NASA's antisexual stance—but doubtless their ingenuity will lead them to try eating the young of other species, just as their ancestors did back here on the planet Earth.

FOTO FUNNIES
WHAT'S...
BLACK...
AND WHITE...
AND...
BLACK AND WHITE...
AND BLACK AND BLUE...
AND PINK?

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